

CHATTERBOX.



1881

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET.



THE FIRST LESSON.

Chatterbox

EDITED BY JERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.



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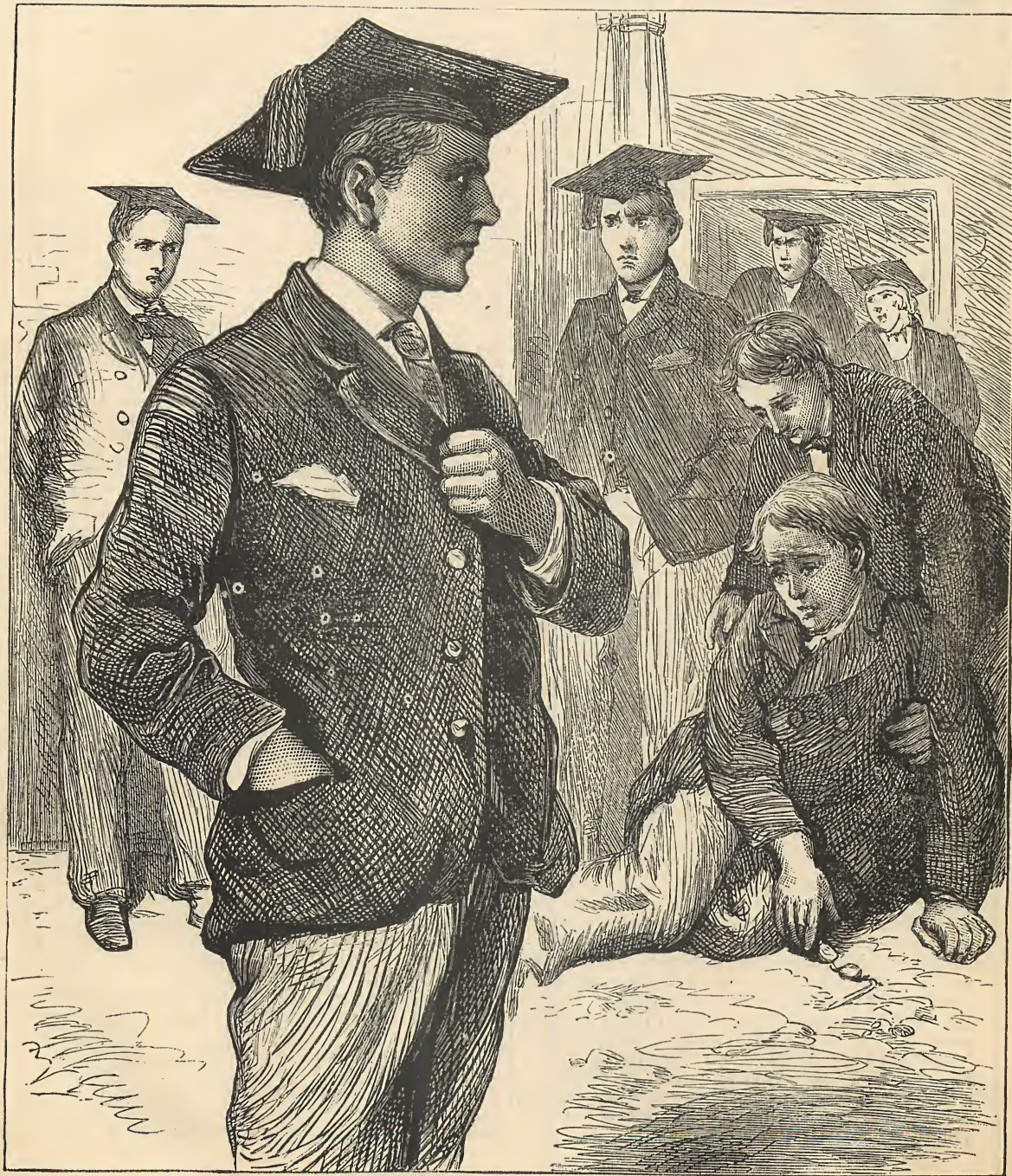
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Chatterbox.



"It needed no science to settle Carlyon."

N or M.

Question : What is your name?

Answer : N. or M.

CHAPTER I.



WHEN Aunt Bell heard Molly and Nora say their Catechism on Saturday morning, and asked the first question, 'What is your name?' though they knew perfectly well what the meaning of the answer 'N. or M.' is, and though they had their hands behind their backs and their feet in the first position, and were otherwise prepared to conduct themselves properly, and though Aunt Bell looked appealingly at them, and said, 'Now, Molly and Nora, dears, don't be so silly,' they could not resist looking at one another and smiling, just because the letters happened to be the initials of their two names.

It was in vain that Aunt Bell explained to them, over and over again, that the letters stood for *Nomen vel nomina*, Name or names, corrupted by time into N. or M., and that she made them write out the explanation six times on their slates, and finally gave them an O in their character books. Molly's blue eyes would peep under their long lashes towards Nora when the fatal question came, and the corners of Nora's mouth quivered visibly.

When Peter was advanced to take his place on the side of Molly and Nora, and to say the Catechism and multiplication table in turn with them, though he was much impressed with the dignity of his position, and stood with great solemnity, with round eyes fixed on Aunt Bell, not to be distracted even by Don sniffing at his sturdy young legs, or by one of the white mice escaping from its cage and preparing to explore the world, still he became infected with this irrepressible joke, and altogether declined to answer that question, though it has the advantage of having the shortest answer in the Catechism, maintaining that it was evidently intended for Molly and Nora.

But it is with the next answer in the Catechism, at any rate as far as Molly is concerned, that my story has most to do. 'Who gave you that name?' 'My godfather and my godmother in my baptism.' For Molly's godfather was the Reverend Theophilus Carlyon, D.D.

Mr. and Mrs. Bright had not been judicious in the matter of selecting sponsors for their children. The young Brights often lamented that they were so much less fortunate in this respect than other children, whose godparents came down handsome at Christmas and on birthdays with five-pound notes and gold watches, and stood treat to the pantomime or Crystal Palace to any amount. Not that any of the children would have exchanged their godmother, Aunt Bell, for all the fairy godmothers in the world, holding that wand of money which has the magic art of changing the common pumpkins and mice of every day into gilt coaches and prancing horses to carry you off to fairyland in no time.

Aunt Bell had stood for each one of them, from Brian, the first-born, to little red-headed Peter, the youngest, who was motherless before he was baptized; and to the five that came between these two—Honor, Pat, Paddy, Molly, and Nora; and there was no fault to be found with that, but as to the other sponsors they were eminently unsatisfactory.

'Why,' as Pat would say, 'there's not a silver christening cup, or a fork and spoon in a case, or even a beggarly coral and bells, among the lot of us!'

For the sponsors to these ill-used children were mostly old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bright, most of them with more love in their hearts than money in their pockets; or who were rich in children of their own, which is a possession apt to put presents to other children out of people's heads.

The only one who had a godfather of any note was Molly, and hers, as I have said before, was the Reverend Theophilus Carlyon, D.D., a very impressive name in itself, and which required Peter to take a long breath and stand firm on both legs before he attempted to pronounce it. His present to Molly on her baptism had been a strange one—a black-letter Bible of great age and value. It stood on the top of the chest of drawers in father's bed-room, which was the refuge of all the children's treasures; and sometimes father would show it to Molly, turning over the yellow pages that she might look at the crabbed characters, which had a strange, mysterious attraction to the child.

'It is like the writing on the wall at the king's feast,' she said once; and father answered,—

'It is the same writing, Molly, sure enough,' which set the little girl pondering, and gave her a greater awe of the old black book. 'You will learn to value it by-and-by,' father said; 'and you must be proud of your godfather, for he is a great man.'

From hearing this, and from the Bible being large, and his name being such a long one, Molly had formed an idea of an almost gigantic person, something between Father Christmas and the Chinese giant Chang; though, if she had asked Brian or Honor, they could have given a more accurate description of Dr. Carlyon, as they could remember Molly's baptism; and even Pat had some dim recollections of it, which he would have helped out largely with imagination, if Molly had appealed to him. But Molly cherished her own idea of her godfather in her independent little mind till she was six years old, when the reality suddenly appeared on the scene.

Mother was gone then, and Aunt Bell sat in her place at the end of the table, when the three little ones, Molly, Nora, and baby Peter, came in after dinner. A strange gentleman was sitting with his back to the fire, but the children did not notice him so much as they did the oranges which they had been with Aunt Bell to buy that afternoon at Covent Garden market.

'Molly,' father said, 'come here and speak to your godfather. Dr. Carlyon, this is Mary; Molly, we call her.'

Molly's eyes were always very large and bright, but they got larger and brighter as they looked at Dr. Carlyon. *He a great man!* He was not so tall as Aunt Bell, and his name was decidedly the longest thing about him—decidedly longer than his trowsers,

which left a good two inches of grey woollen socks visible above his shoes. He had a little round head, like a doll's, with all the hair growing from one point on the crown as if it had been nailed on. He had prominent, short-sighted, grey eyes, peering through spectacles, and a mouth capable of the most wonderful grimaces when he talked, and a prickly, ill-shaved chin, and hollow cheeks.

Molly, looking at him with the solemn, intense scrutiny of a child of six, took in all these peculiarities, though she could not have described any of them; and she submitted with tolerable grace to a pat on the head from a large and knuckly hand, keeping a firm grip on father's finger all the while by way of protection. But when he proceeded to offer her a seat on a very thin knee and smiled at her, by which contortion all sorts of odd and unexpected creases and folds appeared about his mouth, Molly's fortitude gave way, and father had to interfere to prevent a catastrophe, and establish Molly at a safe distance from her godfather, with an orange to console her.

Afterwards, in the dining-room, Aunt Bell told the children about Dr. Carlyon; how he had been a big boy at school when Mr. Bright had been a little one. The elder children could hardly be brought to believe this, maintaining that Dr. Carlyon must be years older than father—a hundred at the very least; but Aunt Bell kept to her story. It was a school where fagging was much practised, and it was sometimes carried to cruel lengths; and the little boys had a hard life of it if they happened to fag for a bad master; but father had the good luck to fall to Carlyon's share. He was a curious, clever, absent-minded boy, who made few friends, and was always being laughed at, and having practical jokes played off on him from his being short-sighted, and forgetful, and fond of study. But he was a noble-hearted, good young fellow, in spite of his queer ways, and little Philip Bright ('that was father, Molly, long ago') had a good friend in him, and learnt to love him and respect him very sincerely. He could not see an inch before his nose, the boys said, but he went poking on after what he thought was right; and though the boys laughed, his example made itself felt all the same.

'I have heard father tell,' Aunt Bell said, 'what an effect was produced by a stand he made against bullying. He saw more than the other boys gave him credit for; and one day, when a great bully was torturing a poor, little, nervous, mother-sick child, while the little boys were afraid to interfere, and the big ones thought it was no business of theirs, Carlyon came poking his way across the playground looking as blind and absent as ever. So it made them all start when he stopped and pointed with one of his thin, bony hands, which even then had wrists which no sleeves would cover, and said, "Leave that child alone!"'

'Burnett, that was the bully's name, was so startled that he almost let his victim go, but recovered himself in time, and answered, "Shut up, and mind your own business!" But he was perfectly electrified when the stretched-out hand proceeded to deliver a deliberate, stinging cuff on the side of his head, and under cover of that blow the little boy wriggled out of his clutches and made off to a safe distance, where he stopped to see what would become of his unex-

pected champion, exposed to the fury of the biggest bully and best boxer in the school. They said it was the funniest sight in the world, and even the little boys, who were heart and soul on the side of Carlyon, could not help laughing at him as he stood swinging his arms and shuffling his feet, and making all sorts of queer grimaces, and blinking at Burnett through his spectacles. (Fancy Brian standing up to fight in spectacles!) I don't suppose Carlyon had ever struck a blow in his life before, and, most likely, has never done so since; and he knew no more of fighting than I do, while Burnett came squaring up to him with much science and experience. But it needed no science to settle Carlyon, for he went down at the first well-aimed blow—down like a dog, with his spectacles smashed to atoms. Burnett had never felt so small and foolish in his life, and when some of the elder boys came and helped Carlyon up with unconcealed sympathy for him and indignation against Burnett, and the younger boys groaned, and hooted, and cried "Shame!" it was hard to walk away with dignity, and with his head in the air, as a conqueror in a fight should. But Burnett, bully as he was, was not beyond taking a lesson; and he used to say he could not have had a mere thorough one if Carlyon had given him a downright good licking; and that evening he came and begged Carlyon's pardon, and asked him to shake hands; and after that there was far less bullying, and Burnett and Carlyon were firm friends.

'After he left school he went to Cambridge, where he distinguished himself greatly; and he is a fellow of his college, and very highly respected for his learning and scholarship, for his name is widely known, though he lives in a little country village, quite out of the stir and bustle of life.'

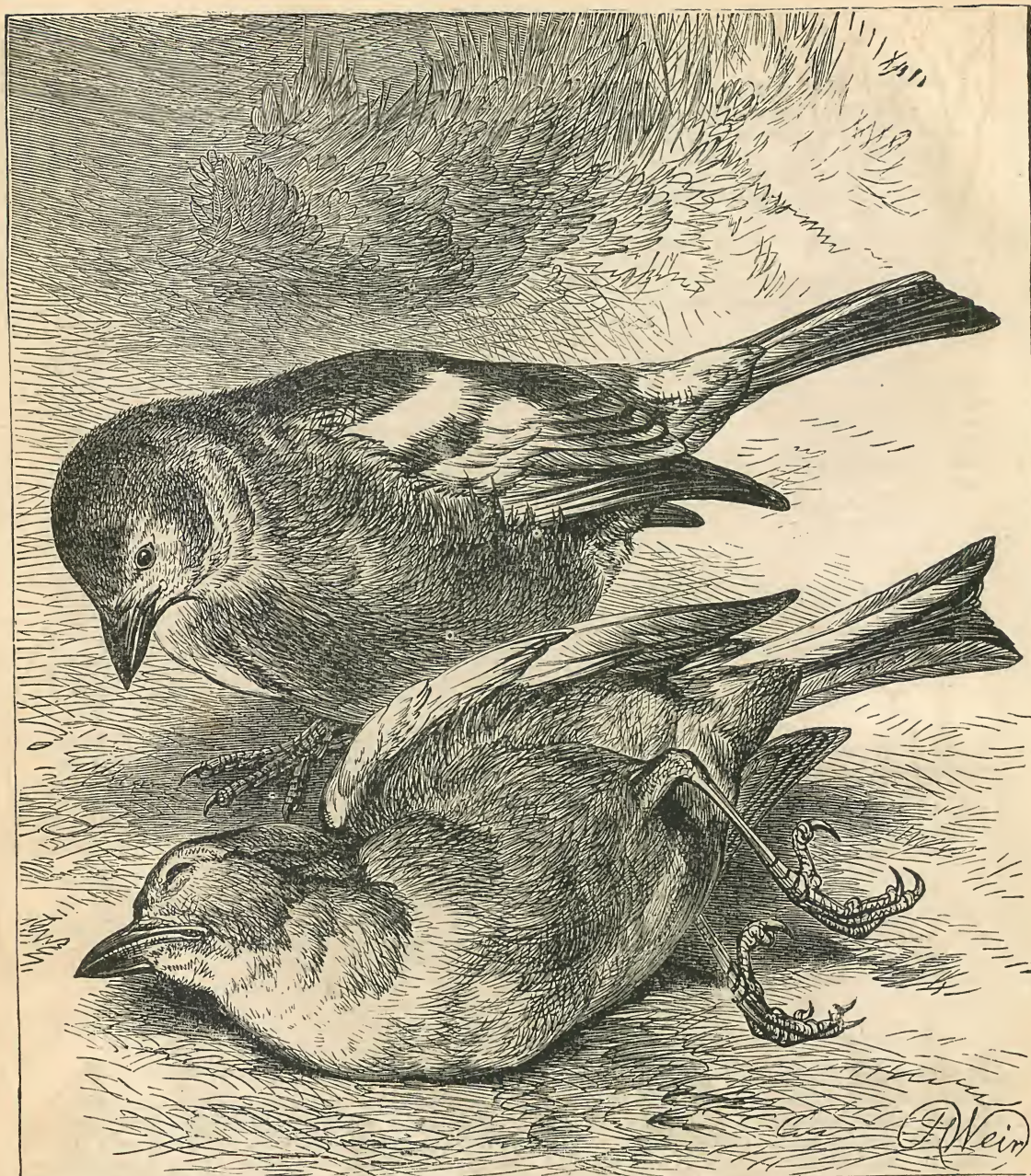
'Is he married?' asked Honor.

'No. I have been told that once he asked a girl to be his wife, but she had not sense enough to see the beautiful, noble soul in that queer little body, and she refused him; and he has never quite got over it, for he loved her very dearly.'

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF A CHAFFINCH.

I AM going to tell you a true story about a chaffinch. One morning when I came down stairs I heard a great chattering going on, and went to the door to see what was the matter. I saw a chaffinch lying on the ground under a tree, and another flying and dancing round it and kissing it. By kissing it I mean putting its beak close to the other's, as I dare say you have often seen birds in a cage do. I went to the bird and took it up, and found that it was warm but quite dead. When I took it in my hand the mate hopped on to the twig just above my head, as if to see what I was doing with it. I then laid it down on the same spot and went in to breakfast. All through breakfast the bird went on in the same way. Afterwards I went to my household duties; then, as it still kept on doing the same, I took away the dead bird and put it behind the outside window-blind of the drawing room, the window



The Dead Chaffinch. By HARRISON WEIR.

being wide open. The chaffinch, however, kept hovering near the window, and did not seem to mind my being there.

Presently I went away into the garden for half-an-hour, and when I came back I found that the chaffinch had carried away the dead bird and laid it under the same tree, and was again doing all it could to rouse it; first chirping, then getting on to the branch and singing a long note, as if to try and make it answer; then flying down and hovering round it and kissing it; then chirping again; then settling on the branch once more, and trying another note. It went

on in this way the whole day, seldom leaving its dead mate, or, so far as I saw, taking any food; and so I left it when I went to bed at night, and next morning when I came down it was still there, going on in the same way. Then I felt that it was cruel to let the poor little bird go on any longer, so I took away the dead bird and buried it, and from that time I saw no more of the other chaffinch, though I often thought of it, and hoped it would find another mate. Is not this a wonderful instance of the strong love which God, Who loves both great and small, can make even little birds to have for each other?

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. I.—THE BRITISH ISLES.



OUR American cousins sometimes chaff us about the size of our island. 'I guess I'm scared of going to bed in England, for fear I should tumble right out before morning.' This is a tall joke, as tall as the man who had to kneel down to put his hands in his trowsers pockets. It is a deplorable fact that no nose in Great Britain can be more than 120 miles from the smell of the briny; but it is a sad truth that many eyes in the

Potteries have never seen the waves of the ocean, and never will. Folk in Beds and Bucks and Notts and Salop cannot imagine that they are girded about with salt water.

Never mind, Britons. Your island may be but the seventh in size of all the islands of the world, yet it stands first, by a long chalk, in might and in men. Take a walk round it, and you will trudge more than 3000 miles, and put a girdle round as great, brave, and free a people as ever saw the sun. Moreover, if our island be tiny, it is a gem. Nowhere else, perhaps, can be seen such green pastures, such still waters, scenes so comfortable and home-like! Nor are the birds unworthy of the nest.

Boy for boy, man for man, the Britisher can hold his own against all comers. An Arab lad may sit a horse better. A Ceylon pearl-diver may hold his breath longer under water. A youth from Majorca may hit the bull's eye oftener. Hiawatha may go forth on the shining Big-Sea-Water, with his fishing-line of cedar, and catch, more surely, the sturgeon Nahma, king of fishes; but, for an all-round boy, willing to have a shy at everything manly and hazardous, give me a British lad!

Fill the island once more with wild beasts—open the caravans—and soon the last head would be again brought in, as Cameron of Lochiel handed in the last wolf's head in 1680. Were Hindostan peopled by English boys and men, tiger hearth-rugs would soon become cheap. No Gordon boy, or Smith, or Brown, or Jones, or Robinson boy, can now earn here the honourable badge earned by a Gordon in 1057. He killed a bear, and he was allowed to carry three bears' heads on his banner. No wild thing now remains bigger and fiercer than fox or cat; and the former gentleman is so beloved by sportsmen that we shall soon see the last of him, and be brought to the serious game of rat-hunting.

There are some curious points belonging to the position of the British Isles. Suppose you cut the globe in two equal parts, so that one should contain the greatest amount of land and the other of water, the exact centre of the land half would lie near the port of Falmouth in Cornwall.

If we sweep lightly over the six hundred miles between the grand fronts of Cape Wrath and the boisterous sea which thunders over the heads of the Cornish miners—if we cross from the tapering promontory of Spurn Head to the Twelve Pins of Benabola (a beautiful mountain group in Galway), what riches

of art and nature, of man's works and God's works, we can see! Solemn, huge, and dark-red cathedrals, well called 'poems engraved in stone'—historic cities—busy ports—thriving towns—ruined castles—ship-laden rivers—hosts of spires, and chimneys overtopping them—lakes and bays studded with islands, some small enough to admit of but one sheep at a time (here brother Jonathan might be in danger of a ducking!)—winding streams and smiling valleys—monarch mountains and solitary tarns;—a map of glory crossed by innumerable lines of road, the best, probably, in the world. Thirty thousand miles of (what used to be called) turnpike, and a hundred thousand of cross-roads, make it possible for any lad, with pony or bicycle, or on his own trusty legs, to reach any part of Great Britain. He can see Flodden or Sedgemoor battle-fields—he may 'zup a zip o' zider' in Somerset—look into the Devil's Beef-tub—have his dinner in the 'first inn in England,' and not find it dear—he may satisfy himself whether Carlisle is as 'bonny' as it was said to be, and whether the spire of Chesterfield is really twisted. He may drink of wells which have turned paltry villages into splendid towns—he may catch a glimpse of changeable Coventry—stump through Northampton, which 'stands on other men's legs'—or wander into the Eastern Counties and try his teeth on a Suffolk cheese, which the Suffolk poet says is 'Too big to swallow and too hard to bite!'

Plenty to see, my lads! plenty to see! Even if you can walk as long as the Wandering Jew, you will yet leave some cupboard of Britannia's mansion untouched, some 'evening bells' unheard. And this, without mentioning the treasures of Ireland—the Emerald Isle—which the cruel Atlantic has torn so savagely on its western side, and which yet contrives to make its wounds so lovely, with evergreens as big as trees, with bright red berries, glossy holly, and purple hills.

The air is so soft that the arbutus grows better in some parts of Ireland than in Italy: nowhere does the delicate flax thrive so well. The *Faerie Queene* was written in that beautiful island; and perhaps every one who goes there becomes a poet like Edmund Spenser, the writer of that long, long poem, or at least tries his hand on lines on the Emerald Island, ending with 'trees' and 'breeze,' 'mountain' and 'fountain,' 'isle' and 'smile:' with which hints we say good-bye for the present.

The highest mountains in these islands are in Scotland. They are generally called Ben, as Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis. Here are barren moorlands, innumerable islands, beautiful lochs, romantic passes, crystal rivers, celebrated waterfalls, frightful gulfs. Only in Scotland is there perpetual snow. Only in Scotland the red deer wanders free. In Scotland only can you read and write in the midsummer midnight.

The old towers still stand about the Tweed, telling of days when Englishmen and Scotchmen were enemies, and when 'hang first and try afterwards' was a common practice. The two countries are now one, and the Queen, who has the blood of both royal families in her veins, is as popular in Scotland as in England. The 'stone of destiny,' on which the old Scottish kings sat at their coronation, is now in Westminster Abbey.

'NOBLESSE OBLIGE.'

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF ROBIN DEVEREUX.



'Tis only noble to be good.'—TENNYSON.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE!

That was young Robin Devereux's favourite motto, and it was often on his lips, being, as he thought, specially suited to himself.

Robin was very proud of his birth and descent from a good old family, but his little sister Lily (who was two years younger) sometimes thought it a doubtful benefit to be born a Devereux, seeing that the name seemed to entail so much upon its owners.

Poor Colonel Devereux could leave his children no inheritance except an inconvenient stock of family pride, and at his death they might have fared badly but for the kindness of their father's brother-in-law, Mr. Thorpe, a wealthy corn-factor, who generously took in the poor orphans and brought them up with his own children. This arrangement was not entirely to Robin's taste, although his new home was as happy a one as his uncle and aunt's loving care, and the merry companionship of a host of young cousins, could make it. He chafed and fretted at what he called his humdrum life in Lanesbury. How could his uncle bear it? What a prospect for himself and his eldest cousin Charles! Lessons from morning till night now; and when that was done with, drudgery of a worse kind in his uncle's counting-house!

'Stick to your books, Robin,' Mr. Thorpe would say cheerily, 'and some day we shall find a seat in the counting-house for you. I don't mean to make any difference between you and my own boys, and who knows but that some day it may be Thorpe and Devereux over the office-door?'

'Thorpe and Devereux, corn-factors!' Robin hated the thought.

Charles Thorpe, however, who took things in a matter-of-fact way, wished for nothing better than to repeat his father's busy, upright life, and could not understand his cousin's dreams for the future. But then he was a Thorpe and knew no better, thought Robin disdainfully, and he confided to Lily his ambitious plans of doing some grand work in the world worthy of the name of Devereux.

His views as to the best way of attaining this object varied from day to day, somewhat confusing poor Lily. Now he was to be a soldier, like his father, and carve his way to fortune; now he would be a second Warren Hastings, and buy back the alienated family estates; now he was to go into Parliament and become nothing less than prime minister. '*Noblesse oblige!* you know, Lily,' he always ended up.

But meantime, in all their studies, Charles Thorpe was slowly but surely getting ahead of his more brilliant cousin, whose quick wits could not make up for his idleness and inattention. The two boys were unlike in appearance as in disposition. Charles, in his lumbering figure, plain though kindly face and unready manner, betrayed his yeoman origin; but Robin,

tall, lithe, and active, with flashing eyes, was a Devereux all over. The cousins, who were now both about fourteen, went every day to a neighbouring village about two miles distant, where they read with the Vicar's son, who acted as their tutor. But Robin's love of play and high spirits were always bringing him into some scrape; and although the good-natured Charles did his best to shield him, nothing could keep his cousin from frequent disgrace. In vain his aunt looked grave, and Lily gently urged that hard work and steadiness now might help him to become a great man sooner than anything else.

'Stuff, Lily!' he answered. 'It's all very well for a fellow like Charles, who has no ambition, but a Devereux can't be bound by common rules.'

So it seemed, for shortly afterwards Robin was found guilty of such a flagrant act of disobedience that his tutor not only gave him a severe imposition, but also made a formal complaint to his uncle. Mr. Thorpe, justly angry, condemned Robin to stay in his own room except during school-hours, and bade him consider himself in disgrace until further notice.

This imprisonment was a great hardship to the active boy, but I don't think he felt it half so much as Lily, who wandered about the passage outside his door and was thoroughly miserable. At first Robin worked hard at his task, but then he grew tired and restless, and began to cast about in his mind for some way out of his disgrace.

On the third day an idea occurred to him, which seemed so tempting that he carried it out the very next morning.

He rose early and packed his school-satchel with a few necessaries in the way of wearing-apparel, adding a hunch of bread, which he spared from his breakfast. He counted up his little stock of money—eighteenpence exactly—and stored it safely in his pocket. Then he got pen and paper, and, after the fashion of intending runaways, he wrote a few lines:—

'DEAREST LILY,

'I can't stand this any longer, and mean to go out into the world and make my fortune like a gentleman and a Devereux. Keep your spirits until you see me again.
'Your loving Robin.'

By way of best attracting notice, he pinned this letter with an old knife on to his dressing-table. As he did so his heart sank. No thought of the ingratitude with which he was repaying his uncle and aunt's kindness disturbed him. His tenderness was all for Lily. What would she do without him? How could he bear to leave her? Well, it was only for a little while; all should be made up to Lily when he had made his fortune. Then he would come in his coach-and-four, with the Devereux arms upon the panels, and bear Lily away to live with him at Devereux Court. So jolly and happy they two would be together; and Lily should do just as she liked, and always wear velvet and satin—never less than satin . . . But as he dreamed, the hall-clock, striking eight, awoke him to the fact that his fortune was still unmade, and that it was time to start for school.

(To be continued.)



"It's him, sure enough!"



Robin escaping from the Van.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

(Continued from page 7.)

HE key of his door was turned in the lock from outside: he was at liberty for a few hours, and Charles was calling from the hall below,—

'Make haste, Robin! we shall be late!'

'No. Go on, old fellow! I'll catch you up.'

Charles set out in his methodical way. Robin

gave him start sufficient to turn the corner half-way down the lane, and then, catching up his satchel, he prepared to follow. At the top of the stairs stood Lily, waiting as usual to bid him good-bye. Robin threw an extra amount of fervour into his embrace that morning, giving his sister, in addition, an apparently needless caution to take care of herself.

Then he ran down the garden; but instead of following his cousin along the winding lane to Kyneton, turned short off, leaped a stile upon the right, hurried across an intervening field into another lane beyond, and scarcely drew breath until he had put full two miles between himself and Lanesbury. Then he went more soberly, but still at a brisk pace, till he heard the wheels of some conveyance coming along the road behind him. Prompted by his guilty conscience, he scrambled up the bank, and congratulated himself upon his precaution, when, hidden behind the hedge at the top, he saw his uncle's dog-cart bowl swiftly past below. Mr. Thorpe himself was driving, and talking to his companion in his usual loud voice about harvest prospects.

The lane, so near home, was clearly unsafe. After this experience, Robin struck into the fields again, and found his way across country to a hamlet eight miles from Lanesbury, where he rested and made a spare midday meal off his hunch of bread and a draught of milk procured at a neighbouring farm. He had no particular plan, except to get as far as possible from Lanesbury before beginning the process of making his fortune. So, as the first stage in his journey, he turned his steps toward Horton, a large town about thirty miles away. A third only of the distance he walked that day, and when evening came he spent a few of his pence in a night's lodging at a roadside cottage.

The next afternoon he had already walked some miles, and was beginning to feel weary, when he was overtaken by the van of an itinerant basket-mender, which was apparently bound in the same direction as himself. Just as it reached him something went wrong with the rotten harness, and Robin stepped forward to help in putting it right. In return, the owner of the van offered him a lift, which Robin gladly accepted, and climbed up to the vacant outside seat. The basket-maker's wife with several small children occupied the vacant space inside the cart.

The pace of the old horse was not fast, but Robin liked the rest, and so easily got over the few more miles between him and the next village. Here the van was left in charge of the tramp's wife, while

he himself tried to dispose of some of the many baskets and other rough wicker articles dangling at the sides of the cart. Robin, too, got down to stretch his legs, and walked apart, not anxious to betray his connexion with the other travellers.

As he loitered along, waiting while the basket-maker stopped to hawk his wares at every open door, Robin came upon a bill-sticker pasting some notices upon a blank wall.

He had the curiosity to stop and read one printed in large capitals—'Twenty Pounds Reward!'

It gave an accurate description of his own person and appearance, adding that whoever would give information to Mr. Thorpe, of Lanesbury, which would lead to the safe recovery of his missing nephew, should receive the above-mentioned sum. Robin passed on hastily, determined to wait at a safe distance a-head for the slow conveyance which formed his present home. He could almost have fancied that curious glances were cast at him by one or two passers-by; but he stepped on, bold and defiant, till he reached the outskirts of the village.

A price upon his head!

Robin thought there was something delightfully romantic and outlaw-like in the idea. Nevertheless, he was not sorry when he found himself once more in the van, safe from observation beneath the shelter of the dangling baskets.

Their owner returned in high good-humour, after an unusually successful sale, and told Robin, who made himself useful in helping to picket the horse, that he was welcome to his supper and night's lodging, if he chose to remain with them. The quarters were not exactly to Robin's taste; but for lack of better he accepted the offer, and settled himself as best he could at the back of the van, where two or three children were already sleeping.

Robin was tired, but the novelty and excitement of his position, to say nothing of its discomforts, quite chased sleep from his eyes. He lay awake an hour or more, listening to the murmur of talk between the basket-maker and his wife on the farther side of the partition dividing the van, but at last fell into a sort of doze, from which he was roused by the rustling of paper and the two voices growing eager.

'Twenty pounds reward, I tell you!' said the man's rough tones. 'That's better than basket-selling. It's him, sure enough. "Grey suit, dark eyes, tall and slim." I thought all along as how he had a high-and-mighty look about him.'

'Runaway, I s'pose,' said the woman; 'though it's strange that gentlefolk born should like our life better than their'n.'

'Well, Betsy, first thing in the morning we'll just turn tail, and take him home again. It will be a bit of charity, and worth our while besides.'

He chuckled so loudly that the woman hushed him with a reminder of the sleeping children; and after this the voices grew more subdued, ceased, and finally loud snores told that both speakers slept.

But long ere this Robin had made up his mind. Liberty was too sweet to lose again so soon. Very quietly he drew on his boots, and moving with the utmost care, that he might not disturb the sleepers, passed quietly through the van door, slipped down the steps, and vanished in the darkness.

CHAPTER II.

It is not difficult to imagine the sensation which Robin's flight caused at Lanesbury. Poor Lily was heartbroken at his desertion, and as the days went on, and brought no tidings of him, pined so much that her kind aunt was quite concerned. Charles, too, though he said little, missed his constant companion.

Mr. Thorpe had laughed at first, prophesying that the runaway would be back in a day or two, ashamed and crestfallen, and he consented reluctantly to his wife's wish of taking steps for his recovery. But when the offered reward brought no result, and the truant did not return, he grew angry, declaring that Robin was an ungrateful rascal, whose name he never wished to hear again.

By degrees the children forgot their merry cousin, and ceased to miss him in their games: only Lily could not forget. The play-hours, which Robin had made so pleasant, were wearisome to her now. She did not speak much of him, but her heart was wearying for her brother, and all Charles's clumsy, though well-meant, efforts to fill his place could not console her. Night and morning she would steal out into the porch, and look round wistfully, half hoping to see Robin come whistling across the meadows, as he used to do. Alas! she was always disappointed.

The hay was carried and stacked; the corn sprang, and ripened, and fell beneath the reaper's sickle; but Robin never came. And Lily grew paler and paler, drooping day by day with the sickness of hope deferred, till she seemed more than ever like her lowly namesake, the lily of the valley.

Meantime Robin, the object of so much care, fared passably well through the pleasant summer weeks, enjoying the free out-of-door life, and feeling like some merry outlaw of the olden time. In hay and harvest season the farmers were often short of hands, and Robin managed in a pleasant way to earn enough to keep himself, though he must needs live hardly, with bare fare and poor lodging; from which it will be seen he had not as yet made much progress on his road to fortune.

Then there came a time when work, even of the humblest kind, was not always plentiful. But the dull days of November found him hopeful still. Expectant of better things, he was now working for a time with a florist and market-gardener named Strupp. Robin was active and industrious. He and his worthy master got on well together for two or three weeks, which were prosperous days with Robin. At the end of that time Mr. Strupp's son finished some work he had undertaken at a distance, and returned to help his father; and then Robin's services were no longer needed.

On the last day of his work with the old gardener, it happened that a lady with a little girl came to speak to Robin's master about some shrubs which she wished transplanted, and before leaving he walked through the hothouses, as was usual, with his customers. The little daughter, warmly wrapped in cosy fur, followed behind, and passed close to Robin as he was busy with his work. The child had dark eyes, and long fair curls strayed from under her pretty white hat. Something in the little maiden's kind glance of interest reminded Robin of Lily, and he sighed.

When they returned, there stood Robin waiting at the hothouse door, with a handful of chrysanthemums arranged with dark evergreen leaves. These he offered to the little girl, raising his cap respectfully. The child looked pleased, and the lady thanked him graciously.

'A good-looking lad, and well-mannered,' she said to herself.

Then, as she lingered admiring this and that in the orderly garden, a thought seemed to strike her. She turned, and spoke a few words to Mr. Strupp in a low voice.

Robin could not catch what she said, but he heard the answer in the old gardener's louder tones:

'Yes, my lady. He's a good lad. He leaves me to-night; and no doubt but he'd be thankful for such a chance.'

The ladies had almost reached the garden-gate; but at this the elder turned back, and called Robin, who came up wondering.

'What is your name, my boy?'

'Robin,' he answered, simply.

'Well then, Robin, I hear that your work with Mr. Strupp is finished, and perhaps you may like a chance of bettering yourself? I am pleased with your manner and appearance.' (Robin wondered what was coming. Would she offer to adopt him, as people did in books, and take him back to a life of luxury again?) 'My present page is leaving me,' the lady went on. 'I will take you in his place, and with a little training you will do well. Your work would be easy—to run errands and wait on my daughter, to wash my poodles and take them out for exercise. How should you like to live with me, and wear a suit of livery like that?' with a wave of the hand towards the boy in buttons who stood at her carriage-door.

Poor Robin! What a climax after his ambitious hopes! All the blood of the Devereux welled up, and dyed his face crimson, and he stood there, speechless with shame. Buttons! A Devereux in *buttons*!

'Of course it would be a rise in life for you; but I hear you are a good boy, and would deserve it,' continued the visitor, kindly.

But Robin could bear no more.

'Thanks, my lady; it wouldn't suit me,' he managed to stammer out. And rushing away to the farthest corner of the garden, he gave way to his long pent-up feelings, and watered the asparagus beds with floods of tears.

(Concluded in our next.)

TAILORS AND WEAVERS.

AS their daily labour is not of a kind to make them muscular men, tailors have always had to endure the shafts of feeble wits. It has been said that 'nine tailors make a man,'—a terrible imputation on their courage! But the following lines, which are familiar in the cloth-making district of the Stroud Valley in Gloucestershire, are not more complimentary to weavers:—

Four-and-twenty weavers went forth to slay a snail,
The bravest man among them trod upon his tail;
The snail turned around, with his horns like a cow—
'Help!' cried the weavers, 'we're dead men now!'

A. R. B.



Hampton Court.

A HANDSOME PRESENT.

THE most splendid present ever made by a subject to his sovereign was probably that of Hampton Court Palace, which Cardinal Wolsey built and presented to King Henry VIII. in 1525. Jane Seymour died there, and in it her son, afterwards Edward VI., was born.

A. R. B.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. II.—FRANCE.

LA BELLE FRANCE! Beautiful land! Is it so? Well, if it be so we need not mind; we are not so full of envy as to see no beauty in other lands, no courage in other men. Some of our travellers complain, however, of much of France, as tame and tiresome, a wide wilderness without hedges

and trees, neither pretty nor cheerful. But this is, perhaps, British prejudice. As 58 : 203 :: England and Wales : France. Such are our relative sizes.

Though in position France is south of Britain, yet Paris is colder than Edinburgh in winter. North of Paris the vine does not thrive. North of a line drawn through Nancy the vine succeeds, but not maize. The olive and white mulberry, or oil and silk-trees—neither of them handsome, though useful—grow well south of that line, and below Lyons all four flourish.

The charming climate of the sunny south of France is often grievously marred by the *mistral*, a wind which is piercingly cold. It has one good effect, however,—it kills the musketoos.

Brown and black bears still growl near the Pyrenees, and the wolf is not uncommon in many parts of France. But if we have no grinning white



EUROPE.—France.

teeth, we have no wine worthy of the name—no world-famous champagne—no treading out the grapes with the feet—no wine-dance!

Paris ranks after London in size, but is before London in some things. For instance, it has the largest library in the world. Only think of seventeen miles of bookshelves! The streets, too, are broader and finer. Moreover, a whole kingdom's wealth was spent on Versailles, to make it a palace of palaces. The water-works are wonderful.

England and France have many connexions. The noble families of Percy and Pierrepont and Russell are French. Many of our fine buildings are made of French stone, and many of our batter puddings are built up of French eggs. Brittany is very like Cornwall; each has a Mont St. Michael, and many customs in common.

The largest island belonging to France is Corsica. Its chief city, Ajaccio, was the birthplace of the great Napoleon. In its thick woods of oleander and myrtle the hardy outlaw hides—the modern Robin Hood, who lives by stealing—a human wolf.

At a little town called Grasse, in the south of France, more bottles of scent are made, they say, than in any town in Europe, unless it be Paris. What a garden of sweets it must be in!

Annecy, on a lake in Savoy, is the oldest manufacturing town in Europe. It is the grandmother of Manchester and Birmingham. At Grenoble they make gloves. What a much pleasanter river they have than the 'hard-worked Irwell!' and what noble scenery to look at when the hard day's work is done!

The huge old Rectory-house, or Bishop's palace, of the Popes at Avignon, is now a prison and a barrack; and at Dijon many churches have ceased to be churches, and are used for other purposes than prayer and praise.

Liverpool's rival is Marseilles, on the deep blue sea; a very different colour to the Mersey. It is a very huge place, but hardly half the size of our great port. The merchant-princes live in houses on hills behind the city, whence the rich ship-owner can see the busy hive below, and beyond it the blue waters and white sails. The Rhone pours its waters into the sea not far off this town. One of the largest fairs in the world is held on the river-side. The people live for three weeks or a month in a town of wood built for the purpose. At a place called Le Puy is a statue of the Madonna, fifty feet high, made out of cannon.

At Toulouse, in a flat but fertile country, many of Wellington's braves lie buried. Bayonne has given its name to the bayonet, and Troyes to the Troy-weight used by goldsmiths. A bragging fellow is said to 'gasconade,' because the Gascons are such terrible boasters. When a Gascon was once shown the finest building in Paris he said, 'Ah, it is not bad—it is almost equal to the back part of the stables at my father's castle!'

In this part of France, where the ground is sandy and much encumbered with furze-bushes, the shepherds walk often on stilts that they may keep their sheep in sight. The men are dwarfish in size, so their stilts are very useful to them, but they have an odd appearance.

France sends us eggs by the hundred million—clocks and watches by the hundred thousand—chinaware and glass, rich silks, ribbons, laces, carpets, and paper.

French money has various letters on it to distinguish the mints where it was made. If A is on the coin you may know it was minted at Paris. B marks a Rouen piece; a double B a Strasburg one; D shows it is a Lyons penny; K one made at Bordeaux, and two M's tell you your cash came from Marseilles.

France increases more slowly than England in population. The great bulk of her people belong to the Roman Catholic Church. A Frenchman is usually a sober, thrifty, courteous, quick-tempered man, a lover of shows and pretty things, and fond of pleasure and glory.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 3.)

CHAPTER II.

OF course Molly was too little at that time to understand much of Aunt Bell's story, which was told principally to Honor and Brian; but she listened with wide-open eyes, as in duty bound to attend to what concerned her very own godfather; and from what she made out of the story, and from what filtered down to her through the elders, she imbibed a strong feeling that Dr. Carlyon was some one to be admired, in spite of his being small and ugly, and rather horrifying.

So strong was the effect that, to Aunt Bell's great surprise, Molly calmly agreed to a proposal that Dr. Carlyon made the following morning—a proposal that surprised Aunt Bell quite as much as the way in which it was accepted—and this was to take Molly to the British Museum; and she allowed nurse to lace on her strong boots, and button her up in her warm coat, and put on her hat and gaiters, and woolly gloves; and though she gave a little gasp, and an agonized look at Aunt Bell as Dr. Carlyon offered her a hand clad in a tabby cotton glove, with a long point at the end of each finger, still she summoned up courage to put a woolly little glove into it, and to trudge off by the Doctor's side along the pavement, with nurse looking after her from the door, and Aunt Bell peeping from the dining-room window.

It is only a short way from the Square, where Mr. Bright lived, to the British Museum, and in the course of the walk Molly found her companion much more reasonable than nurse or even Honor ever showed themselves; for he quite saw the necessity of stopping to look down into an area where there was a parrot who said 'What's o'clock?' in an interesting manner. He also fell into Molly's natural wish to step on each of the round iron things by which coal is shot into the cellars below, and even to go back when she accidentally missed one. He did not object either to her patting the head of each of the bronze lions, with which the outer railings of the British Museum are adorned at intervals; so that the walk there was successful and amusing, and Molly mounted the broad steps under the portico in the best of spirits.

The young Brights often visited the British Museum on dull, cold days, when there was no pleasure to be found in the streets, and squares, and parks; but then they always mounted the wide staircase at once, and made for the monkeys, or the mummies, or the little models of the Thugs, which are, undoubtedly, entertaining. But Dr. Carlyon did not go up the

staircase at all, but turned off to the Nineveh Antiquities, where he at once became engrossed in indistinct hieroglyphics, and odd-looking men holding fir cones and little baskets, some thing like the *Book of Nonsense*, only not half so amusing.

After a time he became conscious of a pulling at his hand, and, looking down, he was recalled to his young companion by a very woe-begone little face looking up at him, with a quivering mouth and large tears chasing one another down her cheeks. This was alarming.

'Mary, what is the matter?'

A sob.

'Mary, are you tired?'

A sob.

'Mary, are you hungry?'

Now this was a happy suggestion of Dr. Carlyon's, for, just as they started, Aunt Bell, with perhaps some presentiment of future difficulties, had put into each of Molly's jacket pockets a biscuit, and the Doctor's question brought these to her mind, and she began feeling after them; and the Doctor, with more presence of mind than I should have given him credit for, dried her tears with his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and lifted her up on to one of the seats that was near, and left her with a biscuit in each hand, taking bites from each alternately, while he returned to the antiquities. They were deeply interesting to him, so absorbing that he forgot time, and place, and himself, and all his surroundings, while these wonderful stones carried him back over thousands of years, to times when this old world was young. It needed quite an effort to bring himself back to the nineteenth century, and he felt for his watch, and stared vaguely at it for some minutes before he realised that it had stopped, which was a very usual state of affairs with that useful article, from his only occasionally remembering to wind it up.

'It must be time to go,' he said to himself, tearing himself away with difficulty from those magic stones, and slowly making his way to the door. He passed an empty bench on which a few biscuit crumbs and a woolly glove remained, and which might have been a reminder to a more observant person; but he passed on and out into the frosty January weather outside, with a vague haunting feeling that he had forgotten something, but he could not quite tell what. He felt for his hat, for sometimes he forgot that, but there it was sure enough, rather on the back of his head as usual, and his gloves and spectacles were each in their appropriate place. Was it his umbrella? but no, he had not had one since he left his last in an omnibus.

So he walked back to Mr. Bright's, and went in without noticing Sarah's astonishment, when she opened the door, at his returning alone. She, however, concluded that he had met nurse and the other children, who were out for their walk, and had handed Molly over to her. Miss Bright was out, and Dr. Carlyon quietly betook himself to the breakfast-room, where the large, well-stocked bookcase stood, where he was perfectly happy till Aunt Bell came in to tell him that lunch was ready, and asked how he and Molly had fared.

Then at last Dr. Carlyon remembered, and Aunt Bell thought the little man had gone suddenly mad, for he leapt up from his seat as if he had been shot,

dropping the big folio he was reading on the floor with a bang, and was out of the room and out of the house without any explanation, and without his hat, and with Don barking wildly at his heels. He would have gone as straight as an arrow to the British Museum unless, indeed, he had been stopped before getting there by a policeman as an escaped lunatic or a runaway thief; but as he turned the corner of the square he nearly ran over the object of his search, Molly herself, who was walking along sedately under Brian's care, minus one glove, and rather red-eyed and solemn, but otherwise none the worse for her adventure.

Dr. Carlyon, after recovering from the collision, would have run on, without realising that further search was useless, if Brian had not stopped him, and brought him home in a very bewildered and repentant condition to Aunt Bell and lunch.

The fact was, that Molly, having finished the biscuits, grew tired of the seat in the Nineveh room, and, Dr. Carlyon being out of sight, she began to explore, and then grew frightened at being all alone, and at one of the men with a long rod shaking his head at her, and at the dim recollection of a story of Pat's, that if you touched the stuffed hippopotamus you would be made into a mummy on the spot, with only your toes popping out, and a little saucer of camphor, all complete. So Molly, though she had not committed the enormity mentioned, felt that the power of those men with rods was unlimited, and that, without nurse's protection, they might make a victim of her, and she formed the desperate resolution to find her way home by herself.

Now if Molly had been born in a lower rank of life, there would have been nothing remarkable in her cruising about the streets on her own account; at the mature age of six she would have known the way all about the neighbourhood of her home, including, perhaps, an intimate acquaintance with the inside of the public-houses, and she would most likely have had Peter in her arms, and Nora dragging at her frock behind. But Molly had not such advantages, and when she had made her way out of the great gate—and it required some nerve to pass those awful grenadiers—Molly set off running as hard as she could tear, without considering the way, as if home lay all round her, and if she only ran she was sure to reach it whichever way she went; and, moreover, she began to cry as she ran, which did not make her sight clearer; so she ran head foremost into every one she met who did not get out of her way, and at last, by some happy chance, or something better, ran full tilt against father's legs, and finding something very familiar and consoling about those trowsers, clung to him, sobbing, while father, greatly puzzled and surprised, tried to understand how his little girl should be alone and crying in Tottenham Court Road.

Molly's explanations being altogether unintelligible, and father having an engagement in the City, he hailed a hansom, and popped Molly in and took her off to his office, where Brian was waiting, and under his charge Molly went cheerfully home, much to Dr. Carlyon's relief, who had suffered agonies of remorse and apprehension in the few minutes after Aunt Bell had reminded him of Molly's existence.

(To be continued.)



Dr. Carlyon in search of Molly.



The Fisher-boy. Sketched from Life.

THE FISHER-BOY.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

SOME folk do love the silent fields,
The upland and the lea;
Some folk do love the noisy town,
Where life moves busily:
But, oh! not down, and oh! not town,
Would e'er have charm for me;
I love alike, in calm and storm,
The boundless, changeful sea.

Some folk amid those silent fields
Do win bread quietly;
And some along those busy streets
Do seek wealth greedily:
But not by down, and not by town,
Does labour lie for me;
I find it where I love it well,
Upon the changeful sea.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.



ONE evening when Sydney Smith was drinking tea with a lady, the servant entered the room with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand. The apartment was so crowded that it seemed impossible for him to pass; but as the steaming kettle advanced the groups drew back on all sides, and a path was opened to the table.

'I declare,' said Sydney Smith, 'a man who wishes to make his way in life could do nothing better than go through the world with a boiling tea-kettle in his hand!'

LORD JEFFREY's handwriting was very bad. On one occasion, after receiving a letter from him, Sydney Smith wrote back,—

'MY DEAR JEFFREY,—We are much obliged by your letter, but should be still more so were it legible. I have tried to read it from left to right, and Mrs. Sydney from right to left, and neither of us can decipher a single word of it.'

His own handwriting was, he said, 'as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs.'

FELIX NEFF, when a young child, was very fond of insects and plants. When eight years old he persuaded his mother to give him a book on these subjects, and then he used to be seen with this book under his arm and the pockets of his little apron filled with plants, which he would spread out before his mother, saying how useful his book was.

IN former days, when astrology was believed in, Charles IX. was told by one of its students that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing upon one leg. His majesty accordingly performed this exercise with great solemnity every morning, and, to keep him

company, all the generals, judges, and great officers of court, also spent the hour in standing upon one leg and turning round.

THE house and studio of Rubens at Antwerp was the admiration of his fellow-citizens and all who saw it. No strangers of distinction passed through the town without visiting the house. It contained a remarkable collection of books, statues, works of art, and pictures by himself, all of which he sold to the Duke of Buckingham for one hundred thousand florins.

THE wife of Berghem, the painter, had a curious way of keeping her husband from indolence. His work-room was above her, and at frequent intervals she would rouse him by thumping a large stick against the ceiling. To this the obedient artist had to answer by stamping his foot, and so assuring his wife that he was at least awake.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 15.)

CHAPTER III.



HIS visit of Dr. Carlyon's occurred six years before my story begins, and many things had happened during those six years, besides the change of Molly from a little, round-about, staring child of six to a tall, long-limbed, slip of a girl of twelve. First of all, Aunt Bell had married, and was now Mrs. John Keith, with a home and husband

and baby of her own, which, dear as they all were, had not turned either of her godchildren out of her heart. And then father had lost nearly all his money, and had given up his London house, and sent the children down to Kelburn Lodge, a little house near Aunt Bell's, where Pat and Paddy could go to Mudford School.

Brian had gone abroad with Colonel and Lady Jane Wilmott, and was studying art in a studio at Naples; and Molly, Nora, and Peter, were working on at their lessons under Honor, with an old Frenchman—Monsieur Le Brun—coming twice a-week to help with French, Latin, and arithmetic; and Aunt Bell undertook the music lessons.

Kelburn Lodge was much smaller than their old home in London, and they had very little money to spend and none to waste, and it was sad to think of father working so hard all the week in London, and only able to come home for Sunday to be with his children; but still it was a very happy life that the children led, with plenty of fun in it, and not a little mischief either, as is natural with high-spirited, healthy children, with only a young elder sister to keep them in order.

Dr. Carlyon had written, when father was in the thick of his difficulties, to offer any help in his power, and among other proposals, he suggested

that his goddaughter Mary and her sister should come and pay him a visit; but father had declined the invitation, thinking it better to keep his flock together, and not feeling sure how Molly and Nora would behave quite on their own responsibility. Since then nothing more had been heard of the Doctor, and the children had almost forgotten his existence, except when the black-letter Bible was looked at.

But when they had been at Kelburn Lodge about eighteen months an unexpected emergency occurred which led to a scattering of the party in different directions. Peter saw fit to catch the scarlatina. It was very inconsiderate of him, for the Easter holidays were close at hand, and Brian was coming home, and there were all sorts of plans of rejoicings to celebrate his return; and how Peter caught it no one could ever make out, as it was nowhere about in the Hinton Cottages or anywhere in the neighbourhood of Kelburn Lodge: but certain it is that he was unusually cross one day, hot and sick and head-achey the next, and on the third day Honor sent for the doctor, who pronounced it scarlatina.

'We seem likely to have it very favourably,' the doctor said, as if he shared the scarlatina with Peter; and Honor devoutly wished he would take it all and keep it. 'There is no cause for apprehension, I assure you, Miss Bright; but the other children must be removed at once.'

And then he went off, leaving Honor and nurse in the direst perplexity.

'You had better go right off and ask Mrs. Keith,' said nurse. 'She'll know in a minute what's to be done.'

But Honor would not hear of such a thing as to run any risk of carrying the infection to Aunt Bell's dear little baby. That would indeed be the blackest ingratitude to one who had filled a mother's place to them all for so long: that was not to be thought of. There were other aunts—Aunt Louisa, Aunt Rosa, and Aunt Maria—but the first had a delicate family whom she kept in cotton wool, and the second was going to London for the season to bring out two of her daughters, and the last had been laid up with bronchitis, and was not well yet; so none of them were available.

But just then Honor heard the latch of the gate go, and there was John Keith—Aunt Bell's husband—coming up the path, and Honor ran out to meet him. She would not let him come into the house, or even stand very near to her as they talked, but stood at a little distance with the April breeze blowing about her dress and ruffling her soft, sunny hair, not minding though a sudden little warm shower fell on her unprotected head.

Of course, at first John Keith, man-like, wished to have all the children to the Grove at once, and Peter too if he could be moved; but a few words from Honor reminded him of the danger to the baby at home, and a moment's reflection suggested a new plan.

'Why can't Pat and Paddy go to the Orchards for a bit? Ray Carrington is all alone there, and will be delighted to have them.'

Now Ray Carrington was a great friend of Pat's at

Mudford School, and the Orchards, where he lived, was about a mile and a half from the town on the Hinton Road, and Pat was always a welcome guest there whenever he liked to go.

'Look here, Honor,' John Keith went on; 'I'll drive right on to the Orchards, and tell the old woman there to stop them as they come home from school, and you can send over their traps any time to-day. So there are the boys disposed of; now for the girls. I am afraid there would be such outrageously high jinks at the Orchards if they went there, even if it were not imposing too much on Mr. Carrington's kindness in his absence. I think the best thing would be for me to send a message to Mr. Bright from Mudford. He'll find some hole and corner to stow them away in, and, meanwhile, you pack up all their bibs and tuckers ready to start as soon as we get the telegram back. And don't look so anxious, little Honor; the little chap is not very bad, you said!'

'Oh, no! it's as much as we can do to keep him in bed. There doesn't seem anything the matter with him. But I suppose all this fuss about infection is necessary,' Honor added, with a sigh, trying not to think of Brian and the cruel disappointment it would be if he were prevented from coming home; and John Keith for a minute misinterpreted that sigh into fear on her own account.

'Could not you go with the girls?' he said; but was sorry the moment the words had left his lips, as he saw the colour rush into her sensitive little face, and tears into her eyes; and he added, quickly, 'No, of course not; what a muff I am! You are commander-in-chief in the sick-room.'

Honor shook her head sadly.

'I'm very little use, I know,' she said; 'but I do what I can, and what nurse will let me; and Peter likes to have me with him, and it would break my heart to go away.'

'And his too, I expect, to lose you,' John Keith answered. 'And I should have to tie Aunt Bell hand and foot to prevent her running off to take care of him if she did not know that you were in charge. There, good-bye, I must be off: don't worry your head, but have Molly and Nora ready to start at a moment's notice.'

It was a good thing that Honor followed out John Keith's directions, for just as they had finished packing the box a fly drove up, and the driver announced that Mr. Keith had sent him to take the young ladies to the 1.30 train, and that there was not a minute to lose if they were to catch it, and Mr. Keith would meet them at the station to see them off; and in another minute they were gone, and Honor was standing alone at the door reading father's telegram to Mr. Keith, which the flyman had brought:—

'Send off M. and N. by 1.30 train. I will meet them. Tell Honor to write to me by post to Dr. Carlyon, Bydown Vicarage.'

So that was where Molly and Nora were to go! Honor smiled to herself, and wondered how the girls would like it, and if he were still such an absent-minded, dreamy old gentleman as when he took Molly to the British Museum, and forgot her.

The house seemed wonderfully quiet as Honor



Peter watching the departure of Molly and Nora.

turned back into it, without any of the usual noise and clatter which she had so often complained about, but which she thought now went a long way towards making up the pleasantness and cheerfulness of life.

Nurse received her rather grimly when she went upstairs, for Peter had insisted on getting out of bed to look out of window at the fly in which Molly and

Nora were going away, and had remained kissing his hand and nodding persistently till the fly was out of sight, though only the top of the flyman's hat could have been any the wiser. Of course Peter was too great an invalid to have his sins visited on him, so nurse transferred her displeasure to Honor, and for some time she sniffed and made little remarks apparently addressed to the pillows of the bed or the coals



The Landlady demanding her Rent.

in the grate, about 'nursing being no more in some people's way than housekeeping,' and 'if it had been Miss Bell now!'

But Honor was so humble and submissive, and yet managed so successfully to keep Peter amused and contented, that nurse relented, and she noticed too, as Mr. Keith had done, the anxiety in the girl's face, and that her cheeks were pale, and her eyes heavy and troubled, and then nurse's heart softened alto-

gether to her 'Miss Honor darlin,' 'her dear, motherless lamb;' and, by-and-by, when Peter was having a nap, Honor laid her head in nurse's lap, and she got some of the old petting and comforting that did not often fall to her lot now that there were five younger ones, but which did not come amiss even to the dignity of seventeen, and the mistress of the house.

(To be continued.)



NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

(Concluded from page 11.)

ROBIN'S misery had reached its crowning-point. Somehow this last experience damped his ardour more than all which had gone before. Weary and dispirited, he went about seeking work in vain. The remnants of his poor earnings dwindled away. His clothes had become ragged and threadbare: yet he could not replace them, for the few shillings he now and then earned by a chance job scarcely sufficed to buy him food and shelter. Often in these days Robin knew what it was to feel both cold and hungry, and at such times something familiar would come into his head about a home where was 'bread enough and to spare'; and, like another poor prodigal long ago, he thought regretfully of his lost blessings. Yet he could not bring himself to go back and humbly own his failure. He could never bear to meet his uncle's scorn, his aunt's reproaches.

So Robin went out again into the streets, and made one more attempt to find work, no matter how humble. He offered himself as errand-boy and baker's lad; he even looked enviously at a crossing-sweeper.

But boys seemed plentiful and labour scarce. There was no place in all the bustling town for Robin.

He went back to his wretched lodging in a back-lane; but at the door his landlady waited to demand his week's rent before admitting him. She had the chance of a lodger willing to pay sixpence a-week more than Robin. Under these circumstances all his petitions for delay were of no use. He must pay or go. So he went.

Whither?

Ah! that was the question. He was sick of the hard, cruel town, and the indifferent faces all turned coldly upon him. He felt in his pockets, and finding a few pence there, he resolved with a sudden impulse to spend them on a third-class ticket to Lanesbury Junction.

No one was at all likely to recognise Mr. Thorpe's nephew in the ragged, wayworn traveller who emerged in the winter's dusk of that same afternoon from the crowded junction, which was the nearest station to Lanesbury.

There lay five miles still between Robin and home, if home he dared call it. Tired as he was, he began mechanically to walk towards Lanesbury. He had no definite purpose, except to see once more the familiar faces—his kind aunt, Charles, above all, Lily, poor Lily! who loved him, whom he had deserted.

He had walked many miles since morning; his overwrought powers seemed failing him; and he was so hungry. But as he went the hunger passed off, leaving only a feeling of faintness and exhaustion. What if he were to drop by the roadside this bitter evening, and fall asleep, and be frozen to death? He could not get much further—so weary he was, so faint, so cold; but now the twinkling lights of

Lanesbury piercing the dusk, seemed to bid him take courage. The Devereuxes of other days had borne far greater hardships. He would not give up yet. And so a half-hour later found him in Lanesbury High Street, within a quarter of a mile of his uncle's house.

He took the familiar turn he knew so well, over the bridge, along the lane, across the fields. The new-mown hay was making the June air fragrant when he last came that way; but now the ground was white with snow, and the old church bells were ringing their Christmas chimes.

It was Christmas Eve.

The fact dawned on Robin as a surprise; he had lost count of weeks and days lately, when all were alike miserable. And this year there had been nothing to remind him of Christmas; but in the great, ugly, comfortable house yonder, the lights were gleaming brightly, as became the season. Robin could imagine the happy group assembled round the fire. In the cold and darkness he crept safely and secretly through the dusky shrubbery up to the very house itself. Just then the click of the garden-gate startled him, and looking round he espied a troop of dark figures coming up the avenue. There were perhaps a dozen or more of them. Robin stole aside quietly, and hiding himself among a clump of laurels, watched their proceedings.

The intruders—in whom he soon recognised the church-choir—took up their position in front of the parlour-window, and in a moment more the simple strains of a Christmas carol were ringing through the frosty air. How peacefully the words fell on Robin's aching heart! Then came one or two other well-known airs, ending with the Christmas hymn, which touched Robin strangely.

At the end the parlour-window was thrown open, the curtains undrawn, and Mr. Thorpe appeared, crying out in his hearty voice,—

'Well sung, lads! and thank you. If you will go round to the back-door, the housekeeper shall give you tea and cake, with a shilling a-piece to carry home with you. A merry Christmas to you all!'

'The same to you and yours, sir, and thank you kindly,' came the ready response, as the party trooped off.

Warm tea and cake! How tantalising the words sounded to poor Robin, faint with his long fast! He would fain have followed, and shared the boys' meal; but pride forbade him to take his uncle's charity without his forgiveness.

The window was closed now, but the curtains remained undrawn, for a streak of light streamed out upon the lawn. Cautiously and quietly Robin stole up like some midnight thief until he stood close under the window. Keeping well to one side, he found a foothold upon the tough trunks of the ivy covering the house-front, and raised himself to a level with the sill.

Other Robins, he well knew, were made welcome at that window; fragments of their abundant morning-meal lay yet scattered upon its threshold; but not a robin of them all was more desolate, more famished, more utterly forlorn, than he.

With a beating heart he peeped in at the window. There, on one side of the fireplace, sat his uncle; and round the table were gathered the little ones,

laughing merrily over some round game. Charles, as usual, sat with his book near the fireside; and Lily— Was Lily one of the players? No. She sat at her aunt's feet, at the other side of the chimney-piece, looking gravely into the fire. Now and then Mrs. Thorpe would bend down and lay a hand kindly on Lily's head. Perhaps she guessed something of her thoughts that evening.

Robin, the poor outcast, looked on at all with hungry eyes, yearning for a crumb of love. He felt that he must get speech of Lily, have one kind word before he went forth again into the dreary, pitiless world; and looking more intently, he seemed to see some change in Lily as she turned her face now and again towards her merry cousins. She was thinner, surely; paler. Was she grieving for him? Ah, poor Lily! He *must* see Lily for one moment before he went. But the night was so cold—so cold; and Robin was getting numb and cramped, and his eyes were dim with sleep.

Just then he missed Lily from her place by the fireside: she had stolen softly from the room. His chief attraction was gone, and Robin slipped gently to the ground.

Ha! What was that noise?

He started nervously, and shrank back into the deep shadow of the porch, as the hall-door gently opened and let a small, muffled-up figure out into the starlit night. It descended to the lowest step, and there paused, looking round right and left with intent, wistful gaze; but not finding what it sought, it drew back sorrowfully, with a long-drawn sigh, 'Oh, Robin! Robin!'

Robin in his hiding-place heard, and could bear it no longer. He stole out, and laid a hand upon his sister's arm.

'I am here, Lily,' he said, softly. 'Hush! Don't tell any one.'

But as though it were the most natural thing in the world to see him there, Lily uttered a joyful little cry, and clasped him close, and kissed him, and drew him in across the threshold, right into the warm hall, poor, cold little wanderer!

'He has come back!' she cried, joyfully. 'Robin has come back at last!'

The parlour-door flew open at the cry, and all came hurrying out. Robin, penitent and ashamed, hid his head on Lily's shoulder, and could not face them.

But Lily interpreted his silence.

'Oh, uncle—aunt—forgive him! I know he is sorry, poor Robin!'

'What, Robin! You have not made your fortune, then?' cried his uncle.

But the kind aunt came forward, and patted his head.

'Robin has been very wrong and foolish; but we must forget and forgive at Christmas-time,' she said, pleasantly; 'he will be wiser in future.'

And then she led him in to the cheerful fireside, and warmed his numbed hands, and brought him food and drink, until, soothed by all her care and kindness, Robin at last forgot his troubles in a long and dreamless sleep.

Robin's place in the family circle remained empty many weeks yet. Sometimes the anxious watchers

by his bedside wondered sadly would it ever be filled up again. The weariness and exposure of that Christmas Eve, and the hard days which had gone before it, brought on an attack of low fever, which was slow in yielding to the good nursing he received.

One day, when he was slowly recovering, being already promoted from bed to an easy-chair in his room, Lily, who was always devising something to give him pleasure, brought him a cardboard scroll, on which she had illuminated the words, '*Noblesse oblige.*'

Great was her disappointment when Robin, usually so grateful, pushed it away from him, saying, almost impatiently, 'Oh, no, Lily! I never want to hear those words again. They are the cause of all my misfortunes.'

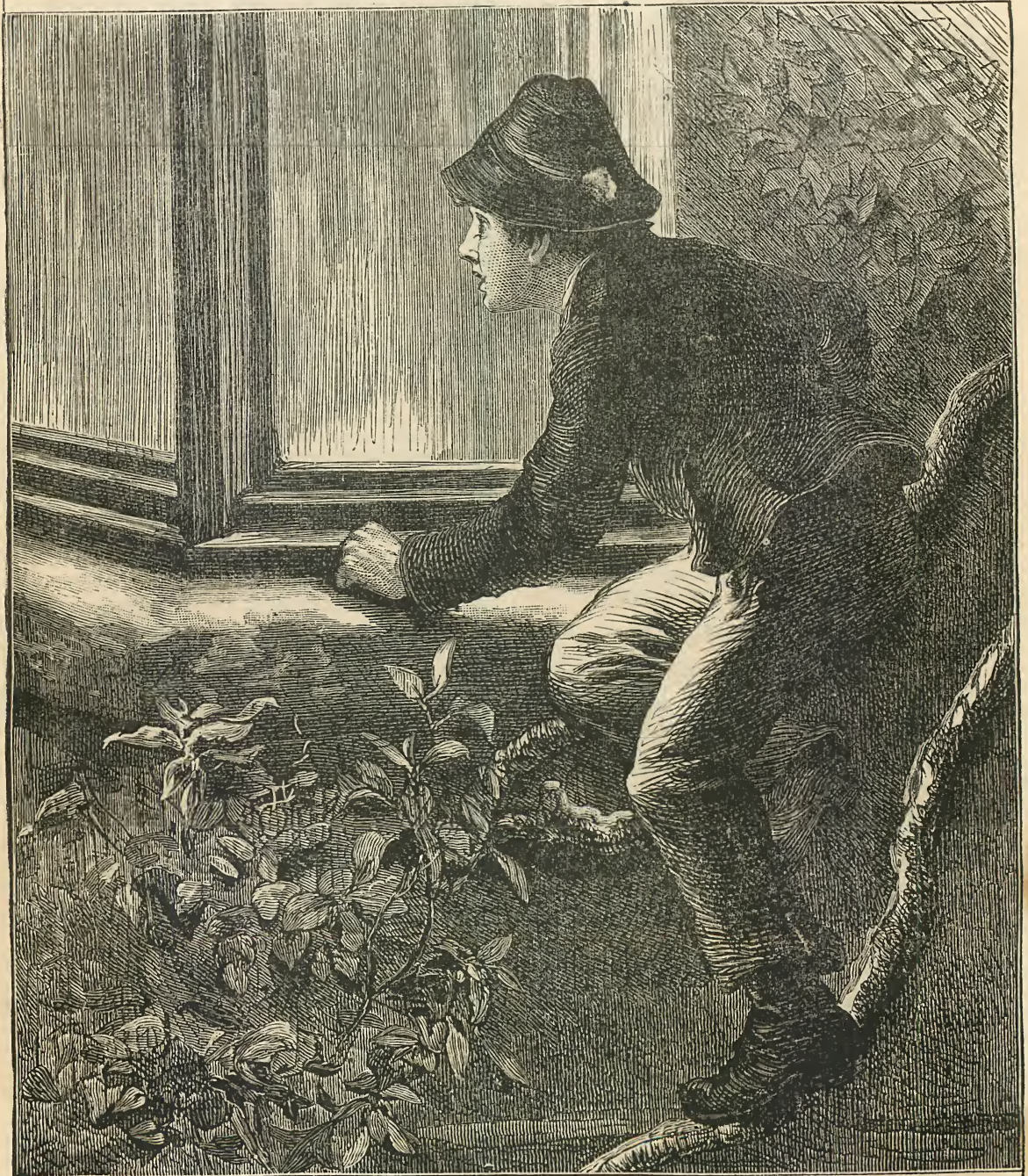
Lily was humbly retreating with the despised present, when her uncle, who was just entering and had overheard Robin's speech, stopped her.

'Nay, Robin,' he said, kindly, 'the little maid meant well; and the words' (taking the scroll from Lily) 'are good words, as I understand them. The inheritance of a noble name from good, and wise, and brave forefathers, *does* oblige a man to take care and keep it untarnished; but doing with might and main whatever work comes to your hand won't soil it. You despise trade, my boy; yet honest barter of one man's goods for another man's money is no shame. It's the mean tricks, and double-dealing, and grasping avarice of those who will be rich at any cost which degrade and debase. Deal honourably, Robin. Let your word be as good as your bond; and whatever your calling in life may be, never fear that you will disgrace the name of Devereux.'

GRATIA.

INTELLIGENCE IN BIRDS.

THE Central Prison at Agra is the roosting-place of great numbers of the common blue pigeon; they fly out to the neighbouring country for food every morning, and return in the evening, when they drink at a tank just outside the prison walls. In this tank are a large number of freshwater turtles, which lie in wait for the pigeons, just under the surface of the water, and at the edge of it. Any bird alighting to drink near one of these turtles has a good chance of having its head bitten off and eaten; and the headless bodies of pigeons have been picked up near the water, showing the fate which has sometimes befallen the birds. The pigeons, however, are aware of the danger, and have hit on the following plan to escape it. A pigeon comes in from its long flight, and, as it nears the tank, instead of flying down at once to the water's edge, will cross the tank at about twenty feet above its surface, and then fly back to the side from which it came, apparently selecting for alighting a safe spot which it had remarked as it flew over the bank; but even when such a spot has been selected, the bird will not alight at the edge of the water, but on the bank, about a yard from the water, and will then run down quickly to the water, take two or three hurried gulps of it, and then fly off to repeat the same process at another part of the tank, till its thirst is satisfied. I had often watched the birds doing this, and could not account for their strange mode of drinking, till told by my friend, the superintendent of the prison, of the turtles which lay in ambush for the pigeons.—*Nature.*



Robin peeping in at the window.



The Boy ordering the Porters about.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 20.)

CHAPTER IV.



THAT was an exciting day for Molly and Nora. It was not that they were not sorry that Peter should be ill, and that father, and Honor, and nurse, should be anxious and troubled, and especially that it should happen just before the Easter holidays, when Brian was coming home and they were going to have all sorts of fun.

But then, on the other hand, Peter was not very ill, and it made the holidays begin at once instead of a fortnight hence, without all that miserable business of examinations and repetitions which generally made life a burden at the end of the term; without even having to finish that exercise which Molly was inclined to think was impossible even for a native to do, and was only one of those traps set by treacherous French masters for innocent and unwary pupils: and to have their clothes packed up by Honor without too rigorous inquiries after missing handkerchiefs or hair-ribbons; and then off in a fly to the station, without as much as knowing where they were going: it was really delightful! And then to go up to London in the train all by themselves, as if they were quite grown-up people, with their own tickets to take care of. The guard was a very polite and good-natured man, who kept coming to look in at them when the train stopped at a station, and nodded and smiled, and said, 'All right, little misses; I'll tell you when to get out!' and Nora wondered if he did that to other grown-up passengers, and Molly had an uneasy feeling that his attention might be due to a few words from John Keith as they started.

They felt a little solemn as the train ran into the Waterloo Station, and they did not see father at once among the crowd of people on the platform; but they soon saw him getting out of a cab, so everything was quite right. He was very anxious to hear all about Peter, and what had been settled about Pat and Paddy, and he seemed very pleased and satisfied with what they told him; and then he took them off to have some dinner at a place where there was a large room with lots of little tables round it, and the dinner napkins done up in very tall mitres. The roast mutton came round on a sort of little table running on wheels, which Molly and Nora thought such a splendid idea that it was the greatest pity not to introduce it at Kelburn Lodge, where it might save nurse so much trouble. But father suggested that there was a step up from the kitchen and down into the dining-room, besides two in the passage, and that there was very little room for any one to pass round the table when they were all sitting at dinner.

The mutton was carved by a man with a white cap, and apron, and earrings, who put his head on one side and half closed his eyes when he cut a slice, as if the joint were a work of art to which he was putting the finishing touches. The girls liked him

better than the waiter, who was rather severe, and saw whenever those very slippery napkins slid off their laps, and they had to burrow under the table and grovel about on the ground for them; and Nora was quite sure he was very angry because she spilled some water on the cloth.

While they were at dinner, father told them that he was going to take them down to Dr. Carlyon's. 'I have written to him that we shall be with him to-morrow. I don't think there is any one else in the world I should have ventured to invade at such short notice: perhaps that is the advantage or disadvantage of having no women folk belonging to him.'

Molly and Nora looked at each other rather aghast.

'You are getting such big girls now, that I am sure I can trust you to be good; and I am not afraid but what you will be very happy.'

'What is it like, father?' asked Molly, with an odd, undefined feeling, that it must be like the British Museum.

'You will see to-morrow. We shall go down to Northbury to-night and sleep at the little inn there, and then we will walk over the hills to Bydown to-morrow morning. The air of the downs will make me feel like a boy again. Come, we must be off if we mean to catch the train!'

Soon they were in the train again, and, though they did not feel nearly so grown-up, it was certainly much pleasanter and safer to be with father, and to feel that the tickets were in his waistcoat pocket, especially as it soon began to grow dark, and the guard was not nearly so attentive as the one they had come up with.

It was a much longer journey down to Northbury than it had been up from Hinton, and Nora was soon fast asleep, with her head against father's arm; and Molly, too, got tired of staring out of the dark window, where at last she could only see her own face reflected, and father and his newspaper, unless a light flashed by outside to show that it was not a dark mirror into which she was looking; and she also did some thinking with her eyes shut, as nurse did sometimes in the sermon in church, and did not know she was asleep till she was woken by the train stopping at a station and the guard opening the door to look at the tickets.

'We shall soon be at Northbury now,' father said; 'it is the next station.'

The train was just moving off again when there was a stir on the platform and some one came rushing out of the ticket office, and the door of their carriage was opened and a boy jumped in in such haste that he fell over father's legs, and by the time he had picked himself up and apologised, the train was clear of the station and jogging along at full speed in a deep cutting.

'Here! I say!' exclaimed the new-comer. 'This won't do! This is third class! I can't travel in such a wretched hole!' And he turned to the door as if he would get out again.

'It's too late,' Mr. Bright said; 'but we shall soon be at Northbury, and then you can change.'

He was a boy about Pat's age, in a long ulster and with a foraging cap set jauntily on one side o' his

head. He had a long, narrow face, and dark eyes very close together, and a long upper lip that he made longer by drawing it down constantly into a whistling position, so that altogether there was a long, narrow effect about him which struck both the girls as they looked him well over.

'How he did stare!' Molly said afterwards; 'he never took his eyes off us all the time!'

'How do you know that,' said father, 'unless you were staring at him all the time?' which Molly would not allow.

The new-comer, after throwing himself grumbling into a corner of the carriage, certainly took a good look at his fellow-travellers, whistling softly to himself as he did so, and at last addressed Mr. Bright,—

'Wretched holes these third-class places are!'

'I am sorry you find them so,' father answered. 'I was thinking this was a better carriage than some.'

'Of course it depends if you are used to travel third or not, what you think of them.'

'Of course,' father assented. 'I conclude that you are not used to it.'

'Oh, no! I always go first.'

'Ah!' said father, 'it certainly is more comfortable.'

'And not only that,' said the boy; 'but you do meet such shocking cads in the third class.'

'That you are liable too in either class,' replied Mr. Bright; and the boy relapsed into silence for a few minutes, then resumed, pulling out a cigar-case from the pocket of his ulster,—

'Object to smoking?'

Molly and Nora gasped with surprise, as not even Brian, who was nearly grown-up, had begun smoking; but Mr. Bright replied politely, 'Not at all; I smoke occasionally myself.'

'Then you will not mind my taking a weed,' and the boy selected a cigar with care, and prepared to mount it in an amber mouth-piece, every movement followed by the wondering eyes of the girls.

'Excuse me,' Mr. Bright said, quietly; 'but I do object to that.'

The boy coloured up and looked puzzled.

'Why?'

'For several reasons. In the first place this is not a smoking carriage; in the second, you have not asked my daughters' permission; and I have a third reason, which I will tell you if you like.'

I think Molly and Nora were as much surprised at their father's words as their fellow-passenger; it made them feel such dignified, grown-up young ladies, to be called 'My daughters,' and to have their tastes on the matter of smoke consulted; and Molly leant back elegantly in her corner, while Nora began putting on her gloves.

As to the boy, he turned red to the very roots of his hair and the tips of his ears while he tried to find words to answer, but only stammered out, 'Oh! I say now! Really! 'Pon my word!'

'My third reason is, that you are much too young to smoke, and that I should not think it right to encourage it; and that if you were one of my own boys I should toss that smart cigar-case out of window.'

The boy made a quick movement as if to protect his property, and Mr. Bright smiled.

'Don't be afraid; you are not one of my own boys, so it is no business of mine to interfere with you, and as we get out at the next station you will be free to do as you like. Here is Northbury! Come, Molly and Nora; here we are at last!'

But Northbury seemed also to be the destination of their fellow-passenger, for he got out after them, and instead of, as they expected, changing to a first-class carriage, they heard him shouting to the porters, and ordering them about to find his luggage and to telegraph for a portmanteau which had been left behind.

The porters seemed to know who he was, and touched their hats and did his bidding, grumbling under their breath all the time; and Mr. Bright could get no attention from them till this grand young man had got all he wanted, and had mounted into a high dog-cart that was waiting, and had taken the reins of a high-mettled chestnut mare from the groom. Even then he called to the porter who was answering Mr. Bright's question, to ask him for a light for his cigar from the lantern in his hand, and lighted it leisurely, though the horse, impatient of the delay, was fidgeting, and fretting, and pawing the ground.

'All right! Let her go!' and the boy gave a flick with the whip, which was quite unnecessary, for the horse was ready enough to go, and started forward so quickly that it was as much as the groom could do to scramble into his seat behind.


Then the porter turned to Mr. Bright,—

'Beg pardon, sir, the inn is just round the corner yonder. I'll fetch along the box and show you the way. That were the young Squire from Bydown Hall,' he told them, as he walked along by their side up the road, carrying the box. 'Not safe to let him drive that brute? No; that's what we all says. I wouldn't be his groom not for no money! He's safe to get his neck broke! But he has it all his own way now the old squire have gone; there's no one to say a word to him, leas'tways, as he'll mind.'

'Poor boy!' said Mr. Bright.

(To be continued.)

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

OME people are quick to use harsh, angry words, perhaps because they think they will be obeyed more promptly. They talk loud, swear, and storm, though after all they are often only laughed at; their orders are forgotten, and their ill-temper only is remembered. How strong is a kind word! It will do what the harsh word, or even blow, cannot do; it will subdue the stubborn will, and work wonders. Even the dog, the cat, or the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn



The Strength of a kind Word.

as the man wished him. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse: the horse reared and plunged, but he either could not or would not go the right way. A boy who was also with the cart went up to the horse and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his

head, and fixed his large eyes on the boy, as though he would say, 'I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;' and bending his broad chest against the load, he turned the cart down the narrow lane, and went on briskly with the load. Oh, how strong is a kind word!



EUROPE — Germany.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. III.—GERMANY.



GERMANY is perhaps the most important of all this world's countries. The northern parts are generally low, sandy, and heatly, with pine-woods. The climate is like our own. The people are very industrious. The middle of Germany is more hilly and romantic. Part of it is shadowed by the Black Forest. The south is loftier and more broken; the land rising to twelve thousand feet.

The Danube is the finest German stream; but it is not wholly German. The finest purely German river is the Elbe. It is ten miles wide at its mouth.

The Germans are amongst the most painstaking and plodding people in this world, and best know how to make a blade grow in a poor soil.

A small tract, through which the Danube flows, about four hundred miles inland, is called Hohen-zollern. This has given kings to Prussia and an emperor to Germany.

Cologne is one of the most famous of German towns. Who has not heard of Eau-de-Cologne? It has the finest Gothic cathedral in the world. Those airy spires, five hundred feet high, have been six hundred years in making their appearance. Here Rubens was born. Coblentz means 'The meeting of the waters.' It is a very strong place. Bonn is an Oxford or Cambridge. The sweet musician, Beethoven, lived here. In Westphalia every one eats rye bread, both the horse and his rider.

Dantzic is a very strong place, as well as a busy town, trading chiefly in corn. The grain is stored in great buildings on an island. Memel, the timber sea-port, is close to Russia. Königsberg is another important sea-port. It is built on seven hills, and has a head on the town clock which puts out its tongue whenever the hammer rings on the bell. At Breslau, in Silesia, old Blücher beat the Frenchmen when he was over seventy. They called him 'Marshal Vorwartz' (Forwards), from his ever dashing onwards into the thick of battle.

Berlin, the capital of Germany, is in that part called Brandenburg. It is a vast place. It stands in the midst of a great sandy plain. It has the finest street in Europe, called 'Under the Lime-trees.' The trees are planted in four rows. Here people walk, and on either side men ride and drive. Near Berlin is Potsdam, where the Emperor resides. Frederick the Great had a small house near, which he called 'Sans Souci,' its meaning is, 'Without care.' Another German town is called Carlsruhe, which means 'Charles' rest.' In such places great men used to try and forget the troubles of governing others. Heidelberg, on the Neckar, has a noble ruin, which was fired by lightning a century ago. Here the old Electors used to live in grand state.

Baden is considered the garden of Germany. Here is the famous Black Forest, so called from the dark colour of the pine-trees which shade its hills. Here

risers the Danube. Here wooden clocks are made. Here Swartz discovered gunpowder, and was blown sky-high by his own crackers.

Bavaria has the great German temple, where all the famous men have statues. It rears its head grandly from a high rock. Curious caves full of bears' dust—in one place six feet deep—are found here. We drink much beer at home, but the Bavarian beats us; he talks of nothing but beer. If you get to the station twenty minutes too soon, the porter says, not, 'You have twenty minutes to wait; but, 'You have twenty minutes to drink beer!'

Munich, the capital, is handsome, muddy, very cold or very hot. You can see how it looks if you will climb up the figure of Bavaria (a woman nearly ninety feet high), and look out of her eyes. At Nuremberg they are very ingenious. Here gunlocks were invented, and many other useful things. Spires is but a shadow of the great city it once was. It has been twice ruined; and Worms has been gnawed by the worms of time and misfortune. It was once a splendid place, and it stood in a part of Germany so fair as to be called the 'Land of Joy.'

Frankfort-on-the-Maine is happier. It was great, and continues to hold up its head among newer cities. Here the old Emperors were chosen and crowned, and here they gave their first banquet.

If you are ill you go to Nassau, where are baths and drinks for all complaints. Seltzer water bubbles up near Wiesbaden, ready made by Nature. In Weimar, at Jena, is the once bloody field where the Eagle of France struck down the Eagle of Prussia. In the forest lands hereabouts the villagers teach birds to sing German airs.

There is a bridge of boats at Darmstadt; and the first printer was born at Maynz. Dresden is a Saxon city of high rank. It has one of the finest picture-galleries in the world. It is called the Florence of Germany. Leipsig is noted for books. Here are booksellers without end. Freiburg is famed for mines; but the silver has all been got, after seven hundred years of working.

Between Saxony and Hanover is Brunswick. Two of its dukes fell in war—one at Jena, one at Quatre Bras.

Bremen is a great tobacco and cigar place. Hamburg is the Liverpool of Germany; Lubeck used to be, but its trade has declined. Its mayor is yet called 'Your Magnificence.'

Hanover is a district near Denmark and Holland. Some of its towns are so low that they have to be protected from the sea by banks. Hanover was the first town in Germany that was lighted with gas. One of the Electors of Hanover became our George the First.

The eastern part of Germany was stolen from Poland. Posen is its capital. Here the Jew looks every inch a Jew with his long flowing beard. Here you see sledges in the streets, and other signs of being not far from cold, snowy Russia.



THE LIFE OF A SPONGE.

IN order to appreciate the life of a sponge, it will be necessary to examine a living specimen. To procure a living marine sponge is not very easy; but the fresh-water sponges are common enough, and will answer our purpose just as well. They may be procured in almost any slow-flowing river, and they adhere to twigs and similar objects that have remained in the water for some length of time. Take one of these sponges, the smaller the better, and place it in a glass vessel. A common watch glass will answer the purpose admirably. Presently, distinct currents will be perceptible in the water, especially if a little carmine or indigo be dissolved in it. Prussian blue is poisonous, but the 'blue' used by the laundress is safe enough. Carmine, however, is, in my opinion, better than any blue tint, as it is prettier in general effect, and the particles are so transparent that they do not become opaque when collected together. When the currents are fairly established, the magnifying glass will exhibit a wonderful phase of animal life. The whole of the surface of the sponge is covered with little prominences, having at the tip of each a tolerably large aperture. Through this hole the coloured water pours outward with a steady rush, causing the currents which have made themselves visible. But how did these coloured particles, which rush out with such force, get into the sponge at all? A more powerful lens will solve the problem. The whole of the surface is studded with innumerable little holes, piercing through the gelatinous membrane, and admitting the water into the interior of the sponge. A section of the sponge will show that these little holes lead into canals which travel in every direction through the substance of the sponge, and finally lead to the larger apertures through which the water is ejected. Every now and then the current will stop, and all the tiny orifices are closed, without even a mark to show where they had been. Presently it begins again; and then it will be seen that the former orifices are not reopened, but that fresh apertures are developed as they are wanted. Now we may ask ourselves how these larger apertures are kept open, and to answer the question we must call chemistry to our aid. In some sponges we can use the blow-pipe; but, as a general rule, some strong acid or caustic alkali will destroy the whole of the animal matter. If the residuum be examined with the microscope, a vast number of glassy spiculæ will be seen, varying in shape, size, and colour with the kind of sponge. Some of them look exactly as if they were made of pink-and-white sugar-candy; and all children to whom I have shown them have expressed regret at their inability to eat such tempting objects.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A LONELY ISLAND.

FOUR thousand miles away from England, in the South Atlantic Ocean, lies the little island of Ascension. From a distance it seems to consist of one mountain peak, which rises to the height of nearly 3000 feet. Indeed, the whole island contains only thirty-five square miles. Discovered by the Portuguese on Ascension Day of 1501—whence it takes its name—it remained uninhabited till the British took possession in 1815. Now it has a small

steam factory, coal stores, and a population of soldiers and sailors to the number of about 200. Even Ascension has an export trade. It sends away turtle and birds' eggs to the value of thirty-six pounds a year!

A. R. B.

A STORY ABOUT FIELD-MICE.

I LIVE near a rifle range, that is, where the Volunteers meet for target practice; and they meet very frequently just at this time, preparing themselves for competitions, or friendly matches with other Volunteers.

The range is on a common, which was once an immense forest, but now supplies turf or peat, which is used as fuel. Of late years some parts of it have been cultivated, and crops of potatoes may be seen growing.

The place from which the riflemen shoot is a bank formed of turf and sods, raised like a platform. My husband, who is one of the officers, when he came home from practice on Saturday, told me that in the side of the bank, and near the top (at the 200 yards' range), there was a nest of field-mice—father, mother, and several children—which are so tame that they come out of their home, and run frolicing about, taking no heed of the men, who shoot away, never even frightening the little creatures.

You would suppose that the noise of the firing would scare the mice to their holes, and keep them there also, till the men had done shooting and gone away; but instead of that they come out of their holes, run about at their leisure, and appear to be very fond of the company. The day being very wet, macintoshes had to be spread on the ground for the different positions the men have to assume when firing, such as kneeling or lying down; and so tame were those little mice that they ran over the men's legs as they were shooting. A rifleman caught one of them, but it evidently did not like that, for it began to squeak; so the man set it free, when it quickly ran home, no doubt with a long tale of its capture and escape, and it is quite certain with its own natural tail as well; so it had two tales when it arrived home.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

By the Author of 'Earth's many Voices.'

HERE I am, mother!

The cry is a cry of joy,
As bounding up to the door of home

Comes the six months' banished boy.

'Here I am, mother!'

He knows he has done his best;
And mother will like to hear it all,
And he will be glad to rest.

'Here I am, mother!'

On the bright young school-boy face
The earnest now of a day to come,

I fain at those words would trace:

'Here I am, mother!'

When a good life's work is past,
May he bound to her with a cry as glad
At the dear Home door at last!



Home for the Holidays.



Little Elizabeth.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 27.)

CHAPTER V.



THE railway inn at Northbury is a very humble little place; but it has a kind, good-natured landlady, and some clean little bed-rooms. And Molly and Nora were too tired to notice if the beds were hard, or the room not very luxurious, or if the smell of tobacco-smoke made its way up from the room below; and they woke up next morning so refreshed that everything seemed delightful to them; and they thoroughly enjoyed their breakfast at a little round table, in a room with a sanded floor and bagatelle-board and a rack full of pipes, and a decided odour of stale beer and tobacco-smoke lurking about everything. And they would have been very well contented to have stayed there all the morning playing at bagatelle, and watching the few customers who came in for a glass of beer. But father was not so easily satisfied; and as soon as breakfast was over he began asking if there were any carrier from Northbury to Bydown.

No, there was nothing of the kind; but just as father was telling the girls they would have to carry their box themselves, the landlady remembered that one of the waggons from Bydown Mill was sure to pass that day, 'seeing as 'twere a Thursday,' and she would send the box by 'miller's man, as were to be trusted, having known him—man and boy—this forty year.' So father and Molly and Nora set out on their walk, and left the box to follow.

It was a glorious April morning—the sort of day when you can almost see the buds opening, and hear the grass growing. The high banks on either side of the lane were all a mosaic of primroses, and bluebells, and anemones, filled in with dainty, young, springing green; and above them the elm boughs were thickly studded with tiny buds, full of life to the very tips of the boughs; and the horse-chestnuts were beginning to burst the sticky brown coats of their buds, and let the tender fans peep out; and still further up above was the clear, pale blue sky, with great banks of fleecy-white clouds, so bright and sunny, that it was no wonder the larks went soaring up, and up, and up, singing (there is no other word for it) like mad.

But they were not long in the deep lanes, for they soon reached the foot of the hill; and father led the way, straight up the steep green side, while Molly and Nora came clambering after him,—slipping, and scrambling, and laughing, and getting very much out of breath; but arriving at last at the top, where they sat down to rest for a few minutes before going on. They had left the primroses behind them, down below; but the air was sweet with wild thyme, and there were little eye-brights among the short, fine grass.

The country round Hinton is so flat that it was delightful to the girls to get up on a real hill, and be able to see round them for miles, and to watch the train coming up from the distance, looking like a plaything, and a little tiny wagon and team of horses moving along on the white road beneath them.

But father did not give them much time to watch

the moving picture, but pulled them up on to their slippery feet again; and they went on along the top of the hill, startling the sheep who were feeding there, and who looked up at them with glassy, yellow eyes, and moved away with a soft, cracked tingle of the bells at their necks.

Over the great spreading downs to their left big cloud shadows slowly moved, and to the left the hill-side fell steeply away, undulating in soft waves and mounds and hollows like a great tablecloth with the wind under it; and in one of these hollows, running deeper into the hill than the others, they suddenly came on little Bydown, snug and sunny and smiling, sheltered on three sides by the hills, with the smoke curling up from the thatched cottages clustering on the banks of the little stream, where they could see the old mill with its great wheel turning slowly and shining in the sun.

As they stood on the hill looking down at the village they could hear the splash of the water, and the bark of a dog, and the whirr of a flight of pigeons rising from the mill roof, and the clink, clink of the blacksmith's hammer at the forge; and, mixed with these sounds, came the sound of a bell.

'It is the church bell,' father said. 'We shall find Dr. Carlyon there.'

The church stood rather away from the village, close under the hill; and as they came down to it by a steep sheep's track, it seemed as if they would come right on the top of the little graystone tower, or, at any rate, into the upper branches of the great, spreading walnut-tree that grew by the churchyard gate. The bell stopped before they got down, and the service had just begun when they went in and took their places quietly on a seat near the door.

At first, it seemed as if Dr. Carlyon was quite alone; and when Mr. Bright's voice made the first response it seemed quite to startle the Doctor, as if he were not used to hear any other voice than his own; and a robin, perched on the pulpit-desk, looked at them with his round, inquisitive, bright eye, as if he also thought them intruders. But by-and-by they noticed a pink sun-bonnet close by Dr. Carlyon's desk, and under the sun-bonnet, which formed a pent-house over the young face, a pair of large eyes that were fixed on the clergyman's face with an intentness that might have embarrassed any one else. But the Doctor did not seem to observe the child, or else was quite used to her, for when he went to the lectern to read the lessons he put his hand gently on her head, and moved her out of his way, as if it was nothing unusual. She followed him to the lectern and stood there by his side; and as she stood there, Molly could see that she was a child about five years old, and that she had a large print pinafore covering up her frock, and that she stood quite still with folded hands and never moved her eyes from Dr. Carlyon's face.

When the prayers were over they waited for Dr. Carlyon in the churchyard, and presently he came out, still followed closely by the little girl, and looking perfectly unconscious of his visitors, and he would have passed them by if Mr. Bright had not put out his hand and stopped him, when he stood peering at him through his spectacles in the greatest wonder and perplexity, and looking such a queer little figure that Molly and Nora could hardly help laughing.

'Why, Carlyon!' father said, 'you don't even know me! and it is very plain that you didn't expect us. Did not you get my letter?'

'It's Bright!' said the little man at last; 'it's young Philip Bright come to see me at last! Dear! dear! dear! this is a pleasure. Dear! dear! and you have brought your family!' And here the Doctor let father's hand drop, which he had been working up and down like a pump-handle, and seized on one hand of Molly's and one of Nora's to continue the process. 'Dear! dear! this is good of you to bring your children. Where are the others?' And Dr. Carlyon looked round as if he expected that father would have brought Brian and Honor, Pat, Paddy, and Peter, and even, perhaps, nurse and Don; in fact, what Pat called 'the whole boiling of 'them,' as if father was that character which the mummers at Hinton enact every Christmas, and who announce,—

'Here come I, little Johnnie Jack,
With my wife and family at my back.'

'No, no!' said father; 'I thought two of them would be quite enough, and, perhaps, you will think too many by the time you have done with them. But did not my letter arrive this morning? I did not mean to take you quite unawares.'

'Letter? Yes, now I come to think of it, there was a letter; but I don't think I could have read it. Dear! dear! I'm so sadly forgetful! I wonder what I did with it.'

It did not seem much use puzzling over the loss of the letter now that the visitors whom it was to announce had arrived, so father proceeded to explain the situation: how Peter had scarlatina, and how he wanted to get the girls out of the way of the infection.

The Doctor listened intently, shooting out his lips and drawing them in again, and pinching up the blue skin on his chin, and nodding his head slowly, every nod sending his hat more to the back of his head, evidently considering deeply.

'It is very good of you, Bright,' he said at last, 'to trust them to me, after what happened the other day in the British Museum. I have never forgiven myself for my carelessness that day; but such a thing shall never occur again, and I will do my very utmost to deserve your confidence, and to take care of the dear little things.'

Glances of resentment were here exchanged between Molly and Nora, which, father observing, he interposed,—

'They are big girls, Dr. Carlyon, and, on the whole, good girls; and I shall certainly take them back with me this afternoon if you are going to make them the least trouble to you. If you will let Betty (I suppose she is still with you?) see after them a bit, and let them climb about on the hills all day long, they will be perfectly happy, and I'll undertake that they won't get into much mischief.'

The girls were beginning to wish very sincerely that father would take them back with him; but he nodded to them in a cheer-up kind of way, and then made a remark to Dr. Carlyon about a hideous face forming a water-spout up in the church roof, which Nora thought bore no slight resemblance to the little Doctor himself. And once started on this engrossing subject, Dr. Carlyon forgot all about the anxious charge that

had been committed to him, and walked off, hooked on to Mr. Bright's arm, talking away with the energy of one who does not often find an intelligent listener.

But even this interesting subject did not make him forget to turn when he came to the Vicarage gate, and speak to the child who had still been silently following.

'Good-bye, Elizabeth; God bless you. Go home.' And the child gave a courtesy and walked on, a quaint little figure in her big sun-bonnet, all alone along the lane between the high green hedges.

'Who is she?' Mr. Bright asked.

'Little Elizabeth, from the mill. A good little girl; more serious than children of her age are apt to be, which has led some to think that there is something wanting in her mind.'

'There is a strange look in her eyes,' Mr. Bright said.

'Yes; she never smiles. She has a strange love for the church; though I do not know why I should call it strange. Perhaps it is stranger that others do not love it more. She would like to be there always if she might, and she never fails to come to morning and evening prayer. She is very good and quiet, and on week-days I let her come into the chancel, but on Sundays she sits with the congregation; and I have grown so used to her, that I should miss her very much if she were not there. They call her half-witted and simple, but I do not think she shows it by loving her Father's house so well.'

(To be continued.)

A TERRIBLE BED-FELLOW.

TO most people in England the sight of a live snake in the enjoyment of its freedom is a very unusual one. Nor is it often that we hear of any one having been bitten by a snake. But amongst the minor troubles of those who live in some of our colonies there is the danger from snakes. In India the victims to snakes in a single year may be counted by the thousand, and a large sum is every year paid by Government for the slaughter of the more dangerous kinds. In Australia, too, the colonists have to be more cautious than the dwellers at home.

The following story comes to us on the authority of an Australian paper, the *Wagga-Wagga Advertiser*.

The three young daughters of a colonist were accustomed to share the same bed. One night the eldest, on going to join the other two, saw something lying still between her sisters. On looking more closely, she saw to her horror that it was a large tiger snake. With great presence of mind she refrained from uttering a cry, but quietly awoke the elder girl, who was on the edge of the bed, and got her to the ground. This was done without any movement from the snake. But suddenly the sleeping child moved, and threw one arm right across the reptile. In a moment it coiled swiftly around the arm, but did not bite. Shortly afterwards the sleeping child again jerked her arm, and the snake, now uncoiling itself, was thrown to the ground. It glided away underneath the bed, but was afterwards killed, and found to measure more than four feet in length.

A. R. B.



FRITZ ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHEN Fritz was quite a little boy
 His mother used to say,—
 ‘Remember, Fritz, where’er you are,
 The watchword is “Obey.”’

And now that he must face the foe,
 In battle’s dangerous hour,
 That little, simple, household word,
 Has never lost its power.

The bayonet’s flash, the cannon’s roar,
 Were fearful on that day;
 But through it all he seemed to hear
 That little word ‘Obey.’

And as he sank upon the field,
 ‘God calls perchance,’ thought he;
 ‘If it be so, I must obey,
 E’en though it lead through death’s dark way—
 The end is victory.’

M. H. F. DONNE.



EUROPE.—Switzerland.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. IV.—SWITZERLAND.



SMALL, but of good report, is Switzerland. Its whole population does not quite equal that of London. It is girded about by great empires, but it has ever been the home of freedom, the fearless friend of the oppressed. Little as the country is, one fourth of it is useless to man because of its cold and ice; but some compensation is made to its inhabitants by the money which travellers spend, who go to see its grand scenery.

The Switzer is a proud and truthful man, with a free, bold look. He has deep feelings, and is a great lover of his home, where he is warm-hearted and hospitable. Some of the Swiss guides and innkeepers, however, have been spoilt by travellers, and have become too greedy of gain.

The mountains are like a grand wall between Switzerland and Italy. In some places roads have been made over the wall. One goes by the famous monastery of St. Bernard, where they keep the noble dogs which all boys have heard about. The best road is that called the Simplon. It was made by Napoleon, and it is one of this modern age's greatest works. It is thirty-eight miles long and nine yards wide. Carriages run easily upon it. Here and there are tunnels, one being 500 feet in length. This road costs over 5000*l.* a-year to keep it in good order.

Let us enter Switzerland by Berne, a large canton. A canton is a division; as we should say, a county. Berne is so called from a German word meaning a bear. They keep many bears yet at Berne, and a man fell into the den a few years since, and was torn in pieces after a terrible struggle with the brutes.

Berne gives its name to one of the finest ranges of mountains in the world, the Bernese Alps. In this series are the gigantic peaks called 'the Monk' and 'the Virgin,' 'the Peak of Darkness,' and 'the Peak of Terror,' 'the Peak of Angels,' and 'the Peak of Tempests.' Berne has some lovely lakes and valleys. One valley is called Interlachen, or 'Between the lakes;' and another goes by the name of Lauterbrunnen, or 'Nothing but fountains.' Here is the Staubbach, a fountain indeed, for it is a fall of a thousand feet.

Fribourg is west of Berne. Here are meadows, kine, and cheese-making. Vaud spreads around the circular north shore of the Geneva lake. Lausanne is its chief city. Here watches are made cheaper, but not so solid and good, as the best English watches. At the west is Geneva, a very small but important canton. The town of Geneva is the largest in Switzerland. Here the Rhone leaves the lake, clear as glass, and deeply blue. Geneva is fifty miles from Mont Blanc.

Neuchâtel, Soleure, and Basle, lie next to France. Here run the Jura mountains. At Neuchâtel they make watches and wine. Basle is on the Rhine, and is next to Geneva in size.

In the centre are four cantons, Lucerne, Unterwalden, Schwytz (from whence the name of the country), and Uri. All four help to form the shore of the strangely-shaped Lake of Lucerne. This is sacred ground to all true lovers of liberty, for hereabouts William Tell led his people against the hateful tyranny of the Austrian dukes.

Lucerne itself is a quiet, old-fashioned town, with three ancient bridges. Near at hand is Mont Pilatus—once much dreaded. It was said Pilate fled here, and drowned himself in a gloomy lake at the top. At Altorf, in Uri, Tell shot the apple from his child's head. On the lake is his chapel, and on its front these words:—

'We are called to liberty; but
By love serve one another.'

You can follow the river Reuss from the lake up to Mont St. Gothard, which is the central mass of the Alps, the spot whence six or seven huge mountain chains run in different directions.

But ere we look into the mountainous cantons we will just name those lying near Germany. Here are Zurich, Schaffhausen, Aargau, Thurgau, St. Gall, and Appenzell.

Zurich is a place noted for its hospitable reception of Protestant divines in the reign of Mary. The first whole English Bible was probably printed here. The lake is pretty, but it has no grand mountain scenery.

St. Gall, near the Lake of Constance, is an ancient place, with a modern manufacturing air about it.

At Schaffhausen, the Rhine, now a great river, tumbles over a high rock with a tremendous roar.

Let us now stand on the snowy top of the immense mountain mass of St. Gothard. Looking north, we see afar off the beautiful Righi, on the shore of Lake Lucerne; and between it and us are many higher peaks, the highest being the Titlis, 11,406 feet.

Looking south, we gaze into Italian Switzerland and Italy. The mountains are smaller; none above the snow-line, but yet fine elevations. Turning west, we see two grand lines of snowy mountains, one running nearly due west, already spoken of as the Bernese Alps; the other running about south-west, until it reaches the crowning glory of all in Mont Blanc. This line has the highest tops of any, for it has Monte Rosa, 15,158 feet; the Matterhorn, 14,764 feet; Mont Combin, 14,126 feet; and Mont Blanc, 15,750 feet.

Between this range and the Bernese Oberland is the romantic canton of Valais. All through the canton, from Mont St. Gothard downward, the Rhone takes its delightful course, fed by numerous streams. Its birth is in the Rhone glacier, an immense field of ice.

In this valley are many lovely places, some of which are in peril from avalanches; but probably the most beautiful spot of all is Zermatt, lying under the gigantic Matterhorn, and at the feet of the mighty Monte Rosa. On the former mountain three Englishmen and two guides perished in the summer of 1865. The rope broke, they slid over the glassy slopes, and were gone.

Some of the valleys are very hot; others are very cold. In that of Ursern (where the Reuss flows into

the Lake of Lucerne) they have eight months of winter, and never a day without a fire! Yet in this same valley, where it approaches the lake, peaches and Indian corn will ripen.

In the Grisons, the extreme east of Switzerland, there are other ranges starting from Mont St. Gothard. Here is the cradle of the Rhine. A very beautiful pastoral valley, called the Engadine, is in this canton.

The southern canton, called Ticino, is more Italian than Swiss. The valleys here are very fertile, and will grow anything; but let the gardener look out for tremendous floods, as the sides of the Alps are very steep.

All Alpine lakes are deep. Fish are scarce. The Alpine rose is much admired.

Three out of four speak German, about half a million talk French, the Ticino people speak Italian, and some of the Grisons chatter in a queer old dialect, supposed to be bygone Italian.

The Swiss are great dairymen. They have also fine goats and excellent pigs. They grow immense orchards. Some of the cantons seem covered with forests of apples, pears, plums, and cherries. Walnuts are common, and they use walnut oil instead of olive.

The cottages and farm-houses are mostly built of wood. The people are industrious. Children home from school are not idle: they wind silk, or do something useful. Many musical boxes are made in Switzerland. The Swiss were often found serving in the armies of other nations. The Popes have long had Swiss Guards. When the fearful revolution broke out in Paris, the king was protected by his brave Swiss soldiers. They were cruelly murdered; and a monument by a famous sculptor has been put up in their memory at Lucerne. It is a great lion who has been mortally wounded.

THE SILENT ACADEMY.

Translated from the French.

A LONG time ago there existed at Hamadan, in Persia, a celebrated academy. One of its principal rules was expressed in these words: 'The academicians must think much, write little, and talk still less.' It went under the name of the 'Silent Academy;' and there was not a scientific man in the whole kingdom who did not aspire to the honour of becoming a member.

Dr. Zeb heard from the distant province where he resided that there was a vacancy at the Academy. He determined to apply for admission, and started for Hamadan with that purpose in view. On his arrival he presented himself at the door of the hall, where the academicians were assembled, and begged the usher to deliver to the president the note which he put into his hand: 'Dr. Zeb humbly requests the honour of filling the vacant place.'

The usher fulfilled the commission at once; but the Doctor and his note arrived too late, the place was already filled up. The academicians were extremely disappointed. They had unwillingly received a court wit, whose sprightly eloquence attracted the admiration of the mob; and now they were obliged to reject

Dr. Zeb, a clever man of science! The President charged with the announcement of this unfortunate news could scarcely make up his mind to communicate it to the Doctor.

After a little thought he filled a large goblet with water, so very full that one more drop would have caused it to overflow, and then sent for the candidate. He appeared with that modest and unaffected manner which is almost always a proof of true merit. The President rose, and with an appearance of great disappointment silently showed him the emblematic goblet filled to the brim. The Doctor saw at once that he was too late.

Without, however, giving way to despair, he cast about in his mind how he should convince the President that an extra member would by no means affect the well-being of the academicians. He saw at his feet a rose-leaf, which, picking up, he let fall lightly on the surface of the water; so lightly, indeed, that not a drop escaped from the goblet. Every one loudly applauded this ingenious response.

The rule was laid aside for the occasion, and Dr. Zeb was received with universal joy. The Register of the Academy was presented to him, that he might inscribe his name. After he had written it he was obliged, according to custom, to return thanks for his admission; but, like a truly silent academician, Dr. Zeb thanked the members without uttering a single word. He wrote in the margin of the book the number 100, which was that of his new colleagues; then putting '0' before the figures, he wrote underneath, 'They will be worth neither more nor less.'

The President answered the modest Doctor with as much politeness as presence of mind. He placed '0' after 100, thus making 1000; and wrote these words: 'They will be worth ten times more!'

YOUTHFUL MINERS.

INDEPENDENCE would seem to be developed very early in the boys of Australia. One of their local papers tells how two boys, the one aged thirteen, the other twelve, obtained the necessary papers to secure their rights as miners. In three weeks they had raised three tons of stone, from which they took gold to the value of 34*l*. George and Henry Norris are the names of these enterprising boys. They are the sons of an old miner.

A. R. B.

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

ICY as smooth as glass,
A clear cold winter day,
A morning's leisure to pass,
And a pair of skates and away!

A stony road sometimes, my lad,
And bare unsandalled feet,
And a height to climb in a little time,
In the burning summer heat.
For life is not all smooth, my lad,
And the way is sometimes weary;
But a brave, brave heart, will take its part,
And press on bright and cheery.

E. M. A. F. S.



Rough and Smooth.



"Is not it quite a treat?" By HARRISON WEIR.

BETWEEN PUSSY AND ME.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

PUSS, Puss, Puss!

Don't you think milk is nice?

Does not it greatly refresh a cat

When weary with hunting mice?

Is not it quite a treat?

Was it not glad surprise,

When a saucer all brimming with milk for you

Appeared to your eager eyes?

Puss, Puss, Puss!

Don't you know I could tell

Of a cat I found on the dairy shelf,

A cat who was feasting well?

Up on the dairy shelf,

Where the milk-pans stand in a row?

—But I wouldn't tell tales, Puss, for all the world,

And I haven't told tales,—oh, no!

DICK AND HIS PISTOL.



HAT! under the tree again! Why don't you get up and go in for the cricket?

'Because I am reading.'

'Reading! You're always reading—except when you ought to be learning lessons. What is it now?'

'Never mind, Tom Nicholls; I suppose I am not obliged to ask what I shall read?'

'Of course not; but I'll just see

what this is,' said Tom, looking over his shoulder.

'Red Hand, or the Prairie Roamer—the usual trash. You are not going to paint your face, borrow Morrison's donkey, and set up for a Choctaw chief, are you? But I am off.'

And so Tom lounged away to the middle of the field, where preparations for cricket were in full swing.

Dick Tipping looked after him for a moment, and then settled afresh to his cheap story-book.

When Tom made his appearance he was just at the point where Red Hand is pursued by a party of Indians, and, after slaying numbers of them, manages to spring over a rocky chasm and find shelter in a mysterious cave.

Dick's great pleasure was in reading such stories as these. He dreamed about his favourite heroes when he should have been learning his lessons, and bitterly lamented his having been born in England, a practical land where scalping is not customary, and where moccasins are unknown. His very name seemed to mock his aspirations. What spark of romance could be associated with such a name as Richard Tipping?

It was some comfort to remember that the valiant Turpin had also borne the name of Dick. In a fit of greater activity than usual he had one day tried to acquire the art of throwing the lasso. Having borrowed the clothes-line he retired to a

secluded part of the garden, and made desperate casts at an old stump. But after long practice, and much perspiration, his only result had been the partial wreck of an adjacent gooseberry-tree, and he therefore gave up in despair. Just before this he had invested a month's savings in the purchase of a sheath-knife, which he secured around his waist out of sight. But, being one day found brandishing it to the mingled horror and admiration of two small boys, this solace also had been taken from him.

The plan now maturing itself in his mind was the purchase of a pistol, to which he had been the more incited by finding that Red Hand owed his escape at a remarkable crisis to a trusty brace. There were two obstacles in his path: one, the lack of money, since the purchase of his much-loved periodicals and tale-books made a great hole in his pocket-money; and the other, that he had been forbidden to enter the one shop in their little town which had such weapons for sale.

And so he dreamed the afternoon away over his thrilling story, until the cricketers stopped their play and began to move off in search of tea.

Amongst the few who passed in his direction was Joe Hewitt, a boy who gave promise of being in after life a daring and successful speculator. Amongst his school-fellows he was regarded as a last resource in times of pecuniary need, being always ready to buy anything at his own price. Of foreign stamps he carried a large stock in two or three bulky purses, and did a brisk trade in them whenever the stamp-collecting fever raged.

To him, therefore, Dick thus addressed himself:—

'Joe, have you seen Sloman?'

'No. Why?'

'He told Sam Murrell that he wanted to buy a knife.'

'A knife? Well, I have only an old one with one blade broken. But the other cuts splendidly.'

'Sam says he wants one with a corkscrew and things in it. But he is in a wax with me, so I can't offer to sell him mine.'

'I tell you what,' said Joe, who saw a prospect of business opening before him; 'lend me your knife, and I'll sell it to him. We can share the coin.'

'How much do you expect to have?'

'Say a half.'

'A half?'

'Yes; why not? What's the good of the knife if you can't sell it?'

'No, that won't do. But if you sell it for eighteen-pence, you shall take sixpence.'

After a little more wrangling this was agreed upon.

'And I may as well pay you the shilling now,' said Joe. 'I am sure to sell him the knife.'

Dick drew out the knife. He looked at the buck-horn handle, at the three shining blades, and the precious corkscrew. But the sight of the coin decided him, and Aunt Mary's gift passed into Joe's hand. The next day Sloman bought it 'dead cheap' for half-a-crown.

Dick's finances were now in a more flourishing state, and he calculated that by borrowing a shilling of Joe (at high interest), and sixpence from a younger brother, he would be able to get the pistol.

In a few days his preparations were complete. It now only remained to buy the weapon. Dick's conscience had not become more tender by thinking about his favourite heroes, and the fact of his having been forbidden to enter the gunsmith's only made him a little careful in selecting his time.

It was done at last! The pistol, carefully wrapped in paper, was lying in the furthest corner underneath his bed. Powder, caps, and some small shot, he had bought at another shop.

That night he drew it out, girded himself with a red scarf, and stuck his pistol therein. Thus armed, he strutted up and down his narrow room, now and then snatching the pistol from its resting-place, and taking deadly aim at himself in the looking-glass.

Dick was unfortunate at school the next morning. His lessons had, of course, been quite neglected; but it seemed a great shame to him that his Wednesday half-holiday should be stopped just when he was planning the first hunting expedition with his pistol. He would not stand it. 'Old Tapper' would find he had a man to deal with. Other boys he might keep in, but Dick Tipping was resolved to bear it no more.

Accordingly, when Dick should have been labouring in the old school-room, with the sound of other boys at play outside, and 'Old Tapper' reading his newspaper within easy reach of the few culprits, he was stealing away in the direction of Birdley Wood. The pistol was in one pocket, the ammunition in another.

Arrived at the wood, he sought a quiet corner and carefully loaded. He was not very certain about the amount of powder, but he resolved to be cautious at first. Then he began threading his way through the trees in search of any prey which might cross his path. Presently he espied a rabbit quietly surveying the scene in an open glade. Hearing steps it jumped away, and Dick darted forward in hope of getting a good aim at it. But brambles *would* get in the way, and presently down went Dick, *bang* went the pistol, and a loud cry of pain rang through the wood.

A labourer, passing through the wood, ran to the spot, and found the boy lying upon the ground, the pistol discharged near him, and blood streaming from his face. He obtained help, and Dick was carried home in a cart and a doctor summoned.

We will pass over the agony of his widowed mother, and the long days and nights of pain and weakness, when it was doubtful whether Dick would ever be seen at 'Old Tapper's' again.

But mercy was in store for him, and the day at last came round when he could return to school again. But he never returned to the old foolish habit of reading trash. He even refused an offer of Joe Hewitt's to buy his collection of periodicals and tales, and he burned them all one day at the bottom of the garden. Marks still remain on his face, but Dick is too thankful for his escape to care much about them. He has long been Tapper's head boy.

A. R. B.



A SONG FOR FAIRIES.

THE sun has hid his fiery face,
Come forth each sprite;
Now mounts the moon with steady pace,
The queen of night.
Come, begin our nightly pleasures,
Joyous trip to lively measures,
'Neath the moonbeam's slanting light.

The feathered singers of the sky
Are silent all;
But borne upon the night-wind's sigh
Hear the owl's call.
Night bids us now our way be taking,
To the glade the moon is making,
Fairer far than painted hall.

By man is sleep now sought, for day
From night is fled;
But some now have not where to lay
The weary head.
Happier we our revels holding,
Want or sorrow ne'er beholding,
By the forest clothed and fed.

Woodland blossoms are our home,
And ask no care;
And freely through the wood we roam,
Now here, now there.
Clothed we are with flow'rets' petals,
Armed we are with thorns of nettles,
Dew-drops all the gems we wear.

A. R. B.

THE BUFFALO'S GRAVE.

WHEN on a visit at a country-house in a remote part of Somersetshire, where we had little to occupy our attention except the walks in the woods and lanes, with the gathering of wild flowers, the following incident much interested us.

In front of the drawing-room window was a croquet-lawn, and beyond that a meadow, where sported and grazed a small Madras buffalo, a pony, and a donkey. These three animals had been each other's companions for about three years. On one Monday morning the gardener announced to the household that the poor little buffalo was lying dead in the ditch!

This news came like a shock to us all. 'How could it happen?' was a question which could not be answered, and many were the suggestions made to account for so strange an accident. What was to be done with the poor creature was a point well pondered over. Some of our party said, 'Could it be stuffed?' others proposed that the horns should be kept; all seemed to agree that the skin should be preserved, and so it was sent to a tanner's. When our own lamentations were over, we were interested and surprised to find that neither the pony nor the donkey would leave the lifeless animal. When the gardener was digging a hole in which to bury him, the two animals watched him the whole time (for before this they had not left the body of the dead buffalo, and when



The Buffalo's Grave. By HARRISON WEIR.

it was buried and well covered with lime and earth, the late companions continued to hover about the spot; they ate but little, and quite ceased to frolic about the field as was their wont.

The donkey's moaning bray was continuous and pitiful; the pony hung his head down, and wandered about the field forlorn and miserable. The pony was the first to become as before, having to leave the field frequently; but the donkey for weeks held his head low, and lingered at the burial-place of the poor buffalo.—*Animal World.*

THE ENTANGLED MAGPIE.

THE writer of these lines was, some years since, very nearly starved to death whilst lost amidst the wilds of Australia. After partial recovery, whilst travelling through the same desolate country on the way to a lonely settlement, whilst leading the horses along a tract of precipices, we saw a poor magpie, sadly thin and wasted, hopping round a small bush. On examination, we found a cord fastened to one of the legs of the bird, the other end of which securely



The entangled Magpie.

held the poor little creature by its entwinement around the plant. Some settler, we presume, had caught this wild magpie, perhaps among his newly-sown grain, and had fastened the wings to affright other winged thieves. The bird somehow becoming loose, had been probably driven away from its own race on account of its appendage, and had made its way to the mountains, and there had become thus entangled, and was now ready to die. Our own nearness to starvation on these mountains came back afresh into our mind, and we very quickly freed this poor bird from starvation and death.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 35.)

CHAPTER VI.

A PROPHET is not without honour save in his own country, and certainly the feeling towards Dr. Carlyon in Bydown was very different to the respect and reverence in which his name was held by men of letters and scholars in many learned parts of the world.

Not that the people of Bydown had not a very

warm feeling in their hearts for 'the little ould parson,' as they called him, and one and all believed sincerely that 'he were a good 'un and no mistake,' and some old women even went so far as to say that 'If ever an angel walked this earth, 'twere this'n,' though the younger generation doubted if short trowsers and spectacles were strictly angelic; but in worldly affairs 'he was of no account whatever, no better nor a babby;' and they all treated him with a sort of amused pity, even the children assuming a superior air of protection towards him that seemed very funny to Molly and Nora at first, till they fell into the same themselves.

The Vicarage lay between the church and the village, standing as a Vicarage should, like Aaron, between the living and the dead. It was a long, low cottage with a thatched roof, from under which the bedroom windows looked out like bright eyes from under shaggy brows; and it had a roomy hospitable-looking porch, by which you might pass straight into the sitting-room, if a large tabby cat, generally occupying the door-mat, did not distract your attention. There was a rough bit of turf in front, that might have been dignified with the name of lawn if it had not been adorned with rows of shirts and socks and handkerchiefs, spread out in snowy whiteness to dry in the sun, which made any such pretence at gentility impossible.

Betty, of whom Mr. Bright had spoken, could not be brought to think much of appearances, and it seemed to her mind to be intended by nature for a drying-ground. There she comes round the house now from the back-door, with a heap of wet towels on her arm, clacketing along in her pattens, with her print sun-bonnet tilted over her eyes, and her gown pinned up round her waist. This was Molly and Nora's first sight of Betty, and they found by experience that this was her general aspect; that she always wore a sun-bonnet, even, as they suspected, in bed, always had her gown pinned up, and generally was mounted on pattens. She had a broad, good-natured face, part of which was now, and very generally, in eclipse with a blue-and-white spotted handkerchief, owing to toothache; but she smiled broadly with the part that was left visible, and welcomed the new-comers with great heartiness, which was more than many housekeepers would have done to unexpected visitors arriving on washing-day, when there was next to nothing for dinner.

'If I'd only aknownd yesterday as you was coming,' she said thoughtfully, pinching up the skin on her fat, damp arms, 'I could a-got a duck as would have done your heart good to see—and this isn't butcher's day neither—and Jones killed his pig a week agone. Ah! 'twere a beauty sure enough! I'd just like you to a-seen it, you'd a-loved that pig.'

'Never mind,' Mr. Bright said, 'what it is. I and my little girls won't be particular when dinner-time comes, for your downs have given us a fine appetite, and anything is nice with that sauce. Now, Molly and Nora, you make yourselves useful. Don't let them be idle, Betty.'

'Useful?' said Betty; 'dear heart! don't I know my place better? Young ladies as is used to sit in a parlour and do crochy and play the pianny! But you always will have your jokes. There, go in, do'ee

now, after the master, and I'll find ye some dinner somehow.'

But Molly and Nora much preferred helping Betty to the young-lady-like occupations which she thought more suitable for them; and so Mr. Bright went in alone after Dr. Carlyon, and the two girls followed Betty round to the back-door, where they were soon quite in their element. Molly, mounted on Betty's pattens, and covered up with a big apron, hard at work disentangling the clean clothes from the great steaming twists in the tub, and spreading them to dry on the grass, and Nora hurrying off with Betty into the village, to see what they could lay hands on for dinner, each with a large basket.

'And there's no time for nothing! But I'll make such a 'apple-cake for your teas as you won't taste in a hurry out of Bydown. A couple of fowls and a nice bit of gammon is what I'd a-liked. Ah! there be Mrs. Wise. Mornin', mum, we're in a nice piece of work up to our house. Parson's got company come all of a sudden like, and me in a six-weeks' wash, and nothing to set them down to but a 'old mutton bone as I'd be ashamed to put before 'em.'

Mrs. Wise offered loud and hearty sympathy, and several other women joined the party from neighbouring cottage doors, to hear 'what Parson's Betty be after.'

'Now if it had been to-morrow,' Mrs. Wise said reflectively, 'or when that pig of Joneses were about! But I've a-got a 'apple-pie as'll cut out first rate, though I say it, and I'll send it up with some of them taters as boils like balls of flour! But there's Mrs. Holloway; she've got her brother-in-law come over to-day, so maybe she'll have sommat handy. Ah! here a-be.'

The rumour of the perplexity at the Vicarage seemed to have spread like wildfire through the village, for Mrs. Holloway, who lived quite at the further end, had evidently heard of it, and came puffing and blowing up the street with some valuable suggestion, which want of breath kept her from communicating for some minutes. At last it came gasping out,—

'Well—really—it's a mussy as it happened to-day, when I've just put down a leg of pork to roast, as mightn't have happened once in six months. He'll be done to a turn by one, and I'll run up with him my very own self, so as there shan't be no mistake. My brother-law? Bless you! a rasher of bacon will do for the likes of him.'

Then some one else came running up with a cream-cheese, new made, and an old man with a wooden leg had cut a spring cabbage 'for Parson,' and a woman brought an apronful of apples; so that the anxiety that had been depicted on Betty's face gave place to great satisfaction, and Nora thought there never was such a good-natured set of people, and only wished that it was as easy to get a nice dinner at Hinton, and thought how much easier it would make Honor's housekeeping.

'But then,' as Betty explained, 'it's not once in a couple of years that Parson has company, and 'twould be a bad job if folk wouldn't lend a hand to get sommat to eat once in a way.'

Then, when they had got a great crusty loaf from the shop, they hurried back to put the vegetables on

to boil, and to lay the table, for a glance at the sun told Betty that it must be past noon, and she knew 'they must be sharp set for summat after their walk,' which Nora, concluding that she meant hungry, quite agreed to.

But she and Molly got so interested in the preparation of this impromptu dinner, that they quite forgot they were two of the unexpected guests in whose honour it was being prepared.

'And we really were of a great deal of use,' Nora assured father; 'for Betty did not a bit know how to lay the table properly, and she would quite have forgotten the apple-sauce if Molly and me had not reminded her; and we peeled the apples ourselves, and didn't you notice how delicious it was?'

The elegancies of civilised feeding were certainly a mystery to Betty, though she had mastered a few of the rudiments during the ten years she had lived at the Vicarage; for when she first came she had been vastly amused at what she called 'such a caddle about a bit of victuals.' She much admired the way in which Molly and Nora laid the table, but rather demurred to the bunch of daffodils and long graceful leaves stuck in an old china cup, with which the girls adorned the middle of the table, and which justified Betty's bad opinion of them by upsetting in the middle of dinner, and making a puddle on the clean tablecloth.

The dinner was laid in the room into which the front door opened, and from this room there was a door into Dr. Carlyon's study, in which he and Mr. Bright were shut while Betty and the two girls were making the preparations for dinner; and it was not till afterwards that they made acquaintance with the little den where the Doctor reigned supreme.

Betty might do what she liked with the rest of the house, might turn it upside down if she had a mind to, and the Doctor would not have murmured even if he had observed the trifling alteration, but let her venture as much as the corner of a duster into that dusty little sanctuary, and his wrath was terrible. When Betty first came to Dr. Carlyon's, being young, and bold, and inexperienced, she was much afflicted at the dust and disorder in the study, which were even then excessive, but which had increased since, as dust and books accumulated year by year, and she had taken advantage of the Doctor being out to make a raid into his territory, and sweep and dust and scrub to her heart's content; and she arranged some of the books that heaped the table and chairs and floor on the shelves, and put the rest into neat lines, and altogether made quite a decent job of it.

But when Dr. Carlyon came home, the anger and anguish that he displayed on seeing the havoc she had worked was such that Betty never repeated her offence. It was generally reported in the village that Dr. Carlyon had shaken her: but setting aside that he was a gentleman, and therefore courteous and gentle to all womankind, and judging only from outward probabilities, I am inclined to disbelieve it, for Betty was a good head the taller and more than that broader, and I do not think he could have done it. So Betty left the study untouched, and in revenge scrubbed and dusted away savagely at the rest of the house, up to the very doorstep of the

study, and kept his shirts marvels of snowy whiteness, and brushed his clothes fiercely, and polished his shoes till they shone again.

During that busy hour before dinner, while Molly was alone in the kitchen preparing the apple-sauce, while Betty and Nora were occupied elsewhere, a head suddenly darkened the kitchen window, and a hand tapped at the glass, and two eyes peered in, and apparently not finding what they were in search of, and overlooking Molly, the window was pushed open and a basket lifted in.

'Take care!' Molly cried out; 'take care of the apple-pie!' For that noble structure was standing close under the window, and seemed likely to be wrecked by the intruding basket. The face gave a low whistle, and the basket was withdrawn.

'Hullo!' he said; 'where's Betty?'

'She's upstairs,' Molly answered; 'shall I call her?'

'No,' said the boy, for boy it was; 'you'll do,' and left the window and came in at the door.

'Look here,' he said; 'Parson's got company, and here's some trout. They're not bad, and they were in the stream half-an-hour ago.' And so saying, he opened his basket, and displayed a couple of trout lying on a bunch of the fragrant water-side grass, in all the glory of blue and silver and green and violet and crimson, which had not yet faded away.

'What beauties!' Molly exclaimed. 'Did you catch them yourself?' For Pat and Paddy's achievements in the way of fishing were generally of very small dimensions, though much admired and discussed by the family.

'To be sure I did!' the boy answered, laughing. 'Did you think they ran after me and hopped into my basket?'

But just then Betty came in, and greeted the newcomer with pleasure as Mike Warren, and the trout with a mixture of admiration and indignation that puzzled Molly greatly.

'Ah! you've been at it again, you bad, wicked boy, as will never take warning till you comes to a bad end. Oh! but they're beauties, and as fresh as fresh, and just in time to be done nicely, though I don't know how you've the face to bring 'em to the Parson's house, and I've a good mind to say as I'll have nothing to do with them or you;' though all the time Betty was busy preparing a pot for their reception.

'You won't do anything of the sort,' the boy said, laughing, though he coloured up under his brown skin as she spoke. 'I heard there was company here, and I thought you'd like them.'

'And what shall I say if the Parson asks where they came from?'

'Trust him for that! He won't notice a bit what he's eating; but if he does, say you found them in the watercress bed or in the rain-water tub. Bless you! he'd believe it.'

'And so he would,' said Betty, as the boy caught up his basket and ran off. 'He wouldn't notice if I boiled up one of his old boots for dinner, and he no more remembers what he's eaten ten minutes after than a new-born baby. But 'twas terrible good of Mike to bring these fish, though he'll get into hot water if he don't mind what he's up to.'

(To be continued.)



Mike Warren displaying his Trout.



The Old Coast-guardsmen.

THE OLD COAST-GUARDSMAN.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

IF you would care to clasp a hand
That once fought gallantly;
If you would care to know a heart
That's kind as brave can be;
If you would care to hear a tale
Of many a stirring day;
Then seek the old coast-guardsmen Tim,
Who watches in the bay.

If you would care to own a hand
Which all might clasp with pride;
To wear a heart which gentleness
With courage doth divide;
If you would care to have when old
As good a tale to tell;
Try, like the old coast-guardsmen Tim,
To do your duty well.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

NEAR Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill, which much interfered with the view from the Palace.

One day the King sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill, and the unexpected reply came that the miller would not sell it for any money.

The King, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but, folding his arms, quietly remarked,—

'The King may do this, but there are laws in Prussia.' And he took legal proceedings, the result of which was, that the King had to rebuild the mill, and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation.

Although his Majesty was much chagrined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could on it, and turning to his courtiers he remarked,—

'I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom.'

A sequel to this incident occurred about forty years ago. A descendant of the miller of whom we have just been talking had come into possession of the mill.

After having struggled for several years against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on his business, he wrote to the present Emperor of Germany (then only King of Prussia), reminding him of the incident we have just related, and stating that if his Majesty felt so disposed, he should be very thankful, in his present difficulty, to sell the mill. The King wrote the following reply with his own hand,—

'MY DEAR NEIGHBOUR,—I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of your family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith 6000 dollars (about 1000l. sterling), in the hope that it may be of some service in restoring your fortunes.

'Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,
'FREDERICK WILLIAM.'

TO OUR CAT ANGELINA.

WE screwed our courage to the point,
And said that you should go;
So when the day arrived we sent
Sweet Pussy to the show.

We fed you with the daintiest food,
With cream as white as snow,
And all to make you sleek and fat,
Sweet Pussy, for the show.

We told you of the praise you'd win,
And how your heart would glow,
When you returned the first-prize cat,
Sweet Pussy, from the show.

You entered many a mild protest,
With purrings softly low;
We heeded not, but sent you off,
Sweet Pussy, to the show.

Two servants and a pony-trap
To neighbouring town did go,
And all to take our dearest pet,
Sweet Pussy, to the show.

When you arrived, you gazed around
In wonder great, for lo!
You found you weren't the only cat,
Sweet Pussy, at that show.

And when the judges made their list
They placed you far below
Your well-known friend, the Doctor's cat,
Sweet Pussy, at the show.

Scant praise to put 'Commended,'
Upon your cage, I trow;
They should have made you queen of all,
Sweet Pussy, at their show.

Ah! they have wounded with sharp pang
Your feline heart, I know:
Why did we send you, with vain hopes,
Sweet Pussy, to that show?

But doubt not, Angelina, dear,
That cream shall ever flow,
And scraps of fish, to comfort you,
Sweet Pussy, for that show.

We shall not love one bit the less
Our stately cat—oh, no!
Though we regret we ever sent
Sweet Pussy to the show.

M. H.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. V.—TURKEY IN EUROPE.

THIS country has gained its name from the Turks, a tribe of Asiatic people who conquered it more than four hundred years ago. It used to form part of the great Roman Empire. One of the Roman Emperors, named Constantine, built a fair city in the eastern corner, and called it after his own name. Here, after Rome was sacked and burned, the Emperors used to live, and the last Emperor was killed by the Turks when they took the city.

Turkey is a fine country, and if it were peopled by Englishmen or Scotchmen, Germans or Frenchmen, it would be a garden of loveliness; but the Turks are clumsy and idle, and never make the best of things. They are a decaying people, and will soon have to make way for men of greater energy—men who are not content with bad roads and waggons that will hardly travel.

Here comes a plump, heavy, thick-necked mortal, in a long dress and loose slippers. He carries on his head an enormous turban, made of many folds of muslin rolled together. His muscular arms are bare, and in a sash you see his pistols and sword. He looks fierce, and can, no doubt, use his weapons readily.

Here is another Turk. He has just been married. He has on a turban of dark blue velvet bound with green silk, a very bright scarlet cloak, and yellow slippers. He wears in his girdle a sword with a bright gold handle, and makes as much show of it as he can.

Look at the dogs—how plentiful they are! Not the honest bow-wows of Old England, but wild fellows—thievish, dirty, yellow rascals, with sharp noses and prick ears. They are useful, however, for they, helped by vultures, kites, and gulls, eat up dead things, which would otherwise rot and poison the air. They will often howl dismally at you as you ride past a ruined house, under the walls of which a home has been made.

A Turkish village. You must lie in the same stable as your horse at a khan. A khan is sometimes as big as Westminster Hall. You have a small enclosure for yourself, made by mud walls, with, perhaps, a bit of ragged mat to lie on. Around are the noises and smells of fifty buffaloes and camels. If you have brought no coffee, sugar, or bread, you will be badly off. Perhaps a long-necked camel will put his head over the mud wall and eat close to your ear, as much as to say, 'Why don't *you* begin?'

In town and city the streets or lanes are narrow and crooked, and there is no travelling in cabs or omnibuses. The sedan chair is used, or something like it, and the Turk rides on horseback. Where there is water, it is covered with light, elegant boats, which glide like swallows here and there.

A Turkish woman, when in the streets or bazaars, hides her face in a muslin bandage. Out of a small three-cornered hole you see a nose, straight, hooked, or snub, and the twinkle of a dark eye, and that is all.

Turkey is well supplied with trees and flowers. The platanus becomes the largest tree in the world. A party of twenty-two was entertained in the trunk of one, and a whole village can repose under its shadow.

The Turkish Sabbath is Friday. On this day the Sultan goes to some great mosque on horseback. If any one wishes to ask a favour, he stands on a step and holds out a paper. If the Sultan notices the paper and nods his head, a servant takes it and puts it into a bag, and the Sultan reads it when he returns home.

The Imaum recites prayers; the Sheik preaches; the Kiatib reads the Koran; the Muezzim calls the people to church. To do so he climbs one of those tall, slender turrets called minarets, and from that

high place shouts out his invitation. The priest often keeps a shop, and after service he may be seen cross-legged on his counter again. The people, when they go to church, lay aside their gay clothing and put on a plain dress. They wash at a tank before they enter, and at the porch they drop their slippers and go in barefoot. They turn toward the holy city Mecca, and then kneel in the deepest devotion. No head is ever lifted up, no eye looks about; the worshipper seems lost in thought. For one month they fast from sunrise to sunset. They also give alms, and they are kind to birds and beasts. Some make the journey to Mecca, and are called Hadjees.

What means that row of gilt cups in that window? They are full of water, and you are welcome to a drink. That house is a dervish college, and one is there ready to refill the cups. He wears, you see, a pointed cap and a white woollen gown, and he has a pole with an iron point at the end, and a horn to collect money in. The dervishes are street-preachers, and some of them dance and turn round in their chapel to the sound of flutes. They turn and turn until you feel quite giddy at the sight. Some howl the word 'Hai' so long and loud, that their lips are covered with foam.

The Turkish ships are very fine. There is excellent timber growing near the capital, and they have good cannon and gunpowder in plenty, and their floating-castles are not to be despised.

One huge and splendid ship, which had aided in laying waste the island of Scio in the Greek war, about sixty years ago, was burnt to ashes. A little brig came alongside one fine June evening, while captain and crew were feasting, and was lashed to the great man-of-war. By-and-by the crew of the brig got into a boat, and pushed off; and they had hardly done this, when the brig burst into flames and set fire to the Turkish ship. The Turks tried to stop the flames, but in vain; the fire soon reached the powder, and the vast ship blew up, with two thousand tyrants and the unhappy women whom they had stolen from their beautiful home. Many Turks believed that the burning of this ship was caused by God as a punishment of the wicked sailors.

The houses are generally of wood. There are no grates and no chimneys. The rooms are warmed by a pan of charcoal. This is easily upset, and fires are very common and very destructive. Besides accidents, wilful firing of houses is very common. If a man owes you a grudge, he will throw a cake, made of rags and sulphur, into your house, which in an hour's time will burst into a flame, and burn your house down.

A range of mountains, called the Balkans, runs from the Gulf of Venice to the Black Sea. It is a cold and snowy district, with craggy summits and steep sides. The roads are generally in the dry beds of torrents. These mountains are one natural defence of the Turkish capital. Another is the narrow channel by which alone ships can enter the Sea of Marmora, and which is called the Dardanelles. This narrow passage is defended by huge cannon, which can throw a ball of 800 lbs. weight. Several of our ships were nearly destroyed by these great balls when Admiral Duckworth returned with a fleet from Constantinople, many years ago.



EUROPE. — Turkey.



THE TYROLESE MINSTREL.

I COME from the land where the goat and the
chamois,
By mountain and vale, find a wild happy home;
Where the wolf and the bear through the deep
shady forest,
By man unmolested, at liberty roam.

I come from the land where the torrent goes leaping
O'er rock and through chasm, with foam and with
spray;

Where the vine-clad green valleys in sunshine lie
sleeping,
And the snow never melts on the peaks far away.

From these happy regions I come, little maiden;
Your summer is passing, and cold blows the
breeze;

Oh, let me return with sweet memories laden,
And give your kind help to the poor Tyrolese.

M. H. F. DONNE.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 47.)

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was no time before dinner for Betty to satisfy the girls' curiosity about Mike Warren, the bringer of the trout, who had taken their fancy with his pleasant gipsy-looking face and laughing dark eyes, and it was not till that important meal was over, and nothing was left of Mike's gift but a plate of bones, which the big tabby cat was devouring with much relish, that they heard who he was.

Betty was sitting on the step of the back-door with her arms and apron steaming in the afternoon sun, having just finished washing up. She was sitting a little too near the pigs' washtub for Molly's taste, but she did not seem to mind it, and brought a gray stocking out of her pocket, and went on knitting with one needle stuck into her waistband without ever looking at her flying needles, a feat which appeared altogether marvellous to Molly and Nora, who, with the closest attention and slowest execution, could not escape dropped stitches in their knitting.

'Mike Warren lives down to the mill, along of his mother, and little Elizabeth, poor lamb! Ah! you've seen her down to the church; she's a kind of simple like, though master won't hear of it nohow.'

'Is Mike a gentleman?' asked Nora. 'He doesn't speak quite like the people in the village.'

Betty looked puzzled. 'Well, he is and he isn't! If right was right, he'd be Squire up at the Hall, which belonged to his folk ever since no one knows how long; ay! and all the land round about Bydown for many a mile!'

'How did they lose it?'

'I've heard tell they was a bad lot the Warrens—a drinking, worthless set, father and son, one after another, always in debt and trouble, and bringing trouble too on all they had to do with, and so they came down in the world, as such folk did ought to. Not but what I'd wish Mike better luck, and like to see him have a better start, and a chance of winning back some of the land which do seem his by rights. Mind you, I calls him Mike because I've known him since he were that high, and so do most of the folk down to the village, though he've a-got better blood in his veins than the likes of us, and might hold his head up with the best of the gentry round if he'd a mind to; but Mike isn't proud!'

'What's his mother like? Is she a lady?'

'Bless you, no! Nancy Walters were barmaid down to Northbury when Mike's father married her, and fine airs and graces the hussy give herself when she was first wed, with her silk gown and parasols and such; but, poor soul! she've had all that fetched out of her by his treatment. She never had a happy day as long as he lived, and yet, poor, silly thing! she pretty near broke her heart when he was thrown off his horse, and brought home to her dead; and she've been fretting and pining ever since, and never taking thought for that fine boy wasting his time doing nothing, and like to get into his father's bad ways just for want of something better to do; and that poor, half-silly, little maid.'

'Does Mike go to school?'

'Yes, he've a-been to two. Master took the matter up, and made her send him, but it weren't a bit of good, that young pickle ran away from both when the master gave him a rough word or crossed him somehow, and the last time he was afraid to come home, and wandered up and down the country for a fortnight and more, till we thought as he had gone off to sea, or come to a bad end somehow; and it was only one of the chaps coming across him by chance, and telling him as his mother was ill and wanting him, as fetched him home at last. Since then master have been teaching him, or schoolmaster takes a turn at him now and then; but he's terrible idle over his books, the young monkey! and they've let him get such a dunce that he don't like to go along of other boys to be put among the babies and be laughed at. But, there, it must be time to turn the cake in the oven, and there be them sheets to put into your beds, and a deal to do afore tea.'

You see by this time Molly and Nora were quite at home at the Vicarage, and Betty had entirely lost sight of what was due to young ladies; and when it was time for father to set off on his walk to Northbury to catch the evening train up to London, instead of entreating him to take them back with him, as they had meant to do when they first arrived, they were very well contented to be left behind, as Molly had already an absorbing stocking set up on knitting-needles, which was to be done under Betty's instructions, and which was to clothe one of Peter's legs if it ever got done; and Nora had an apple-cake of her very own concoction in the oven in which she was deeply interested, and she hoped to become perfect in the art of making such delicacies, so as to relieve the monotony of many dull teas when she went home, and thus become a benefactor to the family.

They walked some way with father towards Northbury across the hills; and Dr. Carlyon went too, but suddenly remembered that it was time for evening prayer, and broke short off in the very middle of a Greek quotation, faced about, shook Mr. Bright's hand hastily, and was off with no explanation.

But Molly and Nora had been prepared for this by Betty, who told them that, forgetful as the parson was in most matters, often not remembering to put on his hat, or eat his dinner, or go to bed, he never forgot prayer-time, that he seemed to have a sort of inner sense that told him when ten or five o'clock drew near, and that even if all the clocks had stopped, which happened frequently at the Vicarage, and the sun had not risen in the morning, which was not a usual occurrence, he would still find his way to the church, and always in good time too, 'though he never caught a train within the memory of mortal man, and though there's only poor little Elizabeth to notice if he were a few minutes late, and she too simple to take any heed of it.'

Molly and Nora, as they followed father and the Doctor over the hills, were laughing between themselves, and saying that this time Betty was wrong, and that the Doctor had forgotten all about it in that frightfully dull conversation with father; and when the Doctor suddenly stopped, turned, and dashed off at such a wonderful rate, they stood looking after him in surprise, till father said, 'Off with

you, both of you; I promised the Doctor that you should ring the church bell for him while you were here, so you must earn your salt as sextons.'

And then, after very hasty leave-takings, off ran Molly and Nora after the Doctor, who was shuffling along at a fine rate; and father went on alone, feeling pretty sure that the girls would have a good time of it at Bydown.

The Doctor was over the edge of the hill before they could come up with him, and just as they reached the ridge a big black retriever dog came bounding up the hill, and being, no doubt, as much startled at the meeting as the girls were, expressed his feelings by short, sharp barks, which made Nora, who was first, turn, and cling hold of Molly—on the principle, I suppose, that union is strength, though I am afraid there was a slight tendency to edge behind Molly.

They did not either of them scream, of course; no girls with brothers ever scream except under great provocation; but they stood still and looked at the dog, who looked at them in return, and showed a formidable set of white teeth with a growl. The dog seemed to be quite by himself, for the quick look that Molly cast round showed her nothing but the open downs with a few sheep feeding at a distance, and no shelter of any sort; though even if there had been it seemed very doubtful if the dog would have allowed them to reach it, for at the least movement of either of the girls he gave a growl and a half-repressed spring, as if, at the first attempt at flight, he might fly at their throats; and Molly's faint, trembling efforts to soften the savage beast, by saying 'Good dog! poor fellow!' only made him look fiercer.

The situation appeared quite desperate, when a whistle made the dog's ears prick, and diverted his eyes from the girls, on whom they had been fixed in anything but a pleasant manner, and Nora prepared to take advantage of the opportunity by immediate flight; but Molly, more wisely, looking in the direction of the whistle, and seeing a hat appear above the side of the hill, stood still, and kept Nora from running.

'Halloo!' a voice said; 'what's the row? Here, Skipper, come off, sir!' And the dog went slinking to his master's heel, looking very different to what he had done a minute ago, when to the girls' terrified fancy he had appeared gigantic as well as ferocious. 'Well,' asked the dog's master, turning to the girls, 'has he killed you?'

'No,' answered Molly, whose voice was still a little bit unsteady, and her heart beating quickly; 'but he's frightened us.'

'And he'd have bitten us, too,' added Nora, 'if you had not come up.'

'Not a bit of it!' said the boy, whom, now that he had come nearer, the girls recognised as the same they had travelled with the evening before; 'he's a puppy, and likes to have a game of play.'

'We don't like that sort of play, then; and he's not a good-tempered dog; and it's quite as bad to be bitten by a puppy as by an old dog; and you ought to keep him tied up.'

Molly, as is very usually the case after being frightened, was decidedly cross, and she turned away

with great dignity, while Nora, with greater prudence, thought it wiser to propitiate the enemy.

'I dare say he's a very good dog,' she said; 'when you come to know him; but you won't let him run after us down the hill?'

'I don't know about that,' the boy said. 'You're very silly little girls, to be frightened by a puppy like that.'

'And you're a very rude, ill-behaved boy,' returned Molly, too angry to be wise; and she set off down the hill, followed by Nora, who had strong misgivings, and a tingling sensation about her heels and the back of her neck as if that black monster were close behind.

They were nearly at the bottom of the hill before either of them ventured to look round, and then they saw Neville Carson—for that was the young Squire's name—still at the top of the hill looking after them, and holding the dog by his collar; and Molly gave a sigh of relief, and Nora tied her hat on, and they slackened their pace, and began to think if they would still be in time to ring the bell for the service. But they were not out of the wood yet, for the next minute Nora gave a cry of terror, and began running as fast as she could; and a glance up the hill showed Molly the reason, and sent her off after Nora, for the boy was standing on the hill alone, and down after them came the dog in full chase.

I hope that Neville Carson let the dog go by accident, or thought the girls were too far off to be overtaken, and that the calls that Molly and Nora heard as they fled at full speed were meant to bring the dog back, and not, as they imagined, to urge him on; but even when the terror was over, and in after days when they had quite got over their fear of Skipper, and recognised him as a bouncing bully of a puppy, and a coward as bullies always are, and were on pretty good terms with Neville Carson himself, they never could quite believe that Neville was free from blame in the matter; nor can I either.

Molly and Nora were capital runners, having plenty of practice with Pat and Paddy at home, fielding at cricket, or playing at prisoner's base or hare and hounds, but I do not believe they had ever run so fast as they did then, with the feeling that the dog was at their heels.

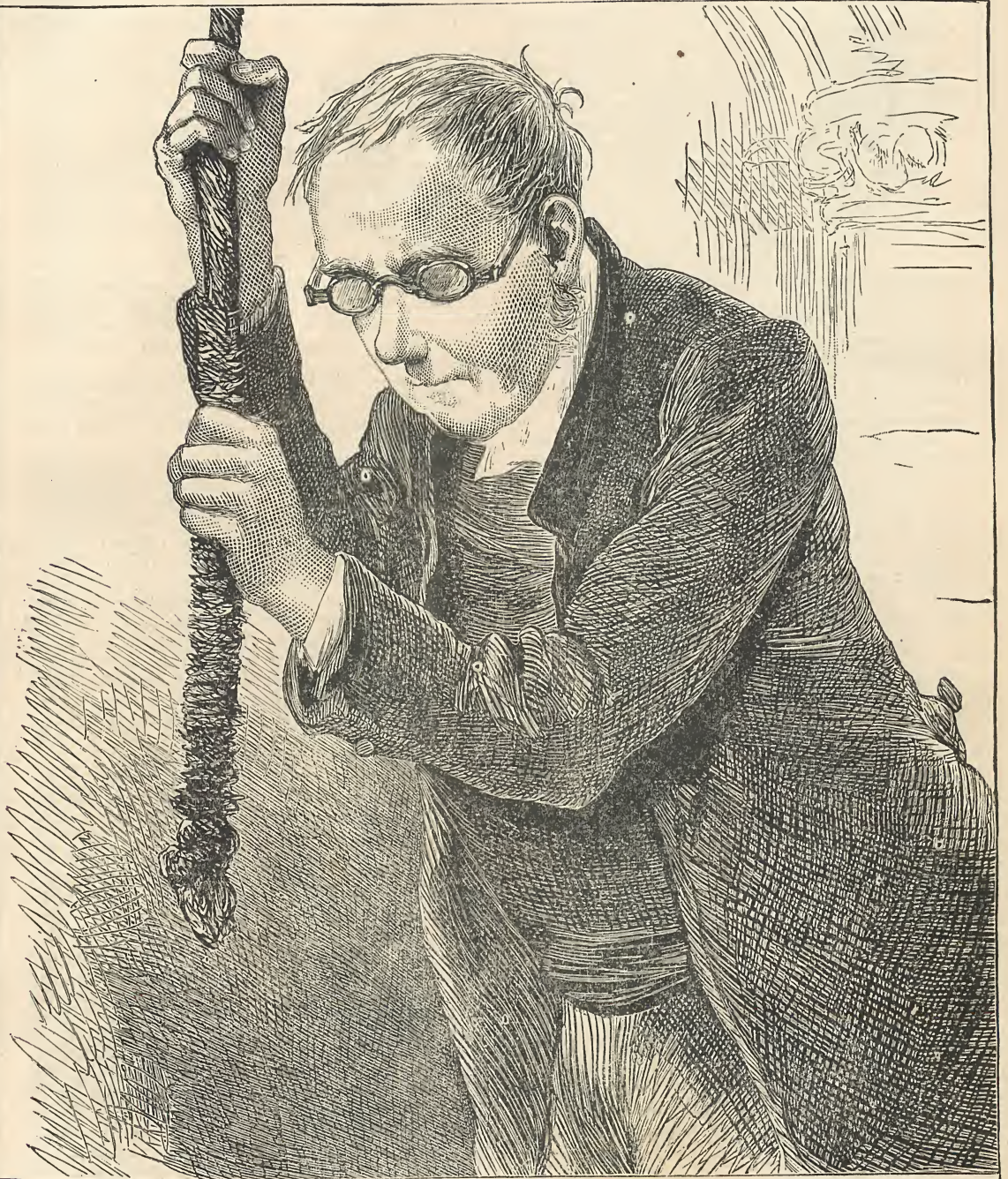
Their feet were slippery with walking on the dry turf, and as they reached the bottom of the hill where there were some bushes clustering round the little stream, where they might find some sort of shelter, Nora's foot slipped, and she fell and rolled, and Molly, who was close behind and could not stop herself, fell over her, and the two lay in a heap, sobbing and shuddering, and feeling that all hope was gone.

But just as they expected to feel the dog spring on them, and shut their eyes and clung together, and held their breaths, something or somebody came leaping over the stream and through the bushes, and they heard the 'whack, whack,' of a stick, and then a yelp of pain, and then another whack and another yelp, and then an encouraging voice said, 'There, get up, he won't hurt you,' and, venturing to open their eyes, they saw Skipper limping away up the hill on three legs, with his tail between his legs, and Michael Warren pelting him with stones out of the stream.

(To be continued.)



Molly and Nora frightened by the Dog.



Dr. Carlyon ringing the Church Bell.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 55.)

CHAPTER VIII.



OLLY and Nora had been prepared to like Michael Warren before this, and had equally been prepared to dislike Neville Carson; but, of course, the event recorded in the last chapter turned Mike into a hero, to whom they owed immense gratitude, and Neville into an enemy, of whom they could believe anything that was bad. Not that Mike had done anything so wonderfully brave in beating off a dog who, after all,

might have been only in play, as Neville said; but the girls regarded him as the gallant preserver of their lives, and so felt unbounded respect and admiration for him; and as he was a prime favourite with Betty, and Neville very much the reverse, and as most of the Bydown people were of the same opinion, their preference for the one and dislike for the other were very much encouraged.

Dr. Carlyon had to ring the church bell for himself that first evening, and little Elizabeth was, as usual, his only congregation, for Molly and Nora were too much upset, both in body and mind, to go to church; and, indeed, Nora could not stop crying for some time, having hurt her foot a little in the fall, besides being shaken and frightened and very much out of breath: so they sat by the stream to recover themselves, while Mike cut them whistles from the elder-trees and invited them to come down to the mill next day and see his rabbits, promising that they should each choose one, and that he would make a hutch for them in the shed at the Vicarage. And, by-and-by, when Nora was able to get along without her legs shaking under her, they went back to the Vicarage, accompanied by Mike; for though he assured them that Bydown Hall was two miles off, and that by that time Skipper and his master were safely there, the girls could not help casting fearful glances towards the hill, and feeling a little nervous when they went round corners. So Mike went with them for protection, and also to take a look at the shed in the Vicarage garden, to see where a rabbit-hutch could be most conveniently arranged; and when Betty saw him and heard what had happened with the dog, she insisted on it that he must stop to tea, which both the girls had been secretly wishing, but were afraid to give the invitation before they had been a day at the Vicarage, not knowing the perfect liberty that was before them at Dr. Carlyon's.

'Besides,' said Betty, 'this be the evening for your lessons, Mike, which you haven't come to for the last three weeks.'

Mike shrugged his shoulders. 'Parson's something better to do now he's company,' he said; 'and I haven't learnt anything he set me last time, so I didn't mean to come to-night. Now then, shut up!' he said, as Betty stopped in the middle of filling the milk-jug, and prepared for a lecture: 'it's not a bit of use, the poor old parson is awfully kind, and takes

a lot of pains to beat it into my head; but it's no good, and I don't see why he should be bothered.'

'And what will come of you to grow up a dunce as did ought to be a gentleman, like your fathers before you?'

'Now then, Bet,' the boy said, with the colour flushing up all over his face and to the roots of his hair, and with a quick glance at the girls to see if they were listening; 'don't talk of what you don't understand. My fathers are not much to boast of, anyhow, if the Bydown folk speak true.'

'Do stop to tea,' said Molly, earnestly. 'You know we don't know Dr. Carlyon a bit, though he is my godfather, and a very old friend of father's; and we're dreadfully afraid of him, and we don't know a bit what we shall talk about at tea if there's no one else there.'

'I'll wager,' said Mike, 'that he's a deal more frightened of you. But I'll stop to tea fast enough if you'd like me to, and I'll just cut home and get my books, for if I'm here I'm bound to have a go with the parson.' And off he ran towards the village.

'I suppose,' said Molly, thoughtfully, sitting on the kitchen fender toasting a bit of bread; 'that Mike learns Latin and Greek, and all sorts of difficult sums with the Doctor, doesn't he?'

'Latin and Greek? Not he! Why, it's plain reading, and writing, and ciphering as Mike is: so terrible bad at. You should only just see his copy-book; why, puss there would make a better job of it, and if you dropped a spider in the ink and set him walking he'd beat Mike hollow at writing. 'Twere every bit his mother's fault to begin with; poor Nancy weren't no scholar herself; folk do say as she could only make her mark on her wedding-day, and so she couldn't learn the child: but she was shamed to let folk know, or to let the boy go to the infant school, where he'd soon have picked it up along of the others. And so he've grown up a dunce, and now he's beginning to feel of it, and he don't know how to fetch up all the last time; and so he pretends he don't care, and that he'll do very well without.'

'I wonder——' said Molly, and then she became aware that the toast at the end of the toasting-fork was on fire, which brought her out of wonderland in a moment.

Mike soon came back from the mill, bringing his books with him; but he hid them with great care outside the back-door, lest his copy-book should be captured and displayed by Betty.

Dr. Carlyon generally had his tea taken into his study, and Mike had not been too proud, on former occasions, to take his with Betty in the kitchen; and certainly this arrangement would have been much more satisfactory to Molly and Nora if they had been included in the kitchen party; but Dr. Carlyon, at great personal sacrifice, had decided to have tea with his guests: so every one must suffer accordingly, and tea was spread in the parlour, and Molly installed in front of the tea-tray, with Mike on one side of the table and Nora on the other, all looking most solemn, and Betty went to tell the Doctor tea was ready.

The Doctor had forgotten all about tea and his guests either when Betty knocked at his study door, and he was only half-conscious of them when he

came out holding a book in his hand, which he propped up in front of him on the table with the butter-dish; and after nodding to Mike and saying grace he became entirely absorbed in his reading, and forgetful of the company, and never noticed Molly's attempts to find out if he took milk and sugar in his tea. Mike and Nora, in an unfeeling way, only laughed at Molly's polite inquiries, growing louder each time they were repeated, and producing no response, till at last, in despair, she ran out into the kitchen to ask Betty what Dr. Carlyon's tastes in the matter of tea might be, and was assured that he would not notice if she put salt instead of sugar, and vinegar for milk, and they had better amuse themselves; 'for when he's once took up one of them old books there's no more sense to be got out of him, and you'd best let him be.'

So Molly sweetened the Doctor's tea according to her own taste, which was decidedly sugary, and by degrees the children almost forgot the presence of the little man at the end of the table, peering across his plate through his spectacles at the book, and began to converse among themselves, first of all by nods and signs, with a glance at the Doctor to see if he were noticing, and then in low whispers, which gradually grew louder into their natural voice, interrupted now and then by laughter that sounded very pleasant and cheerful to Betty as she listened in the kitchen.

They were obliged to do without butter at tea, as the Doctor's book was supported by the butter-dish; but apple-cake and gooseberry-jam were within reach, and more than supplied the place of the butter. But the Doctor was not quite as unconscious of the children's talk as they fancied; and once, when Nora was describing some of Pat's adventures at school, the words suddenly grew confused and died away on her lips as she saw that Dr. Carlyon's spectacles were turned towards her with some interest, and that his face was wrinkling with a smile that no brown-covered, yellow-paged, dull old book, could possibly have provoked.

'Well?' said Mike, who was waiting for the point of the story; but Nora could not pick up the dropped thread, and just then the Doctor got up and returned thanks so suddenly that neither of the three guests had time to put themselves into appropriate positions; and Molly held the tea-pot suspended in mid-air, with the tea spouting on to the table-cloth instead of into Mike's cup, all the time.

'Michael,' he said, as he passed into his study, 'you did not come to your lessons yesterday, if I do not mistake. Bring your books, and we will resume our studies.'

So Mike went off, with many grimaces of dislike and aversion, to fetch his hidden books, having a skirmish with Betty on his way back through the kitchen to resist her endeavours to pull the copy-book from under his arm and reveal its imperfections to the two girls. He went through a perfect pantomime outside the half-opened study door, pretending to tear the books to pieces, to cry violently into his pocket-handkerchief, and to tremble with fear and nervousness, and then, suddenly assuming a very meek appearance, he passed into the study and shut the door after him.

Molly and Nora occupied the time by clearing away tea with Betty, and helping her to wash up the tea-things and tidy the kitchen, creeping every now and then to the study door to listen if they could hear anything of poor Mike's martyrdom; but could only make out his voice droning a good deal through his nose, and in a high, unnatural key, with much hesitation, beginning every sentence with 'um.' Then all was very quiet, and Molly only fancied she could hear the squeak of a quill pen going on, with an occasional grunt, expressive of severe application and anxiety.

It was not very long before Mike came bursting out again, very hot and flushed in the face and inkly about the nose, and very rough in the head, and rather gruff and surly in his manners, which Molly and Nora, being used to the ways of boys, having brothers of their own, knew meant that he had not had a good time of it, and felt ashamed and sorry.

He was in a tremendous hurry to be off, and would not stop even to see why the kitchen clock had stopped, which was making Betty thoroughly uncomfortable, as she took it to be a warning, and strangely connected it with her father, who had been complaining this some time past. She even went so far, after Mike had gone, as to throw her apron over her face and rock slowly backwards and forwards, so sure was she that 'unkind news would come in the morning; and then Molly was nerved to action, and discovered that the clock had run down, which was very consoling.

But Molly and Nora had something to say to Mike before he went, and they did not quite know how to say it, and each wished the other to begin; and Molly pushed Nora and Nora poked Molly, but neither could get it out, and Mike had said good night and was out of the house before they had found their courage; so that they had to run after him out into the starry, spring darkness, and call him back.

'Mike! Mike! stop a minute!'

It was dark, so it was easier to speak; and they were out of breath and in a hurry, so Molly did not stop to pick her words.

'Mike,' she said, 'Nora and me often help Pat and Paddy with their lessons, and look out words in the dictionary, or hear the things they have to learn by heart. Of course we are only girls, and don't know much, but we *can* help them, and they don't mind it a bit; and sometimes they say we've helped them a lot. And, Mike, we've been thinking that perhaps you'd let us help you a bit—just in return, you know, for helping us when that horrid dog came after us. Please, Mike, would you mind very much?'

Mike's voice sounded very gruff as he answered,—

'It's that stupid Betty's been setting you on, and it's all bosh about that dog, you know.'

'It's not Betty,' Nora protested; 'and we've not said a word to her about it, and we thought—didn't we, Molly?—that no one need know anything of it if you didn't like, and if we could find some place out of the way.'

Mike was silent, now fidgetting the latch of the gate up and down awkwardly.

'You don't know what a shocking ignorant chap I am,' he burst out at last. 'There's not one of the



Gilbert sewing a Frill on Dora's Frock.

little brats at the infant school that can't do better than me at his book. You'd laugh no end to hear me blundering.'

'That we shouldn't,' the girls exclaimed, indignantly; 'we wouldn't even smile. Do let us try.'

But Betty was calling them in to prayers, and they had no time for further persuasion; and Mike ran off with only a half promise that he'd think it over.

(To be continued.)

GILBERT SEWING.

UNMANLY! no! I don't think so;
 Unmanly, if you like, to swear,
 Or in a fury stones to throw,
 But not for sisters' needs to care.
 You think a needle and a thread
 Are things that boys should all despise;
 Are angry words, or broken head
 Not more disgraceful in your eyes?



EUROPE. — Russia.

Who Gilbert is I do not know,
 But of two things I feel quite sure—
 He never gave a girl a blow,
 And from mean falsehood he is pure.
 Cowards may brandish sticks about,
 And think themselves exceeding grand;
 It needs true courage, ne'er a doubt,
 To take a needle in your hand,
 And for such little kindly act
 Laughter and ridicule to stand.

M. H. F. DONNE.

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.

No. VI.—RUSSIA.



AFTER the snow breaks up, and sledges disappear, the droski is seen in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow. This is a kind of bench on four wheels. The passengers sit back to back, and the driver at the end. A comfortable sort of carriage is also used for very long journeys, 'in

which,' says Dr. Clarke, 'the traveller may sleep, eat, drink, read, write, or amuse himself with a flute, careless of the frosts of the North, or the dews, mosquitos, and vermin of the South.'

Petersburg is a fine city. 'The united magnificence of all cities,' says Dr. Clarke, 'could but equal St. Petersburg.' The streets are streets of palaces. When we think that the spot where they stand was, in 1703, a low marshy island, mud in summer, ice in winter, we are amazed at its granite quays and marble churches. But its foundations were laid in blood. They caused the death of a hundred thousand men, who died of cold, fatigue, and want.

The Russians have great armies, and the Field of Mars will admit a review of 50,000 men.

There are, on an average, seventy-two snowy days yearly in St. Petersburg. Spring is short; summer very warm; autumn extremely disagreeable; but winter is made pleasant and cheerful, and every one enjoys himself greatly.

Novogorod is an ancient city. It used to be called 'the great Novogorod.' In its cathedral are many old pictures worshipped by the Russians. Many Russian churches are covered over with pictures. In one at Moscow there are 249 full-length figures, and 2066 half-length, of angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, kings, queens, and bishops. Novogorod was ruined by its new neighbour, St. Petersburg, but it is still an important place. On the bridge there is a chapel, where every Russian, as he passes, offers a candle or a penny.

Here comes a young woman dressed *à la Russe*. Full sleeves, a short petticoat, coloured stockings, lamb's-wool pelisse, white as snow, and on it buttons and lace. Her hair is braided, and of great length. She wears a gay handkerchief on her head.

The men wear a jacket made of a sheep's hide, with the wool inwards; a square, red cap, with black wool round the rim. They have usually long black beards, shoes made of birch-tree bark, and woollen trowsers.

The village homes are made of wood. The windows are often merely small holes, through which, as you drive past, you see a head stuck. The people rise early and go early to bed.

The loaf is blessed by a priest before it is eaten. After a dinner of soup and black bread and sour cabbage the family sleep for an hour. That done, the father drinks his quass (made of flour and water kept till it is sour), and goes about his work refreshed.

Moscow is the old capital. It was nearly burnt down in 1812 by the Russians themselves; they destroyed it rather than it should fall into the hands of the French. Palaces without number, crowds of noble mansions, thousands of houses, bazaars, shops, and warehouses, were in ruins. But the city arose with increased beauty. Moscow is a truly curious place. There are countless towers, capped with golden or green domes, flashing crosses, and the general appearance of 'a city in a garden.'

The Kremlin is a strange medley of palace, cathedral, museum, and fortress. It is wholly surrounded by a strong wall. Here kings are crowned and kings are buried. Here bells sound, the biggest and most solemn in the world. Here are diadems and sceptres of conquered kingdoms, thrones, arms, and other curiosities. Here is the long ivory comb with which the old Czars combed their beards.

One church in Moscow is so constructed, that twenty-one different congregations can worship at one time, without interfering with each other. Here is an exercise-house, the largest perhaps in the world, where great bodies of troops can manœuvre in bad weather. Here are fine hospitals, huge barracks, manufactories, and warehouses full of the most varied merchandise; for Moscow is assuredly one of earth's foremost cities.

Russia is not a pleasant country to live in. You never know what may happen.

'I narrowly escaped punishment for having strings in my shoes,' said a traveller. 'If a man walked too slow, or too fast, or whistled, or sang, or stopped to look at any building, or wore too thick a neckcloth, into prison he went, and bread and water was his diet.'

The Russians are very religious. Your driver, when he sees a church, salutes it. When he mounts the box, or dismounts, he signs himself with a cross. But this sort of outward piety is sometimes put on.

The religious shows at Easter beat everything of the sort in the world. Lent, a season of fasting, is followed by Easter, a time of riot. When Lent is over the great bell tolls at midnight, all the streets are a-blaze, all the churches full, every shop crowded, almost every one you meet has something good to eat in his hands. The Archbishop goes round the cathedral, kissing pictures; the people do the same; and every one shouts out, 'Christ is risen.'

The people are clever mimics, and make better wax oranges and lemons than any other people. We

have not heard whether they have yet tried their hands at wooden nutmegs. Grown-up men are not ashamed to ride on a wooden horse, or swing in a chair.

Even when full of merriment, the Russian is kind-hearted. Few quarrels are heard, few blows are given, few lives endangered.

The Russians are grateful. Once the under-governor of Moscow was ordered off to Tobolsk, in Siberia. Crowds came to say farewell.

'Do you need money?' asked one.

'I do,' replied he; 'but much more than you can supply.'

'How much do you want?'

'Twenty-five thousand roubles.'

The man went home, and returned with notes to that amount. He counted them, handed them over to the governor, made a bow, and retired without another word.

Russia is one great plain, or series of plains, one a little higher than another. Part is very barren, and part is very fertile in wheat, rye, flax, and hemp. It has the largest forests in the world; and firewood, tar, pitch, and potash, are largely exported.

There is a region of rocks and lakes between the Gulf of Finland and the White Sea. Here is Ladoga, the largest lake in Europe. It is bigger than all Yorkshire. The basin of the river Volga is the best part of Russia. It is three times the size of France. Along its banks are fertile plains. It empties itself into the Caspian, and has no cataract, nor any rapids, in its long course of 2000 miles.

There are a few wild horses still in the plains of Russia, and the tribes who wander in the steppes, as they are called, have camels and buffaloes, and are annoyed by swarms of locusts.

The Russian nobles are very rich. Count Orloff had four hundred servants. What could he do with them? Another had 70,000 peasants belonging to him, each of whom paid him money.

The palaces are magnificently fitted up, and the funerals of the great are splendid and curious. Their 'last home' is crimson and silver; incense rises; solemn chants are heard; the lid is removed once more, and the lips of the dead man are kissed, and some old servant sobs loudly. The lid being replaced, the coffin is hurried off, as fast as horses can tear with it, to the grave, the footmen being out of breath in trying vainly to keep up with the flying hearse.

THE WAR ELEPHANT.

AT what time the Indians first subdued and trained the elephant for their use in state and war we have no means of knowing, but it must have been very long ago, for his form is carved in their most ancient sculptures, and he is spoken of with veneration in their oldest books; and Ganesa, the God of Wisdom in Indian mythology, is represented with the head of an elephant on account of the great sagacity of that animal.

In Indian sculptures, kings and great men are frequently seen sitting astride of their elephants, as if they rode on fat horses. The 'mahout,' or driver, sits on the neck, the chief on the middle of the back,

and an attendant nearer the tail; so that they are all sitting one behind another, just as boys ride the smaller of the elephants at the Zoological Gardens. This was probably the manner in which they were always ridden at first, the young or small animals only being used; but when men found how docile and gentle they were, they furnished the larger ones with the magnificent 'howdah,' in which the king sat in state, with his attendant; and, finally, the great war elephant was trained to carry on his back towers or castles filled with archers and spearmen. In the game of chess, which is of Hindu origin, and represents a battle, the piece which we call the 'castle,' is, in Indian sets of chessmen, an elephant with a tower on his back: so that, in fact, it is the elephant and castle.

In Eastern warfare the towers that the elephants carried into battle were so large that they contained ten, fifteen, and sometimes, as it is said, as many as thirty armed men, who shot arrows or hurled javelins at the enemy beneath them, whilst they themselves were out of danger. The elephants, by their enormous weight, breaking through the hostile forces, and frightening the horses by their huge size, trampled the foemen under their great feet, gored them with their tusks, or seizing them with their trunks, tossed them high into the air. But when the creatures were wounded they became unmanageable, and, turning their fury on their own friends, they gave the victory over to the enemy, of which there are many instances in history.

Porus, the bravest of the Indian kings who opposed Alexander the Great, met that conqueror on the banks of the Indus with a large army of horse and foot, and two thousand war elephants. In arranging his line of battle, he stationed these animals all along the front at distances of a hundred feet apart; and filled up the intervals with foot soldiers. He placed his hope of victory in his elephants; and at the first charge the tremendous shock of the huge creatures threw the well-disciplined troops of Alexander into confusion, and even broke through the Macedonian phalanx. But the soldiers soon rallied, and attacking the elephants wounded them, and mutilated their trunks, the part in which they are most sensitive; and the poor animals, wild with pain and terror, were driven back amongst the ranks of the Indians, where they spread havoc and destruction, and were the main cause of Porus losing the battle.

After the time of Alexander the war elephant was introduced into the West. The Greek kings of Syria and Egypt had them in their armies, and Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, brought great numbers of them from Africa into Europe, during his wars with the Romans; but the difficulty of managing them when wounded, and the disasters they so frequently produced on their own side, at length caused them to be entirely disused. Even in Eastern warfare they no longer take part in the battle. Elephants are employed in our Anglo-Indian army, but it is only in dragging the artillery, carrying heavy burdens, or removing and piling timber, a task which they perform with wonderful dexterity and sagacity as well as strength.

A. R.



The War Elephant.

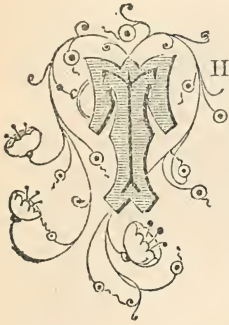


The Shepherd showing his weakly Lambs to the Girls.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 60.)

CHAPTER IX.



THE little girls were awoke next morning by Betty coming into their room, already with gown and sleeves tucked up, and sun-bonnet well tilted over her forehead; in fact, armed cap-à-pié for action, with the exception of the pattens, which were waiting at the kitchen door. The sun was only just peeping round a shoulder of the hill,

and the dew lay thick and fresh on everything, and there was a chorus of birds of all sorts and sizes, from the hoarse caw of the rooks in the churchyard elms, to the sharp, silver note of a wren on a rose-bush outside the window. Molly and Nora had slept so sound, that it seemed only a minute ago since Betty had fetched their candle, and left them with the moon peeping in at the uncurtained window, and drawing the outline of the trellised window-frame, and rose branches on the whitewashed wall opposite. And here she was back again, and it was morning, and Betty did not seem to understand any one wishing to lie a-bed when the sun was up any more than that they should stay out of their beds long after that sensible luminary had set. Besides, she hadn't e'er an egg in the house for breakfast, and, maybe, the young Misses would run down to the mill, and see if Mike's hens was laying.

'I knew as there was somat as I wanted to ask the lad last night, but I couldn't put my tongue to it, all along of that good-for-nothing, bothersome old clock, as put me about so!'

Go? Of course the girls would go! and they were out of bed in a moment, and bustling along with their dressing in a manner that would have been highly pleasing to nurse at home, who often found it hard work to get them out of bed three hours later in the morning, and then had to grumble at 'daddling' over dressing, and lateness in appearing at breakfast. Not that they were lie-a-beds at home, for Pat and Paddy had to be off early to school, so breakfast was at eight every morning, but Molly and Nora were not used to be up and out at half-past five, and everything looked strange and beautiful, and the shadows seemed all to fall the wrong way.

'Here's a suppit of milk for ye,' called Betty from the kitchen: 'and a bit of bread to take in your hands to keep the morning air out, as is apt to be raw. And here's a basket, and if Mike has got no eggs himself, he'll know where they're to be got. And do'ee now find out if Mrs. Holloway be going into market to-day, or who be going, for I've more than a few things as wants getting.'

So off the girls ran, eating their bread as they went down the lane.

'It's so early,' Nora said; 'do you think Mike will be up? It was only ten minutes to six as we came out, or else the kitchen clock has stopped again.'

But early as it was, all the Bydown world was astir; a plough-boy peeped over a hedge at them, and tossed a dewy cowslip over to them, and he had already traced two long, straight furrows across the field this morning, where the thrushes were finding plenty of worms for breakfast, in the fresh-turned, sweet-smelling, brown earth; a big waggon, loaded high with straw from Northbury Farm, lumbered by them, taking up so much room that the girls had to get into the hedge out of the way; a shepherd coming from the hill-side stopped to show them two little weakly lambs, that he was carrying home in his big pockets to be nursed up by the fire; the smith was shoeing a great cart-horse; and the mill-wheel began to turn as they came in sight of it. Life begins early in the morning at Bydown.

One end of Bydown Mill is very old, with heavy, black timbers, and soft-tinted, weather-stained bricks, showing wherever the ivy has not smothered them, with a tiled roof, rich in yellow lichen and green moss and house-leek, and a stack of grand, old chimneys—a palace for the jackdaws. At this end there is a bit of mossy grass by the mill-stream, with an old, broken-down sun-dial, and a big willow that dips its long branches into the water.

But on the other side Bydown Mill has not been left to the beautiful, tender hand of time. The present miller, John Webb, is a sensible, stirring man, and he has added to the mill a new building of the brightest red brick, and the plainest and most modern design of ugliness, and a cart-house beyond of painted white wood, with bright green doors and red tiled roof—the sort of house you would find in a box of Dutch toys.

All the work and bustle of the place went on at the new part of the mill, where there was always coming and going, and the sound of machinery, and the water foaming, and rushing, and dancing away from under the wheel, while the old part above seemed sleeping by the old mill-stream; where the water sucked the willow boughs gently towards the sluices, and the pigeons cooed drowsily on the roof.

Mr. Webb had a house to match the new part of the mill a little further down the stream, all spick and span, red and new, while Mrs. Warren lived in the old mill with Michael and Elizabeth, a fretful, wearisome life, as Betty had described, leaving the children to do just as they liked, and too much taken up with her own bad health and hard fate to think of anything else.

When the two girls came to the front of the mill, Mike was leaning with half his body out of one of the windows, intent on something in the branches of a cherry-tree in full bloom, that once had been trained against the wall, but had grown independent for want of attention, and pushed its snowy-blossomed boughs quite clear of the house.

'Good morning,' called Molly, from beneath, and so startled Mike that he nearly fell out of window, and a shower of dewy blossoms fell on the girls' up-turned faces.

'We've come to see if you have any eggs,' added Nora.

'Wait a minute,' answered Mike, and he wriggled back in at the window, and appeared soon afterwards at the door with only one arm in his jacket, and

buttoning his collar as he came. 'You've come to see the rabbits?' he said.

'No, we've not; it's for eggs. Betty said if you hadn't got any, you would be sure to know where we could get some.'

'All right! We'll have a rummage after them here first, and if we don't find enough we'll go on to the farm. But come in first, I'll show you the owl I shot and stuffed myself.'

The girls hesitated at the door, it seemed such a very early hour to pay a call; but Mike said, 'Oh! you needn't be afraid, mother's in bed; she don't show up till the day is well aired. You must come down some afternoon and see her when she knows you're coming, and she'll put on her best gown and be sitting in the parlour; that's what she likes, you know.'

The house was as old and quaint inside as it was outside; the floors were uneven, and there were unexpected steps in dark corners to betray the unwary; the doorways were crooked, and the stairs shallow and unequal, with heavy twisted banisters of black oak. The rooms into which they peeped were all more or less untidy and uncomfortable, looking as if they wanted a visit from Betty's broom and scrubbing-brush; and there was a musty, close smell, as if the windows were never opened; and the best parlour, which Mike showed them with some pride, did not please the girls at all, there was so much shabby smartness about it—cut paper, and bead ornaments, and crochet antimacassars; and they much preferred Mike's own special domain, which he displayed to them afterwards.

It was a room at the back of the house, with a sloping roof and a window nearly covered with ivy, looking over the water. It was so near the wheel that the room shook and groaned with every turn, and everything was covered with thick white dust from the flour that worked its way through the cracks in the floor and walls. It had settled even on the glossy plumage of the magpie, who came hurrying to meet them in a friendly manner, though it requested them to 'Get out,' and 'Be off,' and on the soft ears of the rabbits, who were too much engaged with a heap of cabbage-leaves to take any notice of the intruders. At one end of the room there was a settlement of rabbit-hutches, in and out of which the rabbits ran at will, as the doors all stood open, and in the very middle of them dozed a big black cat, before whose nose the rabbits scampered and frisked without the smallest fear, and on whose back the magpie hopped unproved until he gave her ear a malicious tweak, upon which she opened one eye sleepily and shook off her disturber.

'Won't she hurt the rabbits?' asked the girls, who, in London, had grown to regard cats as the natural enemies of all pet animals.

'Not a bit,' said Mike; 'she has enough to do with the rats. They swarm about the mill, and they'd make short work of the rabbits if it were not for old Mouser. Wouldn't they, old puss?'

There was a nest of young starlings, nearly fledged, whom Mike had been bringing up by hand, and who stretched out long, bare necks, and opened huge mouths with yellow corners to them, and uttered loud fretful complaints at the sight of their foster-father, Mike. There were also two young hedge-

hogs, whose bristles were still soft and limp, and who let Mike unroll them to show the girls their innocent pig faces and little pink hands. The window-seat was filled up with plants and cuttings which Mike was nursing; but these had all to be carefully protected, as the magpie and the rabbits were not to be trusted like Mouser. In one corner was a carpenter's bench and a lathe, and in another pots of oil-paint and brushes, and in the cupboard behind the door was the owl, which Mike had stuffed himself, and a weasel he was stuffing now, and a collection of birds' eggs that would have made Pat's mouth water, and fishing-rods, and lines, and flies of all descriptions. The girls did not see half these treasures that first morning, for there was not time, and they remembered the eggs, after which they were to rummage. And rummage, indeed, they must to find Mike's hens' eggs, for they chose to lay in every place except the neat little fowl-house which Mike had made for them. One had a nest under the hayrick, another preferred the thatch of the shed, a third had a fancy for the old pant drawn up under the willow, and a fourth had selected a corner of the new cart-house, and not all the noise and bustle could drive her away. But when all these haunts, and several others, had been visited, there were not many eggs in Molly's basket; so they went on along the lane to the farm, where everything was in a very lively condition owing to its being market-day, and Mrs. Holloway, in a silk gown, and a new bonnet, and a high complexion, and a ruffled temper.

She was making it rather hot for the two dairymaids, who were packing the baskets of butter and eggs, and cream cheeses, and who wished devoutly every Friday that 'there wasn't no such day as market-day.' She found a kind word for Molly and Nora, however, and made them free to search the nests at the farm, since she could not spare any of the market-eggs, while she sent Mike running off to the Vicarage, to see what it was that Parson's Betty wanted from town, for she would be off as soon as ever those lazy, good-for-nothing hussies had finished packing the baskets.

(To be continued.)

THE BRAVE STETTINER AND HIS COMRADE, THE JEW.

THE siege, by the Germans, of the strong French fortress of Belfort during the war was a very dangerous and difficult undertaking. One day during this siege two men, belonging to the same company, were serving together in a trench. One was the son of a rich merchant at Stettin, the other was a Jew. The comrades had become good friends, and were talking together.

'For my part,' said the brave Jew to his Stettin friend, 'I do not fear death: but for my dear mother's sake I would gladly live, and continue in good health: for I am her only son, and my death would make her homelessly wretched.'

"Time—and this was their last conversation—the Stettiner called out to his friend,—

'I am terribly thirsty. Have you a drop for me in your bottle?'



The brave Stettiner and his Comrade, the Jew.

Very cautiously, as it seemed, the Jew got up in order to hand the bottle to his friend; but his head had just rose over the edge of the earthwork, and, alas! it was instantly shattered by a piece of shell.

This was a bitter grief for his friend; and he wrote to his parents how the thought that he had been the cause of the death of his faithful comrade allowed

him no rest; and he urged his father at Stettin to support the mother of the fallen man.

And this the father faithfully did. He went to the dwelling of the mother of his son's friend. He whispered words of comfort to the old woman. He gave her a sum of money, and promised to support her during the rest of her life.



"My Lord" overboard.

THE TORTOISE AND 'MY LORD.'

WE had all our names aboard the training-ship—not our real names, but those we gave each other because they seemed to suit, and which stuck by us ever so much better than Jims, and Toms, and Georges.

I was Chirpy, because I was a little chap I suppose, and very light on my legs, hopping hither and thither like a sparrow; and my three great chums were Cockles, Brag, and the Tortoise.

Cockles got his name from his splendid imitation of the cry of Hot Cockles. Brag was something of a boaster, of course you've guessed that; but as he

hailed from my old village we were on friendly terms. I could always laugh the nonsense out of him. The Tortoise was a heavy, slow sort of chap, always working when other lads were skylarking; and constantly being chaffed for his creepy way of getting through the world. He'd toil at a bit of a job that other lads would just scamper through, and many a rough word he'd get from the schoolmaster and the ship's officers for his stupidity.

Tortoise seemed a jolly name for him, and he took to it quite kindly. The fellows said you couldn't rile him, try how you would; they rather despised him for it: but once or twice it came across me that he tried to keep his temper under provocation, and that he was a better sort of a boy than most of us. That was my fancy, at least.

There was one other lad whose nickname I shall give you—'My Lord'—a pretty sort of little chap, with an arched nose and a grand way of speaking. He belonged in some way to the schoolmaster, who petted him and cockered him up. He wasn't much of a favourite as you may fancy, and the very first day of his arrival the Tortoise rescued him from a set of rough fellows who had taken offence at his lordly way of treating them, and were giving him a sound drubbing. The little lord, however, did not seem at all grateful, and carried his nose well in the air whenever he met the Tortoise afterwards, as much as to say,—'Now don't presume on the trifling service you were able to render me the other day.'

Once My Lord openly scorned the poor Tortoise, flinging out a taunt concerning fellows who were born in a workhouse, which was supposed to touch him very nearly; but the Tortoise never took it up, which some thought poor-spirited of him.

You see, even on board a training-ship there are lads of all sorts, and some are very bad sorts.

My Lord was very often on the sick list—shamming because he was the schoolmaster's pet, many said; but the Tortoise was not one of these.

Perhaps he didn't hear or didn't care for the pale little lad's muttered disgust when the Tortoise caught his cap one day blowing anywhere in a stiff breeze. The child had been ill all night, and was sitting looking still sick and wretched in the shrouds. The schoolmaster called him down. My Lord grumbled and never moved.

'A surly little brute,' said Brag.

'He looks bad,' said the Tortoise.

'He looks vicious,' declared Cockles.

'Torty, I don't know how you ever care go near him,' persisted Brag: 'I believe he'd rather die than let you touch him, a nasty, little, spiteful thing!'

'I had a little brother once with light hair,' said the Tortoise, slowly. That was all. I didn't know till long after that this little brother had pined and died in a London workhouse just before the Tortoise joined us.

We didn't talk any more, for we saw the schoolmaster coming. So did My Lord. He hastily and unsteadily began to quit his perch. How it happened I can't tell, perhaps he turned giddy: but he lost grasp and footing. There was a shrill scream and a splash, and then a terrible cry of 'Man overboard.' Cockles rushed to the side, Brag stood as white as death, staring as if his eyes would fall out.

The schoolmaster could not swim. He was wringing his hands. He rushed up to the Tortoise, the biggest lad present.

'Save him! save him! I will pay you! I will reward you!' he gasped out.

'I cannot swim,' answered the Tortoise, firmly, and turned away.

It was true enough, he was trying hard to learn; but he would as yet have been unable to save a drowning comrade. His words sounded harsh, however. The schoolmaster threw up his arms in an agony.

'You will let him die, then!' he shrieked.

After that all was bustle and confusion, a flinging out of life-buoys, a vain endeavour on the part of little lads to do something.

Brag was overboard himself when the first shock was over, only to be ordered back immediately by one of the officers, who by this time was on deck. Just then a voice hailed me—the Tortoise.

'Come on,' he said shortly, and I came.

He and some other lads had lowered a boat, the Tortoise giving the orders.

'Life-buoys are of no use with the current setting in away from him,' said the Tortoise. 'Pull away, boys.'

We struck out with a will, the Tortoise in full command. We did not lose a second then; we seemed to have confidence in our captain, and we implicitly believed in his ability to direct us. His voice assumed a dignity which seemed to belong to it, his sleepy eyes shone wide awake and full of spirit. The Tortoise was another creature. Just as the lad was sinking for the third time we reached him; the Tortoise leaned over, and, aided by Brag and myself, dragged him into the boat.

'Back to the ship,' said the captain. And back we flew. The Tortoise had the light head cushioned on his arm, he would not let any one else touch it.

It was a bad business bringing the drowned lad back to life, the doctor shook his head over him many times. But he did come round, and the first thing the schoolmaster did was to throw his arms round the Tortoise's neck and beg his pardon for his hard thoughts of him.

'You had your wits about you, my lad,' said the doctor to the blushing Tortoise. 'This little chap owes his life to you.' Yes, he did really blush then.

There were two or three odd results of this day's adventure. First, the Tortoise became a bit of a hero in the ship. One and another began to find out that if he was slow he was sure, and that what he learned once he never forgot. Then, too, the rest of the lads (I always knew it) discovered that Torty was a real good fellow, workhouse or no workhouse. And thirdly, poor little sick My Lord came to be the staunchest admirer and friend of his preserver. The shock of his drowning seemed to have set him straight in one way, while it did for him in another. He had been a spoilt, sickly little fellow, a widowed mother's darling, and when she died the schoolmaster took to spoiling him. It seems he, the schoolmaster, had been very fond of the widow, only she never cared for him—at least so we boys heard.

My Lord never did a day's work after the accident, however; he just lay on deck white and piny-looking,

till all we lads grew quite sorry for him and almost envious of the Tortoise, who could always bring a smile to the pale face.

After a while they removed him on shore to try and bring him round. But they couldn't; and one summer's afternoon the Tortoise got leave to go on shore to a funeral. It was My Lord's.

H. A. F.

ST. VALENTINE AND HIS DAY.

WE are bound to confess, that when the month of February arrives Saint Valentine becomes a very important person to our young folk. For a month or more his power seems supreme, and we also know that all the year round deft fingers are busy upon the offerings suitable to his day.

Who was Saint Valentine, and what has he to do with this strange custom?

It is more easy to answer the first question than the second.

All that is known of the Saint is soon told. The origin of our present custom is not so certain. More than one explanation has been given, and the following has much in its favour.

Isaac D'Israeli has pointed out that many of our children's games, the tumblers and street acrobats, the carnivals and speaking pantomimes of Italy, were all once common in ancient Rome. And so the custom connected with Saint Valentine's name may also be traced to a rite in vogue in the same city.

In the month of February a feast called *Lupercalia* was held, in honour of the rustic god Pan. Then took place a rite, no doubt much in favour with the young people at Rome. The names of young females were placed with proper solemnity in a box, and shaken up. The young men then drew these names, and thus each obtained what we should call a Valentine.

But the leaders of the early Christian Church, wishing to do away with pagan rites and superstitions, made a change in this. The young men, instead of drawing the names of lasses, drew those of early Saints, and each was supposed to imitate the example of the Saint whose name he drew.

As the pagan rite took place about the fourteenth of February, that day was fixed on for the new ceremony. Then, that being Saint Valentine's Day, his name has come down to us linked with the custom.

So we can fully acquit Saint Valentine of having aught to do with our present style of celebrating his day. He was a Christian Martyr, who suffered death at Rome under the Emperor Claudius.

The extraordinary number of letters now posted on the thirteenth and fourteenth of February is scarcely credible. But, without the aid of figures, we can obtain some idea from the lateness of the postman's call, and the strange figure which he generally presents on those days.

Poor man! he has something for nearly every house on that morning, and has to make his round, hung about with bags and bundles like a beast of burden. And yet he makes the best of it, and has a kind word for the youngsters who hurry to the door to meet him.

A. R. B.

A POPULAR CHINESE STORY.

THERE were two short-sighted men, Ching and Chang, who were always quarrelling as to which of them could see best. As they had heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighbouring temple, they determined that they would visit it together on a given day, and put their powers of eyesight to the test. But, each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went by stealth to the temple, and looking quite close to the tablet he saw an inscription, with the words, 'To the great man of the past and the future.' Chang also went, prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription, 'To the great man of the past and the future,' he read in smaller characters, 'This tablet is erected by the family of Ling in honour of the great man.'

On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed,—

'The inscription is, "To the great man of the past and the future."'

'True,' said Chang; 'but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read but you cannot, and which is written in small letters. "Erected by the family of Ling in honour of the great man."'

'There is no such inscription!' said Ching.

'There is!' said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, they agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple. He heard their story, and quietly said,—'Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read; it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday.'

A TAME PHEASANT.

PHEASANTS are naturally such shy birds that one is surprised when one finds an instance of their becoming at all tame. However, we have such a one here—a cock that was reared in the grounds last summer, and now regularly comes to the windows to be fed. There have been one or two curious incidents in its career, for during the winter we had another cock pheasant and three hens in a pheasantry wired over to keep them safe. 'Beauty,' which is our pet's name, kept constant watch on the inmates of the pheasantry, and one morning, greatly to our surprise, there he was in the pheasantry, and the other cock laid dead. We supposed he had managed to insert himself where the wire was cut to admit the branch of a tree. However, Beauty was captured, and could not find his way out again; and he remained there some time, until we thought it safe to turn down the hens in the plantation. They were accordingly—Beauty and the others—conveyed in a hamper one evening and cautiously let out; when, lo and behold, next morning Beauty had returned and was pecking about as usual in his accustomed spot, and has never since left the garden. At night he roosts in an apple-tree in a walled garden, and if there is any unusual sound Beauty crows loudly, as he does at intervals during the day, at the same time flapping his wings. He seems to know when strangers are about, and on those occasions he hides himself in the bushes.

E. O. M.



A Tame Pheasant. By HARRISON WEIR.



Madam Carson in Church.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 67.)

CHAPTER X.



LONG before the first week at Bydown was over, Molly and Nora were thoroughly at home at the Vicarage, and almost equally so at the Mill and at Mrs. Holloway's Farm, and at many other houses in the village, and the people all seemed quite old friends. The time passed so wonderfully quick, though, by getting up at five in the morning, they added nearly three hours to the usual length of their days, and yet the days were not half long enough for all they had to do, and Nora could hardly believe it possible that they had been a week at Bydown when Molly reminded her.

They used to take it by turns to ring the bell for morning and evening prayer, and they very soon got over their fear of Dr. Carlyon, and their embarrassment at his odd, uncertain ways, and they adopted the Bydown fashion of taking care of him, and treating him as an irresponsible person. They used to wait upon him at meals, and taste his tea to see if it were sweet enough, and help him to potatoes, and plenty of cream with his tart, and put the mustard quite out of reach when it was not required, as on one occasion he had poured it over his rhubarb-tart instead of a custard; and they prevented the cat from eating out of his plate, as that presuming creature was much inclined to do during her master's fits of abstraction.

They kept his hat brushed and his gloves mended, and saw that he put them on, and found his spectacles, and the book he was reading, and reminded him what sick people he had to go and see, and went with him and showed him the way; and even one day Molly ventured to creep into his dusty little study when she wanted to write to father, and not be disturbed by Nora or Mike or Betty, and the little Doctor seemed quite pleased, and mended a quill pen for her, which made a succession of the most appalling blots, and he told her to come whenever she liked, which encouraged her to repeat the visit.

As for Mike Warren, he was their constant companion, whether it was in long wanderings over hills and downs, or exploring along the stream through tangled copses and thick-growing alders, or in the dusty mill lumber-room, shaken by the turning of the wheel, feeding the young starlings, and coaxing the magpie to croak out their names, or hunting for birds'-nests in the spring woods, or nursing young lambs in the shepherd's cottage.

I do not know what Honor or Aunt Bell would have said to this great friendship with poor Mike, and even Betty, fond as she was of the boy, had misgivings sometimes if he was fit company for them; for Mike was more used to be with ploughboys and farm-labourers than with young ladies, and with them he had heard and learnt to use rough language and expressions that even Betty felt were coarse and rude; and his mother, when she had not her fine-company manners on, was not very refined. But

whether it was that Mike inherited from those worthless forefathers of his gentle blood and natural refinement, or whether he had picked up some notions from the strange old Doctor, who was the only gentleman he was ever brought into contact with, or whether it was only a simple, kindly nature that adapted itself readily to the company it was in, it would be hard to say, but certainly, when Mike was with Molly and Nora, there was nothing to complain of as to politeness. I was going to say he was quite as polite as Pat ever was, but that is not saying much; and as to his talk, it was very much like Pat and Paddy's careless schoolboy chatter, and he was always the first to notice when he made any slip with his tongue, and spoke as he would in the parlour at the 'Red Lion,' or to the waiters in the mill-yard; and it did not even need a puzzled look from either of the girls to bring the colour flushing up into his face when he had made such a mistake.

In the opinion of the girls Mike Warren was a most delightful companion, and with the trifling exception of reading and writing, there seemed nothing that he could not do, and nothing he was not willing to do for their pleasure, and he even applied himself to master the three R's at their request when he saw that they really wished it.

They had been at Bydown a whole week before they saw Neville Carson again, and they had almost forgotten his existence, and had left off feeling a quiver of fear lest Skipper should appear when they climbed the hill or crossed the downs; but then, as Mike was generally with them, they would not have been afraid to meet a dozen Skippers.

There was only an old lady in the Hall seat at church on Sunday, who Betty told them was Madam Carson, and who came waddling into church after the prayers had begun with much rustling of handsome silk, and a tall footman behind carrying a cushion and a large Prayer-book. She looked about a good deal through a double gold eye-glass, and all the women and children dropped deep bow courtesies as she passed out to the big carriage waiting at the churchyard gate.

But it was not till the following Wednesday that they saw Neville. The two girls were coming up from church, walking hand-in-hand with Elizabeth, and the Doctor had been caught at the churchyard gate by an old woman with a long-winded story.

It was Holy Week, so the morning service was longer than usual, and there were two or three other people from the village, besides the two girls and Elizabeth. They did not make much progress in friendship with Elizabeth, who evidently regarded them rather as intruders at the daily service, but sometimes she would take their hands on the way from church, or follow them with Mike along the river-side, and fill her pinafore with daffodils and dandelions.

To-day, as the three children came up the lane, they all pulled up together in surprise at the sight of the stately, stout old Vicarage cat, who was called Tabbyskins, at the very top of the Vicarage thatch, very ruffled and arched in the back, and very thick in the tail, and Betty standing at the gate, also evidently ruffled and very sooty about the apron and face and arms; and behind her, looking out at the

parlour window, were two faces, one long and narrow, with eyes near together and smiling, and the other big and black, with a wide-open mouth and tongue hanging out, panting—Neville Carson and Skipper.

'I thought you was never coming,' said Betty. 'Here's that young Carson have been here half an hour and more with that brute of a dog up to all the mischief you please. I was just tying on my new bonnet in the back kitchen when I heard a knock at the front door, and in a mighty hurry seeming, as it kept on knock, knock, knock. I might have known who it was by that, but I thinks to myself thinks I, "Whoever you be, you can just wait; patience is a virtue;" and I was just putting the bonnet back into the box, when in bounced that great beast right through the window, and Tabbyskins went straight up the chimley as hadn't been sweep for this six years, and down came the soot over everything, smothering the place; my new bonnet I could cry to look at it, and the shirts on the ironing-board, and the butter as had just come in, and I don't know what all, giving me such a turn as I shook like a jelly, and feel just anyhow even now; and that young good-for-nothing just laughing as if it were a good joke!'

'What's he come for, Betty?'

'Why, have I never told you? He comes to do lessons with the parson like poor Mike, only he's not such a dunce. But though he do know more than Mike in some things, he hasn't learnt manners, and I don't hold with such learning. But where's the master?'

'He'll be here directly. But oh, Betty! whatever will become of that horrid dog while he's doing lessons with the Doctor?'

But just then Dr. Carlyon came up, and Molly and Nora, feeling that it would be cowardly to leave him to his fate, followed him in, prepared for the worst. They felt sure there was a malicious look in the dog's face, as if he remembered them and felt a grudge against them, and that the wriggle he gave when they came in was an attempt to get at them to finish them off.

They were so much taken up with the dog that they had hardly any attention to spare for his master, who certainly recognised them if the dog did not.

They were much relieved to hear that Neville Carson was only the bearer of a note from his mother to Dr. Carlyon, and had no intention of staying: and when the Doctor went into his room to answer the note they were left alone with their enemy, and were very much inclined to beat a hasty retreat, as Tabbyskins had done, though, perhaps, not up the chimney. However, they restrained their natural inclination, and remained leaning against the table, and stealing furtive glances at Neville Carson, who returned their scrutiny, and at Skipper, who was stretched at his master's feet, and looked harmless enough.

It was Neville who began the conversation, in a conciliatory tone. 'I had no idea, you know, the other day, that you were Dr. Carlyon's nieces.'

'We're not Dr. Carlyon's nieces,' Nora replied.

'Well, that you were staying here, you know, or I wouldn't have let Skipper frighten you.'

'I don't see what difference it made who we were,' was the discouraging answer.

'You see he wouldn't have done you any harm; it was only a lark.'

The girls preserved an expressive silence, and Neville, feeling that the subject was not a favourable one, changed it.

'There's going to be a school-treat up at our place next week. My mother always has the brats from the school to stuff with tea and cake on the lawn in Easter week till they can't see out of their eyes, and to play drop-the-handkerchief afterwards. I dare say you've heard all about it.'

Now Molly would dearly have liked to say she had heard nothing about it, but both Betty and the schoolmistress had told her of it, so she could not truthfully deny all knowledge of it.

But she was relieved from the necessity of an answer by a shrill whistle outside, at the sound of which Skipper started up with a growl, and the next minute Mike Warren appeared at the door with a great basket poised on his head, and a smile, as usual, on his lips. But the smile died away suddenly, and the basket gave a lurch, so that he had to catch it to keep it from falling, at the sight of Neville Carson, and without a word he turned and went on to the shed, where he was constructing a rabbit-hutch for the girls, with all the latest improvements, doors on hinges, and troughs to slide in and out.

'Hullo!' Neville Carson said. 'Was that that fellow, Mike Warren?'

His tone set the girls in arms at once.

'He's a very good fellow, and we like him very much, and Dr. Carlyon thinks very well of him, and he's been very kind to us.'

Neville gave a long whistle that was particularly irritating to the girls.

'Oh, he's all very well, I dare say!' he said; 'but he comes of a bad lot, and I wonder the Doctor let's him come about the place. His father was a shocking scamp, and so were all the Warrens before him, and Mike won't be much better from what people say. I don't know much about him. I don't care for cads myself, but I've heard he's as ignorant as he can be, and that he's always hanging about the "Red Lion," swearing and drinking with any one he comes across.'

'It's not true!' gasped Molly and Nora in a breath.

'It's not true! It's a shame to say so!'

'Well, it's only what I've heard!' Neville Carson went on. 'It's no matter to me; I don't know or care either as long as he doesn't come poaching in my coverts or after my trout, which he does, by the way, pretty freely.'

The girls did not know how to defend their friend, though they were overflowing with indignation, but they had a painfully clear remembrance of the beautiful trout Mike had brought the first day for dinner, and of Betty's remarks about them.

But just then Dr. Carlyon opened his door and called Neville in, and the girls were so relieved that they quite forgot to be frightened at being left alone with Skipper, who, after following his master to the study door, came back to the girls' feet, and rolled over on his back and stretched out his long, litho body, with his white shirt-front turned up, and



Birds of Passage. By HARRISON WEIR.

touched Nora with his great feathered foot, and looked up with brown eyes that seemed more full of mischief than of malice. And then Nora ventured on a pat, which being received in a friendly manner, Molly tried another; and when Neville Carson and Dr. Carlyon came back, Skipper was standing erect with his fore paws on Molly's shoulders, while Nora, mounted on a chair, was administering a biscuit to him over her sister's head.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BIRDS! joyous birds of the wandering wing!
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of
spring?"

'We come from the shores of the green old Nile,
From the land where the roses of Sharon smile,
From the palms that wave through the Indian sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.
We have swept o'er cities in song renowned—
Silent they lie with the deserts around!



EUROPE. — Spain.

We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled
All dark with the warrior-blood of old:
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's dome.

'And what have ye found in the monarch's dome,
Since last ye traversed the blue-sea's foam?'
'We have found a change, we have found a pall,
And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet's hall,
And a mark on the floor, as if life-drops spilt—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we built!'

'Oh, joyous birds! it hath still been so;
Through the halls of kings doth the tempest go!
But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep,
And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep.
Say, what have ye found in the peasant's cot,
Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?'

'A change we have found there—and many a
change!
Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!
Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,
And the young that were have a brow of care,
And the place is hushed where the children played—
Nought looks the same, save the nest we made!'

Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'er-sweep it in power and mirth!
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over the desert and deep have passed,—
So may we reach our bright Home at last!

MRS. HEMANS.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. VII.—SPAIN.



A MOST romantic country, but of late an unfortunate one. Made to sustain many more millions, it has fewer people by far than England and Wales. Filled with riches above-ground and riches below, favoured by position, sea-girt and mountain-defended, and inhabited by a bold and dignified set of men, Spain ought to hold her head higher than she does. May

brighter days await her!

Madrid is her capital city. One of her former kings, named Philip, placed his chief city here; and here it is, in the very middle of Spain: but the choice was a bad one. Spain has already had four capitals, Toledo, Cordova, Valladolid, and Madrid. Perhaps she may once more change her mind.

Madrid lies at a great height above the sea, on one of those wide table-lands which are found so much in Spain. Near it is the most spacious palace in Europe. It is called the Escorial. It is a mile round about, and it has 11,000 windows. Its ground-plan is that of a gridiron, with handle and bars complete. At each corner of the gridiron lofty towers arise. This strange house of kings and queens stands as high as

the wooden shed on the top of Snowdon. It is very cold for about nine months, and very hot during the other three.

Spaniards differ very much from one another.

The Castilians, in the centre of the country, are very proud, but most polite—what we call 'Nature's gentlemen.' The Galicians, at the north-west corner, are rough and industrious, and their wives are dark and weather-beaten. Down at the bottom of Spain (as you look at the map) are the thoughtless, merry, singing, dancing Andalusians. On the east coast, opposite the Balearic Isles, we find the hot-tempered and quarrelsome Valencians; and further up, near the Pyrenean mountains, we are among the rough but hard-working Catalonians. Between Castile and Portugal is Estremadura; but we need not describe the people there, for the Spanish proverb says, 'Estremadura has only pigs, sheep, and locusts, with here and there a man.'

Besides these, there are a curious race of people called Maragatos, meaning, Moorish Goths. These men are all carriers by trade. They are said to be the most honest carriers in the world. One, who grew rich, built a cathedral at Astorga, and there is a colossal figure of the carrier on the roof made of lead. You often see in Spain long trains of laden mules. At Valencia, a large city on the coast, you see mules decked out with trappings of every hue, carrying panniers of lovely fruit to market.

The gipsies, or gitanos, haunt the beautiful environs of Granada, in the far south. These children of the sun have coal-black hair, mahogany-coloured skins, and a very picturesque dress.

And as Spain possesses so many different races, so its appearance is more varied than any other European country. One thing is very curious about Spain, and it detracts much from its beauty. It has no lakes; and its rivers are small for so great a land, and some of them are nearly dry in summer. The whole interior is an elevated table-land, from two to three thousand feet above the sea-level. On this table-land rain is very scarce. Sometimes eight or nine months go by without a drop. Hence, much of Spain is *despoblado*, or desert. The Moors, who had possession of Spain for many centuries, were a very painstaking, ingenious people, and they stored up the precious rain-water for use in the drought, and by this means caused many a now deserted spot to blossom like the rose. These Moors introduced many valuable plants, such as, the palm-tree, into the country which they conquered and benefited. And when they were banished by the bigoted Spaniards they were made to leave the country so hastily, and so ill-provided with the necessaries of life, that many thousands perished of cold and want; and it is said that Spain has never flourished since that bad deed was done. At Ferrol there are vast docks and basins, but where are the proud navies that used to ride there? Those splendid docks are nearly useless now. Yet, what great sailors Spain used to rear! Magellan sailed from San Lucar, and Christopher Columbus from Palos; but where are now Spain's great explorers?

The public bull-fights, in which the Spaniards, high and low, rich and poor, take great delight, are barbarous and cruel, and unworthy of a Christian, or even a civilised, people.

Roads are few; that is, good roads. There are some called royal roads, made for the convenience of the kings when they journeyed from city to city, but most of the roads are merely tracks in which mule follows mule. The inns are uncomfortable. After the stranger has gone to bed, and is vainly trying to sleep, he will hear, and perhaps see through the ill-fitting boards of his bedroom floor, a number of mule-drivers dancing furiously, as if they had been idle all day, and required exercise for their health. It is their beloved '*bolero*,' and though it amuses you for a time, you soon begin to wish they would go and dance a mile off.

Spain has immense treasures below the surface. She has the richest quicksilver mines in the world. Her supply of silver was such in old days that the Phœnicians, who worked the silver mines, thought nothing of it, and made kettles, pots, and pans of it, as other nations do of iron or tin. At Toledo they still make splendid sword-blades. They are quite as good as ever they were, and in this Spain has not gone backward. It is rather in the ploughshare than in the sword that she has fallen off.

She has never got over the loss of her industrious conquerors, the Moors. Still, many good things come from Spain. Oranges from Seville (and he who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder); dried grapes from Malaga; beautiful leather from Cordova (our word *cordwainer*, or shoemaker, is a corruption of Cordova); and olives, dates, nuts, and chestnuts; sherry and cider, which are less useful. If the Spaniards were all as industrious as the Galicians were, and hoarded up their rain-water and sprinkled it over their sun-baked fields in summer, and if they had good laws, Spain might be one of the first of European nations. The country which can rear such a palace as the Escorial, with its 11,000 windows, and such a cathedral as that of Cordova, with 1093 marble columns supporting the roof, and such a noble building as the Alhambra, ought not to remain so far behind her sister nations.

HONESTY REWARDED.

A Chinese Story. From the French.



TSING-TAI, a merchant of Chen-Si, travelling to Mong-Tsing to buy cotton, carried with him a purse containing 170 ounces of silver. While he was crossing a mountain pass he let his purse drop without noticing it, and went on his way. The following day a poor labourer, name Chi-Jéou, found the purse while working in his field. Far from seeking to keep

the treasure, he at once purposed to restore it, and for this object he remained working till evening at the spot where he had found the purse, in hopes of seeing the owner of the money come to reclaim it. But as no one appeared, Chi-Jéou returned home and showed what he had found to his wife, who exclaimed,—

'We must not dream of keeping this money, for it does not belong to us; I should prefer to live in

poverty than to take the wealth of others. Try, then, to find him who lost it so as to restore it to him.'

On arriving at the inn, Tsing-Tai was not a little vexed to discover his loss, but as he was totally ignorant of the spot where the purse had fallen, he thought that all search for it would be vain. He published an advertisement, which he had posted on the four corners of the town, in which he promised to divide the sum with whoever should bring it back to him.

Chi-Jéou soon heard of this, and without losing a moment he hastened to the first mandarin of the town.

'I have found the purse,' he said; 'send for the merchant of Chen-Si, and by asking him a few questions I shall easily find out whether the purse belongs to him or not.'

Tsing-Tai was summoned, and as he could minutely describe the form of the purse and the sum of money inside it, his demand raised no difficulty. He had, therefore, the satisfaction of receiving his money in the same condition in which it had fallen from his mule.

Overjoyed at this agreeable surprise, Tsing-Tai opened his purse, and turning towards the man who had found it he said to him,—

'I have promised to divide this amount with whoever restored it to me. I desire now to keep my promise.'

'No,' replied the labourer; 'I have no right to it whatever; the entire contents of the purse belong to you, and I don't want to receive a single ounce of it.'

But the grateful merchant would not accept Chi-Jéou's refusal; he counted out eighty-five ounces, insisting that the labourer should accept them: but all in vain. As all this took place before Chi-Jéou's house, several of his neighbours were witnesses of his noble conduct. Finally, Tsing-Tai, seeing all his efforts useless, and desirous of proving his gratitude, adopted another plan. He placed 107 ounces on one side, and taking the 63 others in his hand, he said,—

'I won't conceal from you that the 107 ounces I have just put into the purse were borrowed: but these which I hold are my own, and I hope you will not hesitate to accept them.'

'No!' replied Chi-Jéou; 'I have no more right to that portion than to the other: both are yours, and you must keep them.'

All present were so charmed by such honesty that they went to the mandarin governor and told him what had just happened. The governor, as much struck as they were, and wishing to make such conduct public, sent for the labourer and the merchant, and when he had heard every particular about the purse he wrote and sent in a special report of the matter to the viceroy of the province.

The viceroy hastened to send a gift of fifty ounces to the honest labourer and his wife, as a reward of their virtue, accompanying it with a picture representing the generous dispute which took place before Chi-Jéou's door, with this inscription below:—'A husband and wife, both remarkable for their honesty.' He also ordered the circumstance to be recorded in the archives of the province.

J. F. C.



Tsing-Tai, the Chinese Merchant.



Mike caught hold of the whip and gave the Pony a slash.

N or M.

(Continued from page 76.)

CHAPTER XI.



WHEN Neville Carson had gone, and Molly and Nora ran out to the shed to tell Mike all about his visit, and how Mrs. Carson had written to ask them to go to the school-treat, he was nowhere to be found, and he did not turn up again till the afternoon, and then in rather a surly and uncomfortable frame of mind. They could not make out at first what was the matter with him, as they had

never seen him in this state before; but they soon made out that Mike had as thorough a dislike to Neville as Neville had to him, and that the very sight of him was enough to ruffle his temper.

'Are you going to the school-treat, Mike?'

Mike was putting the last touches to the rabbit-hutch, and he appeared to be quite absorbed in an obstinate nail that would go in crookedly; so Molly had to repeat her question,—'Are you going to the school-treat, Mike?'

'No.'

'Oh! I'm so sorry. Nora and I are going, and we thought it would be jolly if you were going too. Why won't you go?'

'First, because I'm not asked; and next, because I don't want to!'

'Mrs. Carson has written to ask us to go, and Betty says there will be all sorts of fun, jumping in sacks, and hurdle-races, and climbing a greasy pole, and dipping for pence in pans of water.'

Mike's only reply was a grunt, and Molly went on. 'She says there are lots of things for us to see at the Hall—dogs, you know, and peacocks, and gold and silver fish, and golden pheasants, and beautiful greenhouses and ferneries!'

Mike went banging away with needless noise and violence at the nail, and Nora now joined in. 'Do you know, Mike, we are quite friends now with Skipper? It's only his play, you know, though it's rather frightening at first, when one does not know him.'

Mike threw his hammer on the ground with a suddenness that made both the girls start. 'It's too hot,' he said, 'to do anything this afternoon.'

'Oh, Mike!' the girls said; 'it's so nearly done.'

But Mike seemed in a restless mood this afternoon, and though he picked up his hammer again, it was only to tap his own knuckles with it, or make dabs at a fly who was buzzing about.

'I suppose,' he said at last, 'now you're such great friends with young Carson, you'll always be up at the Hall, and we shan't see much more of you.'

'Oh, Mike! how can you say so? We're not friends at all with Neville Carson, it's only Skipper that we've made it up with; and we don't want to go to the school-treat, only Dr. Carlyon says we are to, and Miss Barnes wants us to help with the children.'

'He thinks himself a mighty fine gentleman,' Mike

went on, 'swaggering about and bullying whoever he's not afraid of, but he won't try bullying me again in a hurry.'

'What did he do?'

'He told me to open the gate in Combe Hollow. Oh! I didn't mind doing it—I'd do it for the tinker's donkey if he wanted it, but it was the way he did it. He knew well enough who I was and he shouts out,—"Here! open the gate, you!"'

'What did you say?'

'I said, "Open it yourself, you!" and he actually plucked up cheek to threaten me with his whip. So I caught hold of his whip and gave his pony a slash with it, that sent his back legs up in the air, and my young lord right over his head into the thistles. Didn't he look angry just about! but he didn't dare to say a word for fear of getting the whip about his own shoulders, but he went limping off after his pony who had made short cuts home.'

Mike had recovered his temper while describing this incident, and he was laughing now, but he did not seem inclined to settle down steadily to finishing the rabbit-hutch, so he proposed that they should go and see if the wood-pigeon had hatched in the fir-tree beyond the mill.

So off they went, but after Mike had perilled life and limb in climbing the fir-tree to look into the pigeon's nest, and found the eggs still unhatched, he came down with a new idea for their amusement.

'Look here,' he said; 'we'll go into Bydown Park. You know Betty says it all ought to belong to me by rights, so I've a right to show it to you, and I know every inch of the place better than he does. They've been sticking up notices about trespassing, and mending up the palings, but they won't keep me out so easy, I can tell them.'

It was a tempting proposal, and the girls were both of them anxious to please Mike, and to do what he wished, for they had an uneasy feeling that any civility to Neville Carson, or even friendliness with Skipper, was a sort of treason to Mike.

'There are lots of daffodils in the park,' Mike added; 'and king-cups down by the river: it's all yellow with them.'

'And there's the gold and silver pheasants,' said Molly. 'It's like Tom Tiddler's ground, picking up gold and silver.'

So off they went to Tom Tiddler's ground, along by the river across the water-meadows where the grass was already growing thick and high, and where they might have found gold enough in cowslips without trespassing further. Then they turned away from the river and mounted a knoll, at the top of which Mike stopped and pushed away the thickly shooting brambles and briers, and made an opening through which he pointed, saying,—'There he is!'

He was Bydown Hall, an old brick house all gables and mullioned windows and chimneys in a nest of great elm-trees, just newly veiled in Spring green, and black, solemn cedars; and between the house and the grove of young shoots and red thorns, through which the girls looked, was a wide spread of park all golden, as Mike had said, with daffodils, and with fine groups of oaks and beeches here and there: and to the right was the river, which spread out here into quite a broad sheet of water,

with an island in the middle of it, and on the water they could see swans and water-fowl swimming.

'Oh, Mike, what a beautiful place!' they exclaimed. 'How I wish it was yours!'

'Come on!' said Mike; 'we'll get a little nearer.'

They scrambled down through a copse, and made their way out on to the road that skirts Bydown Park for more than a mile on its way to Ilton. But as Mike had said, the fences had been newly made up round the Bydown estate, and the palings mended, and the notice-boards repainted, so it did not seem as if it would be easy to make closer acquaintance with Tom Tiddler's ground. But Mike was not easily to be daunted.

'We shall find a place down by the bridge,' he said.

But down by the bridge the fences were as forbidding as elsewhere, and though Mike could have solved the difficulty for himself, by taking off his shoes and wading through the shallow water, he could scarcely ask Molly and Nora to do the same.

'Look here!' he said, at last; 'if I climb up that bank, and give you a hand, you could get up, and the paling at the top is not nearly as high as the rest.'

'But there's the notice-board just over, Mike.'

'Yes, they always put it up just where it's easiest to get over, to frighten people. Here's a big stone you can step on, and then put your other foot on that root, and there you are! See—like me!'

It seemed easy enough for Mike, who was up in a minute with a scramble, and stretching out his hand to help Molly.

The girls were not bad climbers or afraid of a moderate tumble, or of tearing their clothes, as nurse could have borne indignant witness, as she mended, and darned, and patched.

So Molly boldly mounted on the big stone, and held out her hand to Mike, and Nora was prepared to render every assistance from behind.

But just at the critical moment when Molly's foot had left the big stone, and was searching about for some foot-hold higher up, and when the ivy-root on which her other foot was resting was beginning to loosen under the strain on it, wheels were heard approaching the bridge from the other side; and Nora, exclaimed,—

'Oh, Molly, here's some one coming!'

There was a second's hesitation on Molly's part as to whether she would go up or down; but this point was decided by the ivy-root giving way and throwing all her weight on Mike's hand, which, with all its good-will to do so, could not draw her up unaided to the top of the bank; so, with a clutch at a bramble to break her fall, Molly let go of Mike and slipped back, missing the big stone and nearly overwhelming Nora, and ending by finding herself in a sitting position in the road, with two fat horses from Bydown Hall pulled up within a couple of yards of her, looking down at her as well as their blinkers would allow, and jingling their harness. Mike had entirely disappeared from the scene, and Nora was standing by the carriage-door, being inspected indignantly by Mrs. Carson through those gold eye-glasses. Molly slowly picked herself up, and brushed some of the dust off her frock and put on her hat, and then came within range of the eye-glasses to Nora's rescue.

They were both of them rather dirty and untidy

from their scrambling walk, and Molly's fall had not improved her appearance; and they had been caught in a very awkward predicament, so it was not easy to behave with dignity as young ladies and visitors at the Vicarage; and Molly found Nora very red in the face, stammering out answers to Mrs. Carson's volley of questions.

'What were you doing, you naughty little girls? What's your name? Where do you come from? Do you know you might be sent to jail? I shall tell your mother of you.'

The position was complicated by Mrs. Carson being decidedly deaf, so that when Molly tried to explain the circumstances, which was a difficult-enough matter in itself, her efforts were quite thrown away, and Mrs. Carson only seemed to grow more angry.

I do not know what might have been the end of the matter—the girls thought, the jail—if a small black figure had not appeared in sight, hopping along and swinging its arms about as no one but Dr. Carlyon could do in the world. The girls, with a cry of delight, rushed to meet him, and came back to Mrs. Carson, each holding one of his hands, and feeling that they were saved from prison and disgrace.

Mrs. Carson's face changed from storm to set fair in a minute, and she was full of apologies to Dr. Carlyon for having mistaken his young visitors for some of the village children.

'But I am so short-sighted, you know, Doctor, and we have had such trouble with the children breaking down the fences.'

And then she invited the girls to get into the carriage and go for a drive with her, and she could not hear Molly's excuses that they had promised to go somewhere else, and had not got gloves or neckties on; and Dr. Carlyon thanked her and said they might go; and the tall footman opened the door and let down the steps; and there was nothing for it but to get in and make the best of it, and to try and hide their hands under the great fur rug that no one might see they were scratched and dirty, and had no gloves on, and to try and forget that the straw in Molly's hat-brim on one side was parting company and letting in the sunshine on her curly head and forehead, and that Nora had lost her hair-ribbon, and that her great plaited pig-tail was slowly unplaiting into a mane over her shoulders; and to try above all to forget that Mike was hiding somewhere near the bank, waiting for them to continue their walk, and that he would think them the basest of traitors for driving off in triumph in the enemy's carriage, and leaving him in the lurch.

It was in vain that Mrs. Carson smiled on them, and that every fold and crease of her double chin and countenance expressed good-nature; it was in vain even that she nodded off to sleep, and left them, without the restraint of her waking presence, to enjoy the grandeur of driving in such a fine carriage through villages where every one courtesied or touched their hats as they passed; it was in vain that they stopped at the confectioner's at Northbury, and were regaled with Bath buns and lemonade: nothing could make them feel cheerful or comfortable till they were safe back again at Bydown Vicarage in the kitchen with Betty.

(To be continued.)



A GOOD OLD MAN.

IN the last war in Germany, a captain of cavalry was out on a foraging party. Seeing a cottage in the midst of a solitary valley, he went up and knocked at the door. Out came a man with a beard silvered by age.

'Father,' says the officer, 'show me a field where I can set my troopers a-foraging.'

'Come with me,' replied the cottager, and he

walked before the troopers, and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley.

'There is the very thing we want,' says the captain. 'Have patience for a few minutes,' replied his guide; 'you shall be satisfied.'

They went on, and at a distance of about a quarter of a league further they reached another field of



EUROPE.—Italy.

barley. The troop dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and prepared to ride off.

The officer at parting said to his conductor, 'Father, you have given yourself needless trouble—the first field was much better than this.'

'Very true, sir,' replied the good old man, 'but it was not *mine*.'

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

No. VIII.—ITALY.



ITALY is the most interesting country in Europe, and one of the most beautiful. The plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, which nestle under the Alps and are watered by the Po (Italy's largest river), are perhaps the garden of Europe. From these smiling plains the eye can see the ever-whitened peaks which form their barrier and defence. Another chain of great mountains, though not so great, circle round Piedmont, separating it from France, sweep near the sea about Genoa, and then extend, like a backbone, through the whole of Italy, and also into Sicily, where the mountains make a sudden stop in the huge mass of Etna.

Italy has a large and industrious population, and her gifts to other nations are varied and valuable. Her skies are deeply blue, and her air exceedingly pure. The summers are hot; the winters are mild. Here grow the vine, the olive, the orange, the citron; here flourish lemon and myrtle-trees, the cotton plant and the palm. The oak, the beech, the silver fir, and the stone-pine, adorn the woods, among which roam the wolf, the lynx, and the wild boar. There are even cats in the plain of Pisa, and here they have increased and multiplied since the time of the Crusades.

Italy was, until lately, divided into seven kingdoms. As it is now one, and its people are counted by many millions, and are a very clever race, we shall no doubt see great things done. The old road-making skill of the Romans, which covered England with good highways long ago, has lately been showing itself again. Two splendid tunnels have been driven under the everlasting hills, one into France, the other into Switzerland. Even in England we have no such great works as these. The shortest cut now for an Englishman who is going to India is through one of these magnificent tunnels.

The capital of Piedmont is Turin—a handsome city of brick. Genoa, as seen from the sea, is a superb-looking town; its palaces and churches, rising one above another, give it an air of pomp and majesty, but when you land and walk about its narrow streets you are disappointed. Here Columbus was born. The chief city of Lombardy is Milan. Its glory is its Cathedral, vast and rich, all of white marble. Milan is a gay city. Italy is full of famous handsome towns, each of which deserves a page or two of *Chatterbox*, but we must pass most of them by—beautiful Florence, Pisa, Bologna, and many more. 'See Naples and die,' says the proverb, as if that were the very crown of earthly joys. No

crowd in the world so idle, noisy, and merry, as a Naples crowd, and none perhaps are so near a dreadful end from fire. Some day Naples may be ruined by its terrible neighbour Vesuvius, just as Pompeii and Herculaneum were eighteen hundred years ago. Those two cities were so thoroughly buried by the lava and ashes from the burning mountain that no one knew that cities were beneath their feet as they walked over them, until a man digging a well in 1711 stumbled on the room of a house.

As we wander over Italy, let us remember we are in a land that was great and famous long before our own. While our forefathers were eating chestnuts and living in bark wigwams, barely able to subdue the wolf at their door, the Romans were a great and polished people, dwelling in marble palaces and giving laws to the world.

Rome—what city is like it? It is a melancholy place to visit, for though it has still a large population, crowded streets, splendid houses, noble gardens, and a church for every day in the year, yet everywhere you see ruins which remind you that Rome has fallen! The Pope's palace, called the Vatican, must be larger even than the Escorial. It beats our palaces hollow. The number of rooms and staircases in it is incredible. Close by is the Cathedral of St. Peter. This eclipses all other religious buildings; it is simply impossible to describe St. Peter's. The mightiest of the ruined buildings is the Colosseum. It was a circus—but such a circus! Eighty thousand people could be present at one time beholding the games—such bloody games! Under Rome are the Catacombs—long passages eight feet high and five broad. On either side are dead men's bones. Here Christians used to worship God in evil days.

And where is there another Venice? What other land can boast so singular a place? The main streets are water—the cabs and omnibuses are boats, painted black. Venice used to be governed by Dukes, or Doges. There were seventy-two of them in one thousand years. You can see their likenesses, and among them is a frame without a face. The face that should have been there was not worthy to be painted. The Doge whose face should have filled that frame was put to death for treason.

Sicily was the granary of Rome. The silver bells of beautiful Palermo carry us back to the 'Sicilian Vespers.' This was the massacre of eight thousand Frenchmen one Easter Tuesday by the natives of Sicily, who seemed as if about to attend vespers, or evening service, at church. A strange sort of church-going! But the French had been insolent masters, and the people hated them. In Palermo you may see 20,000 wax candles lighted at one time, on the feast-day of St. Rosalia. A silver image of this fair young saint of sixteen is carried about in an immense car. In a fine church outside 'the Happy Gate' is a wonderful series of Bible pictures painted on the wall.

As you travel about Italy and Sicily you see strange sights. Here are a horse and cart finding shelter from the sun under a cactus. In England, a cactus grows in a flower-pot. About, you see tall waving palms; dark cypresses; mules laden with sulphur; men squeezing oil from olives in a rush basket; hungry people buying and eating macaroni; others playing

cards; barefooted and bareheaded monks; over-dressed children in pink satin and blue silk, and yellow shawls over their heads; you hear the tinkling of goat-bells on the mountain sides; you see the cows, also with bells, going to be milked; you see the muleteer dancing a tarantella; you feel sometimes the hateful sirocco, a hot blast that takes away all your strength, and you perhaps refresh yourself with a tumbler of wine, for which you pay a halfpenny.

Or you hire a boat and go to Stromboli, an island which is one burning mountain a mile high, and green nearly to the top. Stromboli has never ceased smoking. Or you climb the mighty Etna, a walk or drive of twenty-five miles, and all Sicily seems to lie at your feet. On its slope is Bronte, a name interesting to England, for Lord Nelson has property and a title there.

A silly man, long ago, wished it to be thought that he had been carried into heaven without dying, so he pitched himself into Etna; but the crater threw out one of his brazen slippers, and it was thus known that he had died a fool's death. A silly eagle, long ago, wished to break a tortoise-shell that he might eat the meat inside, so he chose what he thought was a hard whitish, polished stone, and he dropped the tortoise on it. It was not, however, a polished stone at all, but the bald head of a famous poet, named Æschylus, who was walking by the sea near Syracuse, and composing songs which were never to be heard.

A CARTFUL OF KINGS.

AN amusing incident is told by a German correspondent as having occurred during a recent imperial hunt at Hubertustock. The hounds had just been called off, and the guests were dispersing, when the Emperor William, feeling slightly unwell, proposed to return to the castle on foot. The King of Saxony and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg accompanied him; but when the august party were about half way to the castle the Emperor became fatigued, and a peasant driving a cart in the direction of Hubertustock happening to pass by, they asked him to give them a lift, which he willingly did. On the way, however, the good man's curiosity was excited by the appearance of his passengers, and he said, turning to one of them,—

'And who may you be?'

'I am the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.'

'Oh, indeed!' returned the peasant, with a wink.

'And who may you be?' he inquired of the next.

'I am the King of Saxony.'

'Better and better!' cried the carter. 'And you?'

accosting the third member of the party.

'I am the Emperor of Germany.'

'Well, then,' said the countryman, in high humour, 'I shall tell you who I am. I am the Shah of Persia, and can hoax people as well as you.'

But when he drove up to the Castle of Hubertustock the honest fellow found, that of all the potentates in the cart he was the only one whose claim could not be made good.

WOODEN SHIPS OF WAR.

THIRTY years ago nearly all our men-of-war were built entirely of wood, oak being chiefly used. To provide enough timber to build one seventy-four-gun ship it was necessary to cut down no less than forty acres of oak forest. Such a vessel as the *Duke of Wellington*, carrying one hundred and thirty-one guns, of course required much more. These oak trees had to be of not less than sixty years' growth; and as a ship itself only lasted about fourteen years for service, and foreign timber might not perhaps be obtained in the time of war, the scarcity of oaks was becoming a serious matter, when the introduction of iron in ship-building completely changed the state of affairs.

A. R. B.



THE MASTODON.

HERE are no elephants, natives of America, now; but a long time ago a gigantic quadruped lived there, somewhat like the elephant, but of much larger size. This was the Mastodon. It differed from the elephant in several ways; besides being armed with two enormous tusks in its upper jaw, it had two smaller ones growing out of the lower jaw, so that it had four tusks. It had also huge grinding teeth, with conical protuberances on them, whence it is called 'Mastodon.' These creatures must have existed in great numbers, for their bones are found in large quantities embedded in the banks of the Ohio river, and elsewhere. In Kentucky there is one place in the salt marshes called the Big-bone Lick, on account of the extraordinary number of Mastodon bones there.

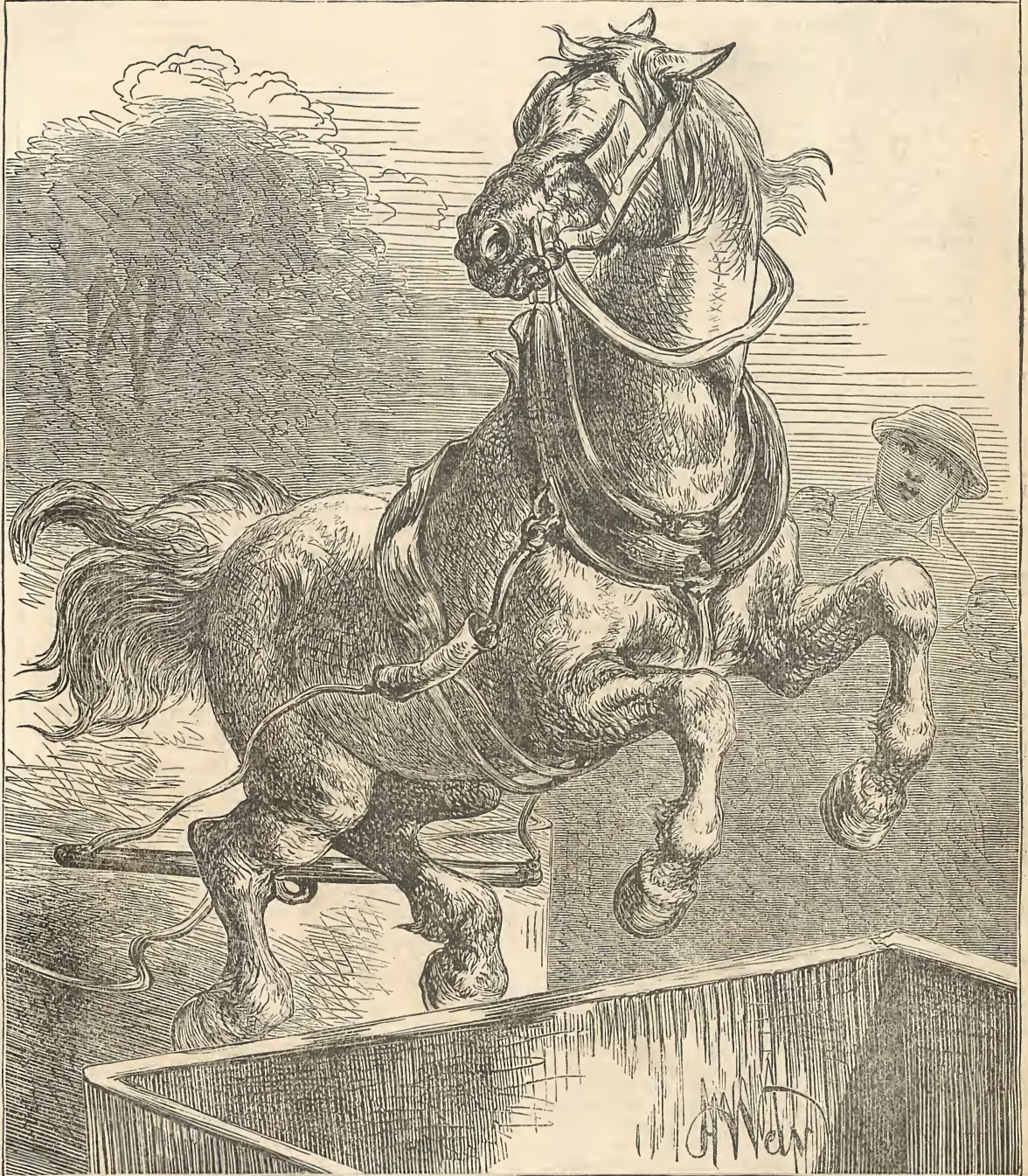
We have no knowledge of the period at which the Mastodon became extinct, but it seems to have survived till America had human inhabitants; for the Indians have traditions about it; and in the ruins of the Aztec cities there are sculptures, in which an animal is represented which was at first thought to be an elephant, but is now believed to be meant for the Mastodon. Though probably feeding on vegetation like the elephant, the Indians, most likely on account of its gigantic size, represent it in their traditions as a formidable monster. Those of Virginia say, that as a herd of these terrible animals were destroying the bison, deer, and other animals created for the use of the Indians, the Great Spirit killed them with his thunder-bolts; all except the Big Bull, who, turning his mighty forehead to the bolts, shook them off as they fell, till at last, being wounded in the side, he fled away to the great lakes, where he is living to this day.

There is a magnificent skeleton of a Mastodon in the Geological department of the British Museum, in London; but in this instance the smaller tusks in the lower jaw are absent. The fossil remains of the Mastodon are found also in Europe and Asia, but of a smaller size than those of America.

A. R.



The Mastodon.



A Horse at a "Tip." By HARRISON WEIR.



A HORSE AT A 'TIP.'

WHEN the navvies were busy in making the North British line of railway in Scotland, an active bay horse, named Baldie, was employed at a section of the work near to the bridge which crosses the Tweed below Galashiels. The special duty of Baldie consisted in the dangerous process of what is called 'tipping,' which is simply dragging the loaded truck of earth from the cutting to the end of the embankment. The horse so employed is generally in charge of an active young man, who, along with the horse, has to increase the speed as it gets near the 'tip.' When the truck is going at its fastest rate, by a jerk of the connecting chain, the horse, though at full speed, is separated from the rapidly advancing truck—generally from twenty to thirty yards from the end of the bank. The horse has then to get off the line of rails, and the truck, passing to the mound, is suddenly arrested by a log of wood set across the top of the mound, which catches the wheels, thereby pitching the contents over the mound, while the empty truck is stopped. One day Baldie was yoked to his loaded truck of earth, and was rapidly making his way towards the tip, when both he and his driver were horrified to find that the former empty truck had not been taken away, and that it was standing on the same rails within a short distance of them. It seemed that Baldie must be killed between these two trucks, as there was not time to disconnect him. But no. The clever horse leaped into the empty truck and stood upright in it, sustaining the shock of collision, and thereby saved his life, both trucks remaining on the rails. We have often thought some horses wiser than their masters, and Baldie was certainly more clever than many a driver would have been.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

HERE is a copy of a country newspaper printed nearly one hundred years ago. It is dated 'Monday, November 3, 1783,' and is only about one half the size of the broad sheets now issued all over the land. Let us see what news there was on this Monday morning so long ago.

Here is something which speaks at once of times now happily passed. It is a paragraph which tells us how 'between five and six o'clock Mrs. Lawton, of Walthamstow, and another lady, were stopped by a mounted highwayman, in the narrow lane near Walthamstow Church. It seems that the adventurer presented a pistol at the coachman, and then went to the ladies in the carriage. But just as they were handing over their purses the coachman attacked him from behind, and the result of it was that the bold highwayman was safely lodged in Walthamstow cage that night.'

Lower down we find a list of duels fought at 'the

election for the county of Corke.' From this it appears that one 'Chancellor Egan' was not satisfied until he had fought with three persons. But happily no harm seems to have resulted in either case. One principal in another duel had a narrow escape, for 'Councillor Townshend hit his adversary in the waistcoat pocket, but some papers in the pocket prevented penetration.'

Numerous robberies are spoken of; but 'the villains' always seem to have got safely off with their booty. No doubt it was this fact which brought about the societies mentioned in the advertising columns. These are associations of persons named, who agree to pay from a common fund a certain reward for the capture of any criminal who has robbed a member of the association.

There is but little country news; but we are told of a farmer who, 'to the astonishment of all the neighbourhood,' rose 8000 bushels of potatoes from ten acres of land, and sold them on the spot for 800l. A correspondent, who styles himself 'A Friend to Society,' also communicates by letter a particular way of sowing turnips, and getting a good crop of wall-fruit.

Under the head of 'Monday's Post' comes an account from Paris of 'an experiment with the aerostatic balloon.' It is recounted that two persons were placed in an osier gallery attached to it, and actually raised 300 feet from the ground! At this height it remained immovable for eight minutes.

The condition of the country is shown by the fact that the Three per Cent Consols were at 58½, and the Ten per Cents at 76. Besides this we find advertisements of the State Lotteries, which caused so much misery to many.

We must pass over the University news and the advertisements of local tradesmen, and so bid good-bye to our witness from the last century. A. R. B.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. IX.—LAPLAND.



FRENCH traveller says, 'I was so pleased and so amused with my journey to Lapland, that I would not have missed it for all the gold in the world. At the same time my hardships were so many that I would not make such another journey for all the gold in the world.'

In Lapland the sun never goes down during May, June, and July; but in winter he never rises at all. His place, however, is somewhat supplied by the wonderful Northern Lights, which flash and flicker in the cold grey skies. They look like fires of a thousand shapes and colours. Now like crowns, and now like domes; now like fishing-nets, and now like streamers of silk; now like arches, and now like banners, these welcome guests make a Lapland night beautiful.

As long as the unwearied sun goes round and round the sky in summer, the Laplanders live in tents made of poles and skins; but when Jack Frost approaches with a scowl on his brow, the house of thick sods becomes a very snug home. The Laplander creeps into it on all-fours, along a sort of tunnel. A hole in the roof lets in a little daylight, or rather moon light, and lets out what smoke there is from the sooty lamp. The lamp is made of stone, and filled with seal oil, and it answers many ends. It cooks food, dries wet clothes, keeps the house warm, and affords light.

The Laplander likes brandy, but, happily for him, it is very scarce. He has often to be contented with snuff instead, of which he takes, you may be sure, many a good pinch. For nine months of the year the ground is of a dazzling whiteness, and the cold is intense. In July and August, on the contrary, the heat is almost intolerable.

The Laplanders are a very small nation. Perhaps there are not above 7000 of them. Part of them are called 'reindeer Laplanders,' and part 'fishing Laplanders.' The former live on their herds, some possessing many hundreds; the latter dwell near the lakes and fiords. The greatest plague of Lapland is a plague of gnats. Their numbers are incredible.

Trees are plentiful, of certain sorts, and the soil of the forest is carpeted by reindeer moss, a sort of lichen, which grows on stones, trees, and earth. This moss will flourish where hardly any other sort of grass will, and it affords gluten, or starch, which is very wholesome and nourishing. The reindeer will root under the snow for the moss, as a pig roots in the field. And if the animal browses on the moss which sticks to the trees, without digging beneath the snow, the Laplander takes it for granted that the ground there produces none.

The reindeer when he casts his coat is brownish yellow. In the dogdays he becomes white. His hair is close and thick. The horns are large and beautiful, but fall towards the end of November, and are turned into spoons or glue. This wonderful creature has been known to go at the rate of nineteen miles an hour when yoked to a light sledge. One drew an officer with despatches 800 miles in forty-eight hours, and then it fell dead. After their most severe journeys these deer require no more moss than can be held by a man in both his hands.

Were it not for this admirable animal, who could live in Lapland? It is man's all in all there. 'It feeds and clothes its master,' says Goldsmith; 'with its skin the Laplander covers his tents and makes his bed, of its milk he makes cheese, and uses the whey for his drink. Every part of this valuable animal is converted to some use or other: the sinews make bow-strings, springs for catching birds, and threads for sewing; the horns make glue; the tongue, a great delicacy, is sold, and the money comes back in luxuries. Yoked to a sledge, the reindeer carries his master; who guides it easily by means of a cord fastened round the horns, and it is encouraged to proceed by the driver's voice. The sledge is covered with a bear's skin, and at the back are two leathern girths, into which the traveller thrusts his arms, so as to keep himself steady. He has also a pole to

support the sledge, in case it is in danger of being overturned.'

'The deserts in Lapland never echo with the song of the lark and nightingale; there, instead of fruitful hills and laughing meadows, are only mountains covered with eternal snow, and marshes here and there growing willows and small birches.' So speaks another traveller. From the bark of some of the trees the Laplander makes a kind of bread. Meat of a certain sort is plentiful. The elk is the principal game. This animal is caught in a trap, which flies up and drives an iron stake into the elk's body. Then there are bears, which are killed with a gun. After the bear has departed this life the hunters sing a song. In this ditty they thank the bear for his having been so good as to do them no mischief.

Then there are wolves, which do much harm to the reindeer, killing sometimes forty or fifty in a single night. These troublesome fellows are caught in wolf-pits. Then there are gluttons, which smell abominably, and beavers, who build houses of four stories; and so well, that they will last a century. As the water rises, Mr. Beaver ascends to a higher story.

Then the Laplander hunts the ermine and the squirrel, the hare, the otter, and the sable. Besides, he has fish in abundance in his waters—salmon, pike, tench, perch, and smelts. The birds who always live with him are heathcocks, woodcocks, and hawks. Other birds only stop a while, such as swans and wild geese.

'Nobody dies of cold in Lapland,' says a French writer, 'except some person, perhaps, who is bewildered in the woods; or who, being fatigued with hunger or long journeys, has not strength enough left to return to his own home.'

The Laplanders have some curious customs. When they have eaten a bear, and wiped their mouths and fingers, they solemnly bury all the bones, for they think the bear will rise again. They bury with the bones some spoons and a knife, for the bear will want to eat his bread and milk in another life. If a hungry dog carries off a bone he is killed, and one of his own bones is put in the grave.

The master of the house always does the cooking. Women are not allowed to make messes for the men. The Laplanders make little toys for sale, also boxes and baskets, snuff-boxes, spoons of horn, shoes, gaiters, and gloves. The women make pewter wire, and adorn with it the reindeer harness. Ropes are made of tree-roots; and bows of fir and birch, glued together with glue made from fish skins. This glue is so strong, that pieces of wood joined by it never separate.

When the Laplander dies he is buried in an old sledge. He generally lives to a good old age, and his only malady, usually, is blindness. This is caused by the dazzling snow outside and the smoky air within.

A dreadful monster, named the kraaken, is said to infest the Lapland coast. It is a horrid sort of cuttle-fish, whose long lithe arms can wrap themselves round a boat and drag it down. We also are told of immense sea-worms, thereabout, of twenty-five fathoms in length. But these are, no doubt, creatures of the imagination of the ignorant people.



EUROPE.—Lapland.



FATHER'S RETURN.

WHO has a welcome for father?
 For, oh! he has toiled all day,
 And now he is glad to come home and rest,
 And put all his cares away.

Is tea all ready for father?
 Is the room all tidy and trim?
 Does the fire burn bright? is the hearth swept clean?
 For all must be cosy for him.

Is the pinafore clean for father?
 Is the hair brushed smooth and neat?
 And are there pleasant words and smiles
 In store for him when you meet?

Run, run with a welcome to father;
 Run, bright and tidy and trim:
 His turn will come some day to welcome you,
 When you have worked hard for him.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 83.)

CHAPTER XII.



NEITHER of the girls felt quite happy in their minds about Mike; but as he had promised to come over to the Vicarage in the evening to finish the rabbit-hutch, they thought they would be able to set it all right with him then. But the evening passed away, and no Mike appeared; and when they went down to the mill next morning he was not at home, and the door of the lumber-room was locked. They thought they caught sight of him as they came away round by the mill-door; but, when they went to look in, they could only see the rows of dusty sacks leaning one against another, and the miller's man, who had a bit of wallflower in his mouth, only grinned when they asked him where Mike was.

They felt quite dull all day without him, and did not seem to know what to do with themselves; and they both got a little bit cross, and Nora began writing to Peter, and Molly took her knitting out into the garden. But Nora could find no pen to suit her peculiar style of writing in the house, though she tried the Doctor's broad-nibbed quills, which made blind e's and blots, and Betty's pin-pointed *magnum bonum*, which dug holes in the paper; and Molly kept on dropping stitches from her eyes wandering away from the knitting-needles along the road to the village; and Tabbyskins, in spite of age and sedateness, condescended to play with her ball and tangle the worsted finely.

When they confided their uneasiness to Betty, she judged that Mike was in one of his tantrums, and they had better let him come right of himself.

'They never last long with him,' she said; 'and he'll come right all the sooner if you show you don't care.'

'But we *do* care,' said Molly; 'and there are ever so many things we want him to do.'

Betty's answer was rendered indistinct by her mouth being full of pins, and her mind engrossed in her new gown, which was of a full deep-rhubarb colour.

Every one at Bydown has a new bonnet at Easter, and, if possible, a new gown—at least, every one who is privileged to wear such articles; and Betty felt rather uneasy that 'her young ladies,' for so Molly and Nora had already become, should wear the very same hats as they did the Sunday before, and she only wished they could have 'them pretty ones as I see in Northbury, trimmed lovely with green tarlington and pink roses, with jew-drops as natural as life.'

So Betty's mind, being so taken up with clothes, the girls could not get much sympathy about Mike's desertion; and they could get nothing out of Elizabeth, who, in answer to their questions, only looked at them with her great, serious eyes, saying, 'Don't know.'

'Stupid little thing!' Nora exclaimed at last; 'I don't believe she can say anything but that. It's no use asking her anything.'

It was poor compensation for the loss of Mike's

company that Mrs. Carson had taken a great fancy to them, and came again on Thursday afternoon to take them for a drive, and invited them to come up to the park whenever they liked. Now that the gates of Tom Tiddler's ground were set hospitably open, they did not care a bit to enter, and they would far rather have struggled through a thickset-hedge with Mike, than have rolled along the roads on the soft cushions and easy springs of Mrs. Carson's carriage; and their first words to Betty on their return home were breathless inquiries as to whether Mike had been there.

Betty looked mysterious, and turned just the tail of her eye towards the larder-door, which was open, and through which a sparkle of silver on a white dish caught the girls' eyes.

'He has been here!'

'He has brought some fish!'

'Why didn't he wait till we got home?'

'Bless you, I've not seen him! All I know is as them fish was left outside the kitchen window, as was a good job Tabbyskins didn't eat 'em. They couldn't very well have come there of themselves, but maybe it's as well to ask no questions, as the keepers be after making a fuss nowadays about poaching and such stuff—a-nonsense. When I was at school we used to play a silly sort of a game called "Catch as catch can," and that's what I thinks about fishing: let them as can catch the fish do it. It's not a bit of good Neville Carson standing there all day whipping away with them smart rods of his. Oh! I've seen him times, and looking as sour as yesterday's milk. Bless you! he don't never catch nothing; but let Mike there just catch a gnat and put him on a crooked pin, and he'll have a basketful before you can turn round.'

'He must have been down by the river,' Molly said, 'all the time we were looking for him this morning. It's very unkind of him to act like that.'

So after tea they set off again, like little Bo Peep, 'determined to find him;' and again it seemed likely to be a wild-goose chase. Mrs. Warren could not tell them where he was, but kept them ever so long listening to her long-winded complaints of the hardness of her lot, while the girls fidgeted to be off, fancying they heard Mike's footsteps outside, or his whistle in the passage. Mrs. Holloway told them he had been at the farm not half an hour before, and at the shepherd's cottage they seemed to be close on his track, for they found a great cowslip-ball he had made for the baby there, which was as fresh as if it had just been made. But Mike himself was not to be found, and they wandered along rather sadly by the river, stopping now and then to listen, fancying that every rustle among the bushes was Mike, and that every fly that danced on the water was attached to his line, and every shrill bird's whistle was his voice.

About halfway between the mill and Bydown Park the stream is divided by a little island, with two or three large pollard willows growing on it, and a tangle of bushes and underwood beneath, and thick rushes all round. A persistent cuckoo kept on calling its two musical notes from the island, and the girls, tired with their search, sat down on the bank and watched the shoals of little fish darting hither and thither through the clear water, and wondered why the finest tufts of primroses and the best kingcups

always grow out of reach, and wished for the hundredth time since they set out that Mike was there, and would pick the flowers for them.

Not far from where they sat was an old willow-tree, which, by gradual stress of wind and weather, had split in half; and one half had fallen across the stream, which was decidedly narrower on this side of the island than the other. For any one with a cool head and steady foot this split willow would have made an excellent bridge; but a light weight was also necessary, as the trunk was hollow and rotten.

The girls, as I have said, begun by coveting the flowers on the island, and then went on to wish that Mike was there to get them; and the next step (which would have been the first if they had been boys) was to consider if they could not get them for themselves.

They did not know that all the time they were being watched by a pair of dark eyes from among the rushes just opposite, and that those eyes, belonged to the cuckoo I have mentioned, who was none other than Mike lying comfortably among the rushes so near those wonderful primroses that he could have picked them by just stretching out his arm. Mike's tantrums, as Betty had said, never lasted long; and though he had certainly been a good deal put out at being left in the lurch by Molly and Nora, he had found it hard work to nurse his wrath, and keep away from the Vicarage even for half a day; and when he brought up the trout in the afternoon he had felt quite good-tempered again; but the sight of Mrs. Carson's carriage and horses at the gate, and of Molly and Nora, in their best hats and smiling faces, getting into the same, had given his jealousy another jog, and he left the fish at the kitchen-window, and made off again in high dudgeon. But at the sight of the girls coming along by the river he quite forgot that he was angry, and only kept in his hiding-place for fun.

'I wonder if one could get across?' said Molly, looking at the willow.

'And if the water is very deep if one fell in?' added Nora.

'It would be so jolly to have an island of our own, a real desert island, like *Robinson Crusoe*, and *Masterman Ready*, and the *Swiss Family Robinson*; and find all sorts of things just when one wanted them—oysters, and cocoa-nuts, and parrots, and ride about on ostriches.'

'Oh, of course that would be all make-believe,' said more matter-of-fact Nora; 'but don't you think we could build a sort of house, perhaps, and light a fire with sticks and boil a kettle—a regular gipsy kettle, you know—and Mike could catch fish, and we could cook them? I think I could cook them if I had a frying-pan, and could get the insides taken out somehow.'

'Oh! wouldn't it be jolly! And we'd ask Betty to tea.'

'But how would she ever get across?' which suggestion brought them back to their starting-point—could they get across themselves?

'Of course we can; who's afraid?'

To tell the truth they both of them were afraid, though they would not for worlds have confessed it; and they had quite a struggle as to which should make the attempt first, in which Molly rather un-

willingly got the best of it, and accordingly started. The first few steps were easy enough, as she could hold on to the branches on that part of the willow which still stood erect; but after that came a short space that must be crossed before she could reach the branches belonging to the prostrate half of the willow, which, in spite of the hollow trunk and their reversed circumstances, were covered with flourishing leaves. That middle part of the trunk, over which she must pass unsupported, looked very narrow in Molly's eyes, and very hollow and unsafe; and there was a crack through which she could see the water underneath. It was only a very short distance, to be sure, not more than a couple of yards at the most; so she let go of the last willow-twigg she had clung to and set off, balancing herself, and fixing her eyes steadily on the other side. She was nearly over when an ominous crack sounded under her feet, and Molly hesitated. Now the man who hesitates is lost, and before the concealed cuckoo could dart from his hiding-place, or Nora stretch out a helping hand from the bank behind, Molly lost her balance and her footing, and went head foremost into the water. The next minute Mike pulled her out and landed her, choking and gasping, on the island, with mouth, eyes, hair, and clothes full of water, while her hat went bobbing and dancing down the stream, evidently with some private ends of its own.

Nora, too, found herself on the island, having dashed across the dangerous bridge, without thinking of her own safety, in the terror of Molly's sudden disappearance; and she was rapidly becoming as wet as Molly in her efforts to wring some of the water out of her.

It was some minutes before Molly could quite realise that she was not drowned, and some of the water in her eyes and on her cheeks was not from the river, but from pity at her own sad, untimely fate, and for the grief it would occasion her sorrowing friends. But Nora's lamentations diverted her grief from herself to her frock, her afternoon frock which she had put on in honour of Mrs. Carson, and which its plunge had transformed from a delicate grey to a dull stripy lead-colour.

Mike, meanwhile, had gone in chase of her hat (luckily not the Sunday one), and brought it back, looking so deplorable and drenched that it made them all laugh; and when once you begin to laugh at a disaster it is more than half done with.

With Mike's help they managed to cross back over the willow-bridge without repeating the bath, and, under his guidance, they made their way back to the Vicarage by secluded and circuitous paths, as Molly altogether declined to go through the village looking like a drowned rat, with her clothes clinging round her legs, and streaming like a watering-pot at every step.

(To be continued.)

HAYDN'S ANSWER.

HAYDN, the composer, was asked by a friend how it was that his sacred music was always of so lively a character.

'I write,' he said, 'according to the thoughts I feel; and as God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve Him with a cheerful spirit.'



Molly at the Stream which she is going to cross.



Mike cutting away the boughs and brambles.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 95.)

CHAPTER XIII.



It might have been supposed that Molly, at any rate, would have had enough of the Desert Island by this time, and would not have cared to repeat her visit or venture on that perilous willow-tree again. Her afternoon frock ought certainly to have been a solemn warning to her, as that ill-natured garment never recovered its former appearance, but remained striped, and spotted,

and shrunken, and cockled, to the end of its days; and gave the text for many a long-winded harangue from Betty, besides opening a prospect of painful explanations with nurse, when the time came for going home. But such is the perversity of human nature, and especially young human nature, that the peril they had encountered on their first visit only gave the Desert Island additional interest. It was like being shipwrecked, and in nearly all the stories they had read the people arrived at the island drenched with spray, and exhausted with battling with the stormy waves; so it was all as it should be. They stopped awake for ever so long that night, talking of their new discovery, till Betty came in her nightcap to see what was the matter, feeling 'certain sure the child would catch the bronchitis, or the rheumatics, or be took with a fever after her wetting.'

But Molly was none the worse next morning (which was more than could be said for her clothes), and quite as determined to make further explorations on the island. That day, however, was Good Friday, and the next day was wet, and then came Easter Sunday, so three days passed before they could carry out their intentions.

They confided their ideas on the subject to Mike, who was entirely reconciled ever since he had dragged Molly out of the water; and though he had not read *Robinson Crusoe* or *Masterman Ready*, or any of the other tales of adventure with which Molly and Nora had enriched their minds, and altogether took a more matter-of-fact view of the island, still he entered heartily into their plans, and when they went down on Monday morning they found that he had fastened a bough so as to form a handrail to the willow bridge, so that they could easily get across without fear of a bath on the way.

The part of the island which they reached first was rather disappointing; it was boggy, and their feet sank in and got heavily coated with sticky mud, and the kingcups growing there were after all not so fine as they had looked from the other side of the water. They were not, however, to be discouraged, but plunged boldly into a tangled mass of brambles and briars, which might have daunted less bold explorers.

Mike went first, pushing and pulling, and cutting away with his knife, and the girls followed, protecting their faces as well as they could from the thorns, that had a spiteful way of bounding back from Mike's furious onslaughts into the faces of his followers.

It was like pioneering, Molly said, through the

jungle of the South American forests, and they should come out at last on the Eldorado, the golden city. This was High Dutch to Mike, to whose mind the word pioneer only presented the idea of a musical instrument—in fact, a piano; and he as little understood Nora's suggestion that it was like the hedge of thorns that grew up round the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, in which so many unfortunate princes stuck, and left their bones bleaching in the sun.

'They must have been shocking duffers to stick in a hedge like that,' said Mike; 'and she must have been a one at sleeping not to have heard them!'

After a desperate struggle with the brambles they came out into an open space; not an Eldorado to be sure, or an enchanted castle, but something quite as good. A big ash-tree stood in the middle, beautiful, though its graceful, drooping branches were still bare of leaves, with patches of hoary and yellow lichen on its smooth silver stem, and all underneath was a carpet of soft moss of the brightest, most vivid green, with here and there young ferns pushing up dainty little fronds, curled like tiny bishops' mitres, or blue-bells like bits of midsummer sky. The bushes all round were bursting into leaf; even the ash saplings, as if they knew better than their wise old mother overhead, who had seen so many frosty springs, and cold winds, that she would not venture her young leaves out of their snug buds yet awhile. The sun did its best to make an Eldorado of the spot, by pouring a flood of golden radiance down on it; and the part of the Sleeping Beauty was taken by a very wide-awake, grizzled old rat, who sat on one of the mossy roots of the ash-tree shaking his whiskers, and staring at the trespassers on his domain as if he were inclined to contest the right of possession, till Molly touched him with a long rush, when he whisked off into his hole in a tremendous hurry, and was seen no more. The only other person who seemed to have a doubt as to their right of conquest was a moorhen, who had a snug nest in the bushes hard by, and who came flapping and fluttering out with loud cries, dragging one wing as if it were broken, to decoy them away from the spot where two little black velvet chicks were lying hidden. Molly and Nora would have given chase, and tried to bind up the broken member; but Mike had seen instances of that strange, wonderful instinct of mothers' love before, and told them that there was nothing the matter with her, and that it was all a trick to protect her nest.

It was a delightful place altogether, and quite worth all the scratches they had endured in finding it and Molly's plunge the week before. The first thing to be done was to clear a path to it from the bridge, and this they accomplished that morning. Mike went off to the mill and fetched a bill-hook, and soon chopped away most of the branches that had scratched them so spitefully, and the girls carried them away as he cut them off. They were obliged to go home to dinner when that was done, but they hurried back as soon as they could in the afternoon, to find Mike already engaged on what he called 'the harbour.' Now this would naturally suggest to the mind a refuge for boats, but it was nothing of the kind, but a sort of summer-house. The trunks of three trees, standing at equal distances, formed the main supports

of this edifice, and the walls and roof were formed of hurdles, of which there was a large stack by the mill. On the top hurdle was heaped a good lot of straw, to keep out the rain; and on the top of this again were sheets of the brightest moss the children could find, which gave it a very elegant appearance. The holes and cracks in the hurdle-walls were all filled up with straw and rushes, and then the long ivy trails that clothed the trunks of the three trees were carefully disengaged from their original supports, and persuaded to climb and wreath about Rat Hall, as the children named their new residence, in honour of the first owner of the premises. It really was quite a snug little shanty when it was finished, and the girls wished it would rain just to prove how dry they would keep under its shelter.

For furnishing Rat Hall they ransacked the attics at the mill, where lumber of many generations was stored, and found a couple of chairs with no seats to them, and a three-legged table, and some bits of old carpet. Mike was wonderfully ingenious. He made a fourth leg for the table, and painted the whole so that you could hardly tell where it had been mended; he made carpet-seats for the two chairs, and covered an old box with carpet to match, so that it looked like an ottoman, and, besides making another seat for them, made a tidy place for stowing things away; and he put up some shelves in one corner, on one of which an audacious robin built a nest almost directly they were done, which was friendly but inconvenient. Then outside there was the garden to be attended to, though, indeed, it was prettier already than any garden they could make; but they were always making some improvements, bringing great tufts of primroses, or anemones, or young ferns to plant, or weeding away any nettles or thistles which dared to intrude into the garden of Rat Hall.

You will easily imagine that all these undertakings were not done in a day, or even in a week, though Mike devoted himself entirely to the work, and the girls were down there nearly all day, and every day, helping him.

Even if they had not been so deeply interested in the building and decorating of Rat Hall, they would have kept out of the way at the Vicarage for four mornings in the week, for since Easter Neville Carson had come regularly four times a-week to read with Dr. Carlyon, for he was going up to Eton in the autumn, and was obliged to work up for it, being as Betty had said backward with his books, though not such a terrible dunce as poor Mike. But this reminds me that Molly's proposal to help Mike with his lessons had not fallen to the ground, though Mike had received it so gruffly at first. One evening, when they were sitting on the hill watching the sunset, Molly had a story-book in her pocket, and took it out and showed it to Mike and read a bit of it, and then persuaded him to take a turn and read, which he did, getting as red as the sunset clouds opposite them, and his hand shaking with nervousness, and giving a quick glance now and then out of the corners of his eyes, to make sure the two girls were not laughing at him; which was far from being the case, as they were nearly as nervous as he was, and so anxious he should get the long words right, that he might almost have read them on their eager lips. After the ice was once

broken it was easy enough to go on, and Mike would always bring out his book when they were out for a walk and sat down to rest, or in the shed at the Vicarage, in intervals of feeding the rabbits; and he did more than one sum on the walls of the lumber-room at the mill, with Nora and Molly's help, who, I think, learnt a good deal themselves in their endeavours to explain things to Mike.

Rat Hall was the very place for going on with these studies unseen, for Mike was dreadfully afraid of being caught at it, especially by Betty; but at Rat Hall there was no fear of interruption, and Mike brought all his small store of books and put them in the box covered with carpet. He brought his slate and copybook, too, and though the table did not stand very firm, owing to the unevenness of the floor and the new leg being just a trifle shorter than the others, and was apt to give a lurch at a critical moment when the graceful curve of a D or the tail of a G was in course of execution, still Mike undoubtedly made more progress under Molly and Nora's instruction than he had done with Dr. Carlyon; and I do not think Betty would have made such fun of his copybook, though even now it was not much to boast of, and he could not be got out of the habit of squaring his elbows on the table and leaning his head on one of them, or smearing out a wrong letter with his little finger. With sums, however, he was very quick, and saw the reason of things sooner than his teachers, though they could work the sums quicker; and it was wonderful what rapid strides he made with reading after they gave up the regular reading-book and took to Captain Cook's voyages, though some of the names of places and people were tough exercises even to the two girls. Geography seemed to have a special fascination for him, and he would pore over the little, old-fashioned, incorrect maps in Captain Cook, and trace out his way from one group of islands to another, till the girls were half impatient of his poking over such dull old things, and half ashamed to remember their own listless inattention in former days over geography classes, which Mike would have listened to with breathless interest; so perhaps they learnt as much of Mike as he did of them.

(To be continued.)

SUSAN'S LETTER.

O H, Master Harry, would you mind putting that in the post as you go by, please, sir?"

'All right,' said Harry, taking the letter out of Susan's hand, and stuffing it into his pocket.

'If that's anything particular,' called out Dick, 'don't you give it to Harry. His head's a regular sieve; he'll just meet a fellow round the first corner, and never think about the letter again. You'd better pop round to the post yourself, Susan.'

'I can't, Master Dick; and it is very particular, so you'll please try and remember it, Master Harry.'

'Of course I will, you've no need to fidget about it, Susan; I'm going straight off past the post-office first thing.'

Susan went back to her work, and the boys started off in different directions, for it was holiday-time, and each had his own friends and amusements. That



Susan's Letter.

day passed quietly, and so did the next, but the day after Susan was seen going about the house with red eyes and a pale, sad face. She was evidently in great trouble. Her mistress questioned her, and heard that the girl's cousin, who was a soldier, had written to say that his regiment had been ordered abroad, and that on their way to the coast they would have to pass through the town where Susan lived. They would have to wait twenty minutes in the station, and if Susan cared to come and say good-bye to her cousin, he would let her know what time

the train would be in, and would get leave to speak to her.

'And you see, ma'am,' said Susan, with a sob, 'we've always thought a deal of each other, Tom and me, and I'm afraid something's put him out, for he's not written, and it was to-day they were coming through.'

But when Mrs. Leslie heard that Susan had entrusted her answer to Harry's careless hands she was able to give the girl a little comfort. No doubt the letter had been forgotten, and on inquiry this



Lord Nithsdale's Escape.

proved to be the case. There it lay in the heedless boy's pocket.

'I'm awfully sorry, Susan,' he said; 'I really did forget all about it. But, look here, you shall see Cousin Tom: you shall, indeed. I know which train it is that waits here, and you'll let her come down to the station—won't you, mother? and we'll manage it between us.'

Mother readily gave her consent, and Harry, not being troubled with bashfulness, did manage it very well. Susan knew which company Tom belonged to, and Harry found out the officer in charge of it, told the story of the letter and his own carelessness, and obtained leave for the cousins to have a few parting words.

Poor Tom was killed in his first battle, so Susan

never saw him again; and Harry has learned to be more careful, for, as he says, he would never have forgiven himself if his forgetfulness had deprived Susan of those few minutes upon which she now looks back as some of the most precious of her life. H. L. T.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

THE EARL OF NITHSDALE.

AMONG the friends and followers of the Pretender the Earl of Nithsdale's name is familiar to all readers of history, and the story of his escape from the Tower of London is one of great interest.

Into that terrible fortress he had been shut to die, and from out of its gloomy walls only the courage of a loving wife could deliver him.

Lady Nithsdale was in Scotland when the news reached her that her husband was in prison and condemned to death for following the fortunes of an unhappy master; and

after hastening on horseback over three hundred miles of snowy roads in fatigue and grief, she found it impossible to win a pardon for him from the king, George I.

So, in her London lodgings, she sat down, not to despair and wring her hands, but to devise a means to save her dear husband. Her faithful maid, Evans, was the only person she consulted at first, and these two brave women decided that Lord Nithsdale must be disguised in the dress of a lady, and so got out of the Tower.

It was no easy matter to arrange, for even the visitors to condemned prisoners were strictly scanned by the guards and turnkeys. There was nothing to lose, however, and everything to gain, by the attempt. So the very evening before the execution was fixed to take place the Countess drove in a hackney-coach to the Tower, her landlady, Mrs. Mills, and a Mrs. Morgan, being with her. These two kind women had consented to help the Countess in her hazardous enterprise.

Only one attendant was allowed to visit the prisoner at the same time as his wife; so Mrs. Morgan went in first, carrying the clothes which Mrs. Mills was to wear when she had taken off her own for Lord Nithsdale, for this was to be the plan.

When Mrs. Morgan had paid her visit to the prisoner Mrs. Mills came up the staircase, holding her handkerchief to her face, and seemingly in great sorrow, as was only natural when going to say a last good-bye. But the reason for this display of grief was that Lord Nithsdale, when leaving the prison disguised as Mrs. Mills, might continue the trick, and hold his handkerchief to his eyes; since, though his brave wife might paint and powder and dress him up, it is difficult to make a man look like a woman.

Then began the great experiment of changing clothes. Mrs. Mills was soon ready in her changed raiment, and the Countess, who neither flagged nor feared while there was work to be done, saw her safely out, and in a loud, earnest voice (as there were sentinels and other people listening), bade her go

quickly and send her maid to her, since she must go to the king that night and present another petition for her husband's life.

Mrs. Mills was not crying this time, because, you remember, Lord Nithsdale was to do that when he was disguised in her clothes.

Very soon, while finishing her husband's attiring, Lady Nithsdale perceived darkness coming on, and, fearful lest candlelight might betray her scheme, she hurried Lord Nithsdale out into the passage, leading him by the hand, and making believe he was one of her weeping friends.

She was still talking aloud, and begging the crying lady to hasten her maid. 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God run quickly,' she said, 'and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if ever you made despatch in your life, do it at present. I am almost distracted with the disappointment. I want her to dress me for an audience with the king.'

The guards, who were all very sorry for the kind lady, who had given them money the day before, and was in such sore trouble, looked very compassionately at her, and, doubtless, hoped that the weeping friend would hasten the maid, little thinking who was concealed beneath that hood and gown.

Lady Nithsdale put her husband in front of her when she had passed them, meaning thereby to conceal his manly walk from their eyes; and every now and then, despite the need for coolness and composure, she could not help pressing him to make all possible haste.

At the bottom of the stairs stood her faithful maid Evans and Mrs. Mills, and into these good hands she gave over Lord Nithsdale. Then, always brave and collected, she went back to the empty room of the prisoner, pretending to wait for her maid, and all the while talking to her husband as if he were there, and answering to his voice.

When she thought the escaped prisoner had had time to get free of the Tower precincts, she half opened the door of his chamber and wished him a formal good-night, saying aloud she knew not what had detained her maid, but that she hoped to come to him in the morning with good tidings of a pardon; and then cleverly pulling through the string of the latch, so that the door could not be opened from without, she prepared to leave the Tower.

She forgot nothing that could help to hide her lord's escape, even telling her servant, who knew nothing of the plan, not to carry in candles till his lord sent for him.

After that the brave lady drove to her lodgings, where a Mr. Mackenzie was waiting with the petition, in case the attempt at rescue failed.

Can you imagine the joy with which she took it from him, telling him she hoped there was no need of it, since his lordship was safe out of the Tower and out of the hands of his enemies; or the greater joy with which she welcomed her husband, a fugitive hidden in the tiny house of a poor woman, but free, and, she hoped, safe for the time?

For three days the husband and wife lay concealed here, subsisting on bread and wine brought to them in Mrs. Mills' pocket, and then a new disguise was devised for Lord Nithsdale, a servant's livery, in which he went down to Dover in the Venetian am-

bassador's coach-and-six, unknown to the ambassador himself, but in charge of one Mr. Mitchell, his servant.

At Dover a little boat was procured, and Lord Nithsdale safely conveyed to Calais. While crossing the wind was so favourable and the speed of the little vessel so good, that the captain remarked that it could not have served better had his passenger been flying for his life. So many a true word is spoken in jest.

Lord and Lady Nithsdale lived for many years in exile, happy in each other's company, while many of his friends who were imprisoned in the Tower at the same time with himself suffered a violent death.

To the love and heroism of his wife Lord Nithsdale owed his wonderful escape from a like fate.

H. A. F.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

AT Lisbon on Nov. 1, 1755, there was the most awful calamity of the kind that ever occurred in the Old World.

It was a still and beautiful morning. The sun had risen, dissipating the fog which hung over the city and harbour, and promising a serene autumn day. Suddenly a subterranean thundering began, as though the foundations of the earth were giving way. Almost immediately the earth was upheaved as from some internal convulsion. The churches and houses were overturned like blocks of wood. The earth sank, crushing in an instant thirty thousand human beings. The dying lay everywhere under the weight of ruined walls, imploring aid which no human power could render. Sir Henry Falkland, who once lived near Boston in a grand colonial mansion, was in Lisbon at this time. He was travelling, and had in his service a good servant-girl, named Agnes Surridge, who had quite won his affections. He had met her at an inn in Marblehead. She escaped being struck by the falling ruins in the overturn of the city. She found Sir Henry buried under a building, and rescued him by dragging him out of a strange position with her teeth. He afterwards married her, and she became Lady Agnes, and is celebrated in one of the poems of Dr. Holmes.

The earthquake lasted but two or three minutes. The churches were filled with worshippers at the time, and became the tombs of those who were crushed as they fell. Nearly all the houses came crashing down. In one family only four persons survived out of thirty-eight members.

The destruction around Lisbon was as great as in the city. The sea retired from the harbour, leaving the bar dry; then it came rushing back again in a wave sixty feet high, which carried everything to destruction before it. The seaport at Setubal, some twenty miles from Lisbon, totally disappeared. On the African side of the Mediterranean, in the vicinity of Morocco, the earth opened and swallowed up a town of eight thousand inhabitants. More than sixty thousand people in Lisbon and its vicinity perished.

The shock was felt in England and America. The ocean was terribly agitated, and ships were overturned and swallowed up. The mountains of Portugal were shaken to their bases; some of them were broken

asunder, and many volcanic mountains in the south of Europe seemed to rekindle their fires.

The earthquake was caused by some subterranean change or convulsion of the earth's substance; but what that was can never be known.

FATHER'S BOOTS.

A SOUND is in the air—

The sound of breakers tumbling on the shore;

Sleep stills the wail of care,

But the great ocean cries for evermore.

A scent is in the air—

A smell of freshness, pure as pure can be:

Rooms richly-gilt and fair,

O fisher's cot, may surely envy thee!

White wings are in the air—

See how they sweep and dive, the beauteous things;

Who would not fly and share

A joy and liberty unknown to kings?

Laughter is in the air—

Honest and loud—and children's laughter too;

Men never need despair

While fresh young hearts this weary world renew.

Laughter is in the air—

The sea-gulls wonder what it's all about;

The passing fishwives stare,

And then, once more, 'Fine soles! fresh soles!' they shout.

'But not so fine as these,'

Shouts the young scapegrace, lifting up his leg;

'Fine soles, ma'am, if you please

Sir, buy my soles; your patronage I beg.'

'Fresh, sir? well, hardly that,

But such a pair no fishwives ever cry;

You need not fear the cat

Will rob you of them when you put them by.'

'You need not fear your guest

Will eat too much, and leave you none yourself;

My soles, ma'am, are the best,

For thriftiness, that ever lay on shelf.'

So Dick goes joking on,

And Rachel laughs, and baby, bless her! crows,

As if she knew what fun

Was babbling from her father's leather toes.

G. S. O.

PORSON'S MEMORY.

PORSON, the great Greek scholar, had a most retentive memory. As was the case with Lord Macaulay, one glance at a page seemed to stamp its contents on his mind. It is recorded that a friend, after reading a pamphlet, gave it to Porson. The next day he happened, in the presence of the scholar, to repeat a short passage from it, at the same time apologising for forgetting the continuation. Upon this Porson repeated, word for word, the succeeding page and a half.

'I suppose you studied the whole evening, and got it by heart?' he said, in surprise.

'No,' replied Porson; 'I do assure you that *I only read it once.*'

A. R. B.



Father's Boots.



An Unfinished Message.

AN UNFINISHED MESSAGE.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

UPON the red field lying, all amid the countless
 dead,
 A wounded man is dying, while a comrade lifts his
 head:
 What would those lips be saying? are they striving
 for a name?
 Or are they faintly praying, though all words they
 fail to frame?
 At last the spell is broken,—'tis a name, but nothing
 more:
 Perhaps the rest is spoken on the far eternal Shore.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 99.)

CHAPTER XIV.



I was a good thing, as Molly and Nora were so fully occupied just then with Rat Hall, that the school-treat was put off, though they were sorry for the cause, which was kind old Mrs. Carson's illness. She caught a cold just before Easter and was laid up for nearly a fortnight, so the school-treat was put off from Easter Tuesday till the first of May.

Now there still hung about Bydown, as in many country places, remnants of the old English custom of Maying. I suppose in old times it had been a grand day and general holiday, and the prettiest girl of the village had been chosen as May Queen, and all the young people had danced on the green round the Maypole wreathed with flowers. But of late years it had dropped down into a poor affair, and only a few of the school children dressed themselves up with tawdry scraps of ribbon and flopping, lop-sided wreaths, round their hats, and bunches of withered cowslips tied to the end of sticks, and went round to the farm-houses singing in shrill cat-like tones some verses about May, ending up with the presentation of a tin cup and a request to remember the May girls. As there was no authorised holiday on that day at the school, and as the girls sometimes ended late in the evening by singing and dancing outside the public-houses, this Maying had been discouraged by the authorities; in spite of which, some of the girls generally made off on the sly and endured the punishment that ensued for the sake of the fun and halfpence.

But this year, as the treat was fixed for the very day, there was no fear of any defaulters, and it had occurred to the mind of the schoolmistress, Miss Barnes, and had been confided by her to Molly and Nora, that a sort of May-day effect might be given to the treat at Bydown Hall.

Molly and Nora had been several times to the school with Dr. Carlyn, and on Sunday they had a class between them of very well-behaved, neat little girls, who repeated hymns like clockwork, and could say their Catechism much better than their teachers; but who were sometimes guilty of pieces of peppermint, which Molly and Nora sniffed out at once with

severe noses, and captured. They threw themselves with energy into Miss Barnes' plan for the celebration of the first of May, and they deserted the works at Rat Hall the whole of the two days before the treat that they might assist Miss Barnes in the preparation of many wreaths, and garlands, and nosegays.

Rat Hall was nearly finished by then, and they had already begun to plan a tea-party there, to which Betty was to be invited. But Mike had some further plan in his head which he would not divulge, and he was quite pleased at their being unable to come to the island for those three days, so that he should have time to carry out this wonderful plan to surprise them when they came back. It took away even his jealousy at their going to Bydown Hall, and he forgot to fancy that they would be so taken up with its grandeurs and with Neville Carson as to forget old friends. The girls were full of curiosity as to what this surprise could be, but no coaxing or worrying would tempt Mike to let out his secret before the time, and they could not get an inkling of what it was.

They were hard at work weaving their garlands till dinner-time on the feast-day, which happily turned out just what a May-day should be, and so often is not, sunny and bright and warm; and the children brought baskets, and pinafores, and handsfull of flowers, and looked on, and helped, and hindered, to the best of their powers. At two they all met at the school-house, the children washed, and combed, and dressed in their Sunday best. They certainly would have looked far better in their sun-bonnets and pinafores, with less soap on their faces and pomatum on their hair; but it was not to be expected that they should go to Bydown Hall in their every-day clothes, and even Molly and Nora had put on their Sunday frocks and hats, though not the soap and pomatum.

They went to church first for a short service and then walked in procession through the village singing, and making really a very grand show with the school-banner carried first, wreathed all up the stick with cowslips and bluebells, and having long flowery streamers attached, held by the little ones. The girls were all linked one to another with cowslip garlands, and after them came the boys with another banner, and all of them carrying wreaths of nosegays down to a scrap of a boy of two, who had a small private flag of his own and a bunch of flowers nearly as big as himself. There was quite a crowd in the village to see them pass, and people clustering at every door and garden-gate, each mother having one particular object of interest in the little band that her admiring eyes followed, and that she thought must be as conspicuous to others as to herself.

'Dear sakes! don't he look a man?'

'There, now! did ye ever? Look at our Mary Anne!'

Some of the shorter legs began to get tired and lag before the gates of Bydown Hall were reached, and the road was strewn with cowslips and blue bells dropped from hot young hands; but they all picked up heart and drew together again, and began singing with fresh vigour, as they left the dusty road and turned into the park on the soft green grass under the spreading trees. And when a tent came in sight, and tables covered with white cloths, and people

hurrying about with cans and large dishes laden with what it needed no telescopes to assure National School children was cake and bread and jam, dusty roads and weariness were forgotten, and you would have thought that the procession had only just started.

Molly and Nora's pleasure was rather damped by seeing beyond the tents and tables the shady lawn of Bydown Hall, with groups of elegantly dressed ladies and little girls sitting under the cedars in positions of languid grace, evidently feeling that they were conferring an honour by being present, and prepared to look on at the children's games and tea as an interesting, but rather horrible sight, like seeing the monkeys fed at the Zoological Gardens. There was a sunk fence between the lawn and the park, and some of the ladies had advanced to the edge of this, with Mrs. Carson, to see the arrival of the hot, dusty, little procession which passed in array before them, the girls bobbing a courtesy as they passed, and the boys pulling the lock on their foreheads, and all singing lustily.

Honor, in old times at Saltgate, used to complain bitterly that Molly and Nora thought nothing of appearances, and did not care what people thought of them; so, perhaps, now she would have been pleased to see Molly put up her parasol, and Nora try to wipe the dust off her boots on the grass, and both of them draw a little away from the ranks of the school, that they should not be altogether mixed up with it; or, perhaps, as Honor grew a little wiser every year, she might have felt sorry that her young sisters were growing more silly.

Dr. Carlyon did not seem at all embarrassed though his hands were full of mugs of all sizes and shapes, which prevented him from taking off his hat in reply to Mrs. Carson's vehement salutations. 'But then,' as Molly very justly remarked, 'he was not likely to be taken for a school child, as I and Nora might.'

But they soon forgot themselves and got accordingly much happier, for happiness is very much in proportion with forgetting ourselves, and thinking of other people; and Molly and Nora thought no more of their parasol and dusty boots. Indeed, Molly lost her parasol for good and all that afternoon, and forgot, too, the silk stockings and high heels of the little girls on the lawn, being absorbed in dispensing tea and cake, and preventing the bigger boys and girls from stowing away cake in pockets and handkerchiefs, and the smaller ones from choking through drinking violently with their mouths full.

And after tea they fell to playing at oranges and lemons, and drop the handkerchief, and gathering nuts in May, quite as much interested in the games as the school children, and having the great advantage of not having just eaten as much cake as they could hold, and rather more. They had not even thought of Neville Carson till he suddenly appeared at the end of a long tail of children, who were passing under Molly and Nora's upraised hands, singing,—

'When will that be?
Says the bell of Stepnce.'

Only Neville Carson sang,—

'Fiddle-de-dee,
Come into tea.'

'Thank you,' said Molly; 'but we had tea with the school.'

'Then you must want something to take the taste out of your mouth. My mother sent me out to hunt you up. Dr. Carlyon has gone in, and so has everyone else; so you may as well come too.'

The game had broken up from the interruption, but the girls still hesitated.

'Skipper is chained up all right,' said Neville; 'if that's what you are afraid of.'

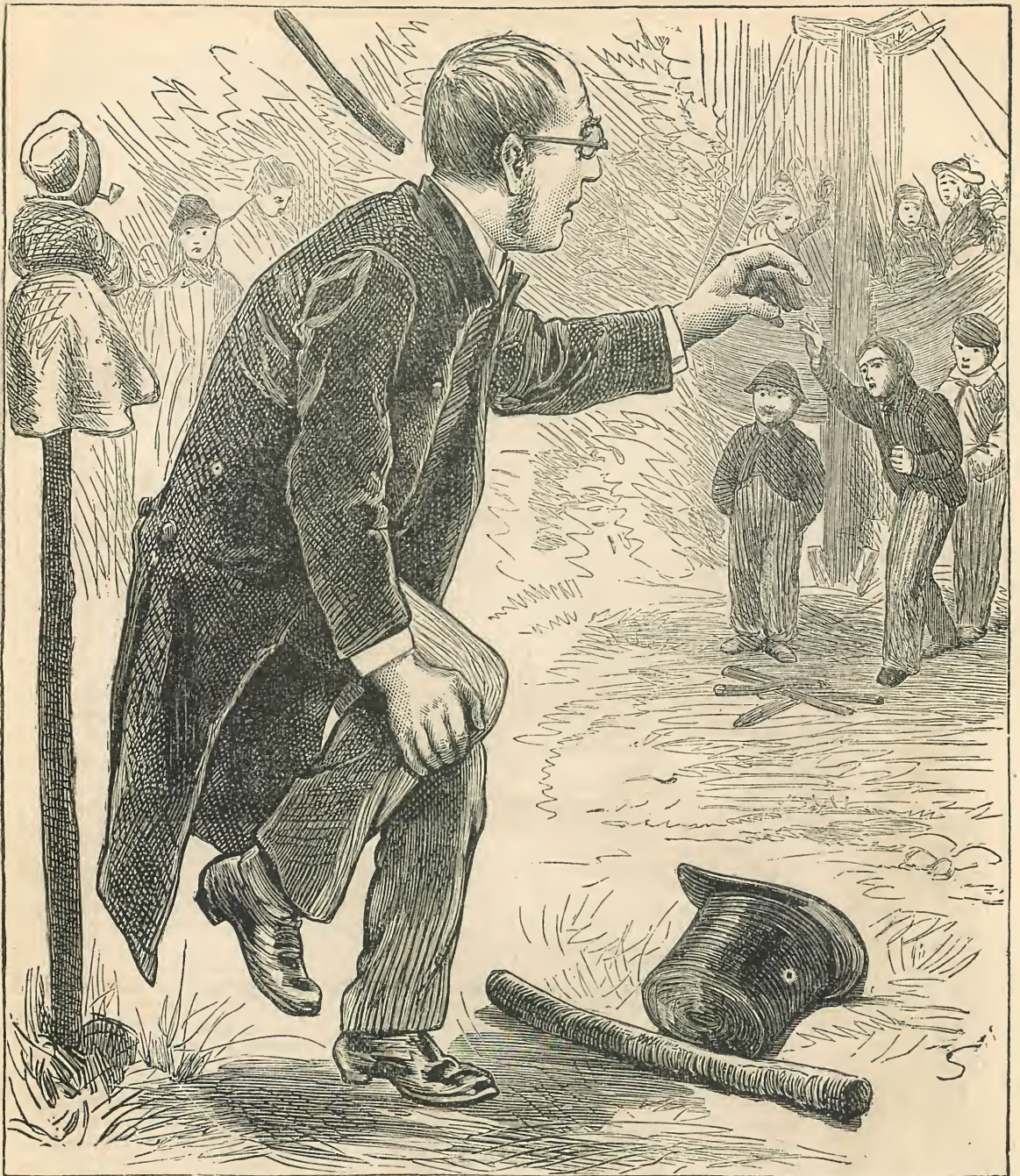
'We're not afraid of anything,' said Molly, with much dignity; 'but we don't like to leave the children.'

However, the children whom they did not like to leave had already left them, and ran off helter-skelter to the elm-trees, where swings had just been discovered. So Molly and Nora had no excuse for declining going with Neville up into the garden, which was deserted now, and on into the house, where tea was prepared in the large, oak-panelled dining-room, with all sorts of nice things: in fact, what Pat would have called 'a regular blow out.'

The room was full of people, and it was rather an ordeal for the two little girls to go in, which Neville did not make easier by flinging the door wide open, and announcing in a loud, pompous voice like the butler, 'The Miss Brights!' which turned every eye in the room on them, and made them painfully conscious of their crumpled and mauled condition, and of certain torn-out gathers occasioned by active playing at drop the handkerchief. Mrs. Carson, however, beckoned them up to a quiet corner by her, where they recovered their self-possession, and were kept supplied with plenty of nice things.

When tea was over, Mrs. Carson tried to persuade them to stop and play lawn-tennis with the other little girls in the garden; but, besides not feeling sufficiently elegant to bear comparison with those elaborate young people, Molly and Nora felt that England expects every man to do his duty on school-treat days, and returned with fresh ardour to the school children, all the more energetically because of their wrath against Neville Carson, who sauntered about with his hands in his pockets and his eyebrows raised, while poor little Dr. Carlyon worked like a black at amusing the children—starting great, hulking boys to run races, and being nearly knocked down at the end of every race by the final desperate rush; patiently pushing a swing with two stout girls in it, or turning a skipping-rope, while he tried at the same time to keep peace and insure fair play over a quarrelsome game of Aunt Sally, receiving more than one stray stick across his shins in the process; or lost sight of altogether in a surging mob of children scrambling for sticky sugar-plums and damp gingerbread nuts. Molly and Nora did all in their power to protect him, but he was in a very battered condition by the time all the fun was over, having lost his spectacles, and had his hat stove in on one side.

At last the children were dismissed with three cheers for Mrs. Carson and a large bun each, and Dr. Carlyon and the two girls went up into the garden to say good-bye to Mrs. Carson. They found her alone at the drawing-room window, all the grand company having left by this time. The poor little



Dr. Carlyon receiving a stray shot across his shins.

Doctor was longing to get back to his study and his books, and the girls had an idea of going home by the river to see what was going on at Rat Hall; but Mrs. Carson would not hear of their going when she had not seen anything of the Doctor, and she had ever so many things to say to him. So Dr. Carlyon sat himself down resignedly, very upright, on a cane chair; the same sense of duty compelling him to listen in-patience to a rich old lady's twaddle that had made

him turn a skipping-rope or push a swing for the poor children; and Mrs. Carson called to Neville, who was smoking a cigar on the terrace, to show the little girls the gardens and stables.

He came rather unwillingly, but soon recovered a certain amount of good temper, for Bydown is a beautiful place, and he was very proud of it, and pleased to display it even to two little girls, who did not, however, in the least understand what a lot of



ASIA. — Siberia.

money it must take to keep up all those splendid greenhouses, full of rare and lovely flowers, and the forcing-house, where ripe strawberries showed temptingly among the leaves, and peaches were already growing round and velvety, and grapes hung in rich clusters. They only thought it was all very pretty, and the strawberries not nearly as large and fine as those that grew at Kelburn Lodge in the open air in July; and they wished it all belonged to Mike instead of to Neville, for Neville never picked a flower or a strawberry for them, and seemed in mortal fear of the cross old Scotch gardener, who treated them as if they had no right to be there, and Neville as little as either of them.

In the stables it was different, and Neville made up for his submission to the gardener by ordering about the grooms and stablemen; but Molly and Nora, having had a hint on the subject from Mike, soon saw that, like most bullies, Neville was a bit of a coward, and that though he was not afraid of the men, he was of the horses, and that his violent driving was only a show off. He did not like going into the stall by a horse's side, or giving them oats in his hand; and one of the horses, he told them, was dangerous, and might bite; and when he had passed on, the groom whispered behind his hand, 'Bless yer, missy, there's not a 'apporth of 'arn in him!'

It was with no intention of malice that, when Neville was showing off a pretty chestnut pony, Molly asked, unfortunately in the hearing of several of the men, 'Is that the pony that threw you over its head, and ran away?'

Neville pretended not to hear the question, but walked on whistling; but he heard it well enough, and saw the grin on the men's faces; and as soon as he was out of the stables he turned round on the girls quite savagely,—

'I suppose that fellow Warren has been telling you a whole pack of lies about me?'

And he was not much pacified by the girls' assurance,—'Oh, no! he always tells the truth.'

'I must say he's a pretty fellow for young ladies to have so much to do with, and I wonder Dr. Carlyon allows it.'

It was now the girls' turn to pretend not to hear what was being said; and just then they came in sight of the ornamental water, and ran off towards it, followed, slowly and sulkily, by Neville, who was half inclined to stalk away in offended dignity to the house and leave them to their own devices, but this feeling was overcome by a wish to display a new purchase of his, of which he was very proud. This was a boat, and when Neville overtook the girls they had already reached the pretty thatched boat-house, which they were comparing to a place of which he had never heard before, called 'Rat Hall.'

Their unfeigned delight and admiration over the boat quite disarmed Neville, and made him forget Mike Warren and his anger with the girls. I am afraid their admiration was very ignorant, and that they took the crimson cushions, and polished wood, and silken tiller-ropes, more into account than the build and proportions; but Neville was pleased with their praise, and even went so far as to say,—

'I don't mind some day taking you for a row down the river.'

This was not an offer to be refused, even put in such a patronising way; and the girls hastened to assure him that they should like to come very much.

'And will you let us row sometimes? John Keith did once when he took us down to Richmond one day, and I only caught a crab twice, though I rowed ever so long.'

'It's a safe boat, isn't it? not one that upsets if you sneeze? John Keith would not let us go in one of that sort, because, he said, it might tip up if our hair was not parted straight down the middle.'

'What's the name of your boat? I can't see. The one we went in at Richmond was called *The Lass of Richmond Hill*, and we ran into one called *The Iron Duke*.'

'Oh, no, Nora! that was the donkey at Saltgate that Pat rode on.'

'I have not given it any name yet,' said Neville. 'I could not make up my mind what name I should like.'

The girls suggested all sorts of names, most of them very inappropriate, such as *The Stormy Petrel*, *The Ocean Wave*, and *The Albatross*, till at last Neville proposed to call it after one of them.

'One name is as good as another,' he said, rather ungraciously; 'and if you like, it may as well be called *The Molly*.'

'Oh, no!' said Molly, much pleased; 'let it be *The Nora*.'

'No; you're the eldest,' protested Nora; 'it ought to be called after you.'

'Toss up for it,' said Neville.

So he tossed up heads for Molly and tails for Nora; and as tails turned up, it was decided that the boat should be called *The Nora*, and the name was painted on it the very next day; and Nora went home feeling at least a couple of inches taller, and that very night began a letter to Pat to proclaim her new honour, of which Molly could not help feeling a little bit jealous.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. X.—SIBERIA.



MORE than a hundred years ago a French Abbé travelled to the city of Tobolsk, the capital of Siberia. On the 10th of March he left St. Petersburg. On the 14th he reached Moscow. He went over the ground very rapidly, but was obliged to keep himself well wrapped up in furs, for it was cold enough to freeze his brandy. He travelled through a vast plain, partly open, partly wooded. The snow was about four feet deep.

The tracks were so narrow that two sledges could only pass by one lying on its side while the other went by. The sledge which carries his majesty's post always commands the way, and is known by a bell on the leading horse. When meeting one of these State sledges, the Abbé's sledge was so much

injured that half of it was torn off, and he had to sit without shelter until he reached Solikamaska, on the 29th of March. All his provisions had been frozen, and he was in a poor state of health. He was obliged to remain where he was until a new sledge was ready.

On April 2nd he left the place, and soon reached the Ural mountains. He says their sides are very steep, and the way over them most dangerous, especially by night. If the sledge leaves the beaten track the traveller will be buried in a gulf of snow. The firs are so loaded with it that the boughs bend under the weight, and on the ground about the forest it lies many feet deep.

It is a most desolate part of the world. No sound is heard save the cries of unfortunate travellers who are in trouble. The few people who dwell in that doleful region are shut up in their hovels from September to April. The snow disappears by the end of May, and then the crop of rye, oats, and barley, is sown. Fortunately the process of plant-growth is very rapid, and the farmer manages to secure some food, though not very much, nor yet very ripe, before the howling blasts descend again from their home of eternal ice.

By the 5th of April the Abbé had crossed the big hills, and on the 10th he reached Tobolsk, having travelled 2400 miles in the month. The town, when he reached it, was partially under water, in consequence of the rapid melting of the snow.

The Abbé tells us the people are slaves, with hardly any idea of liberty. They have but few wants, no manufactures, and no commerce. Their food consists of fish, peas, and rye-bread. Their drink is quass, a sort of beer made of meal and water. Their homes are heated by means of stoves, and are very inconvenient and unwholesome. The windows are only a foot wide and six inches high, and the candles are splinters of birch-wood. This kind of lighting, says the Abbé, is very dangerous, and gives rise to frequent fires, which sometimes burn down half a town. But, spite of rough living, the Siberians are exceedingly healthful.

Children are laid on straw or old rags in a basket, and left to sprawl at will. The basket is hung at the end of a long elastic pole, and is easily put in motion. When the child can walk, it can be seen playing about in the snow, half dressed, while the weather is cold enough to make a fur dress necessary to an ordinary traveller. This sort of treatment kills all the weakly children, and the strong only survive. Those who do live, however, are, the Abbé says, the longest-lived of any people in the world.

Tobolsk had at one time a good trade with China, but the Russians and Chinese were such knaves that the trade declined, each being unwilling to be cheated.

Siberia is an immense country. It is, perhaps, 3000 miles from East to West, and 2000 miles from North to South! In fact, it is much larger than the whole of Europe, and it is more level than any other part of the world of the same size.

Firs, birches, and willows are the usual trees, and a few poplars grow by the watercourses. The lakes are bitter and brackish. Siberia has the greatest river in the old world. This is the Ob, or Oby. The fishing in it is most excellent. No river that flows

into any sea has so many fish as the Oby. Much isinglass comes to us from this vast fishing-ground. In the woods many millions of squirrels and other animals are taken yearly for the sake of their skins. A brisk trade goes on also in elephants' bones, of which there are immense heaps in the desolate islands north of Siberia. These bones are found embedded in the sand. But how came they there?

It is a curious fact, that as we go further east in Siberia the cold increases. It is not known why this is so. In January, at Nishnei Kolymok, the thermometer goes down to -64°. It is then difficult for the Jungs to breathe, and the wild reindeer stands motionless in the deepest recesses of the forest. In summer-time Siberia, like Lapland, is infested by immense swarms of gnats. These little pests are, after all, of great service to the Siberians, for they so torment the deer that those animals rush helter-skelter from the forest to the sea-shore, and on the way many of them are killed.

Siberia is very rich in minerals. Silver, gold, iron, and platinum, are found here, and many precious stones likewise. Here glitter the diamond, the emerald, the beautiful amethyst, the lovely topaz. Here are found the jasper and porphyry. Windows are made of mica, which splits into thin flat pieces like glass.

The Russians gradually subdued the whole of this immense country, which contains a very great variety of races. Some, the Tshooktsbes, are like Esquimaux. They live on the frozen coast, and catch whales, bears, and foxes. Others live in timber houses, and are more like Russians. Others keep cattle and horses, and are Turks. Others are Tartars, and are engaged in leading caravans over the wastes. Then there are Calmucks, leading a wanderer's life, never pitching their tents twice in the same spot. These men know how to work iron, and they make their own guns. They are still heathens.

Then there are Cossacks, by whose help, indeed, Siberia was made part of the huge Russian empire. In sixty years' time the Czar's sceptre was carried from the Ural mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The first Cossack who invaded Siberia was a robber named Yermak. He conquered a large part of the country, and offered it to the Czar on condition that all his former bad deeds were forgiven him. His request was granted, and from that time, 1580, the Russian flag kept advancing East, until in 1639 it waved on the sea-coast at Behring's Straits.

SYMPATHY.

I WAS sitting at my window, in Islington, when a flock of sheep passed by. One of the poor things was so weary and lame that it lay down on the ground. The drover beat it with his stick, but he could not make it stir. In a rage he left it, and went after the other sheep. In a few moments another flock came up, when several of the newcomers gathered round the poor panting sheep, and after sundry rubbings of noses and bleatings he quickly rose, and scampered off to join his own flock. Surely we may learn lessons of kindness even from the brute creation! 'The tears of sympathy are sacred drops from the well of life.'



Sympathy. By HARRISON WEIR.



"Stop where you are, or I'll fire!"

N. or M.

(Continued from page 110.)

CHAPTER XV.



HE next morning Mike was up at the Vicarage the very first thing to propose that they should have a tea-party at Rat Hall that day. The girls had gone to bed the night before declaring that they were tired to death, and did not wish ever to go out to a tea-party again, but a long night's rest and a bright sun and cloudless sky threw another light on the matter, and they at once agreed to Mike's proposal, and invited Betty there and then.

Of course there was a great deal to be done in the way of preparations for this house-warming, lots of things to be carried down to the island, sticks to be collected for the fire, and a tripod erected to hang the kettle, a cake to be made, water-cresses to be found and washed, and the tea to be set out with all the elegance ingenuity could devise, and Rat Hall richly decorated with flowers. The idea of catching and cooking fish for the banquet was given up, partly for want of time, and partly because, when it came to the point, the girls were rather distrustful of their powers of cooking them over a fire of sticks sufficiently well to allow of putting them before a connoisseur like Betty.

In all the bustle of preparation they had quite forgotten Mike's mystery till Molly wanted to fetch some water, and was going to get it from the river behind Rat Hall, when Mike jumped up in a tremendous hurry and prevented her, and made her and Nora promise faithfully not to go that way till after tea, when he would show them something which he felt sure would please them.

Of course the girls kept their promise, but their curiosity was fearful, and they kept on trying to guess what the secret might be with their eyes fixed on Mike's face to see if they were shooting near the mark; but they could make out nothing from his expression, for he laughed quite as much when they guessed it was a birds'-nest as when they were sure it was a swing, and he would not be betrayed into throwing any light upon the matter.

Betty accepted the invitation conditionally: she would come if she had done her work—if the weather kept up—if Mrs. Smith could step in and see to the house and take in master's tea—if her toothache did not come on as had given her more than one twinge already. And after all, whatever did they want to go having tea out doors, and down by the water, too, of all places, a nasty damp place as ever was, with snakes and insects and all sorts of creepy-crawly things, when they might take their virtuais like Christians, sitting on chairs?

But, in spite of these objections, Betty was very pleased to come, and everything turned out favourably. She had done her work, the weather was all that heart could wish, and the sun was bringing out a purple glow on the lilac-bushes, and golden curls

on the laburnum, and white tapers on the horse-chestnut, and making the young leaves spread and shake themselves free from the protecting buds. Mrs. Smith was ready and willing to step in, and Betty forgot all about her teeth, and put on her best bonnet in honour of the occasion.

There was some debate as to whether the tea should be before or after service, but they concluded that it should be afterwards, so that there should be no hurry.

Everything was arranged beforehand, and Mike undertook to keep guard and drive marauding birds away from the table, and light the fire while they were at church, and they were to fetch Betty on the way back and convey her to the spot.

They had one more guest than they expected, for Elizabeth followed them down from church and on along the river-bank, and she crossed the willow bridge with no hesitation or surprise, but as if she were quite used to it. Of course Betty objected strongly to the bridge, and could hardly be persuaded to venture across it—'a nasty dangerous thing as ever was!'—and it needed all Molly and Nora's persuasions, and a good deal of main force from Mike, to land her safely on the island. But once there she was much pleased with everything. She never did know such children in all her born days, and just to think as they had done it all with their own blessed hands! She never did see the like!

She was a most satisfactory person as a guest, for she did not appear to notice any of the small defects which, as was only natural with such young house-keepers, occurred in their entertainment. She untied her bonnet-strings and lent back in her chair in the usual easy manner assumed at tea-parties, and when the back of the chair gave way she transferred her shoulder to the trunk of a tree for support, as if it were the most ordinary thing in life.

The position of the fire had been unfortunately selected without any consideration for the wind, which, in revenge for being forgotten, carried the smoke straight into Rat Hall; but though Betty's eyes watered, and she coughed now and then, no allusion was made to the cause, and she drank cup after cup of very smoky tea with much enjoyment, and stirred it up with a piece of stick, as tea-spoons had been forgotten.

It was altogether a very successful affair, and Nora's cake was so good that it was soon demolished, and not a crumb left for the robin or the rats. They all enjoyed their tea very much, and even little Elizabeth, sitting outside on the moss in the sun, looked less serious.

After tea Mike led the way through the bushes to the water, and then displayed what he had been so busy over for the last few days, and had kept such a profound secret. It was nothing less than the old punt which used to be high and dry under the willow in the mill garden, and which Mike had been mending and patching up. Mike was very proud of his handiwork, for he had done it all himself, with the advice of a friendly wheelwright, and had pitched it all over the bottom with his own hands, and painted the upper part black and red and green. He had found an old pair of oars in the mill, and having had some experience of rowing the summer before when

he was staying at a farm lower down on the same river, where it is broader and deeper, he was soon at home in the old punt, and brought it up to the island, and fastened it under the bushes at the nearest point to Rat Hall. But the finishing touch he had put to it after he got it to the island, and about this he had consulted nobody. The boat must have a name, and that name must be painted on. Mike, as we know, was a very indifferent scholar, and his copy-book was not a satisfactory spectacle; but bravely attempted is half won, so Mike set to work with a will and a brush full of white paint, and on the whole felt rather pleased with his work when it was finished; and there on a green ground in large white letters, which really were creditable, and with a flourish before and after, top and bottom, the words, *Miss Molly!*

'Well anever!' exclaimed Betty, 'if he's not abeen and called it after you, missy! Don't it look smart?'

Mike's eyes were beaming with satisfaction, and neither Molly nor Nora had the heart to remark on the spelling, or to suggest that another L would have been an improvement, and they agreed between themselves in private that really it did not matter a bit how it was spelt, and that any one could see what it was meant for. So they both admired the punt and the name and the painting; and Nora, with more wisdom than I should have given her credit for, resisted the temptation of saying that she had a boat named after her, too, and made no allusion to Neville Carson's pretty boat which was to bear her name.

There were no crimson cushions, but Mike had put some hay for them to sit on, covered with an old plaid shawl of his mother's, which was quite as comfortable, if not so elegant.

'Now then,' said Mike, 'will you come for a row?'

'Don't you go, Miss Molly,' protested Betty, her admiration changed to alarm. 'It's not a bit safe, I tell ye; it's just that rotten old punt as he've patched up. It's all very well for a good-for-nothing like him, nought's never in danger, but it's another pair of shoes with you and Miss Nora.'

'It's as safe as anything,' maintained Mike. 'It don't let in a drop of water, and it wouldn't upset if you took a drove of pigs on board or danced a jig in it, and I get along famously with the rowing.'

'We should like to come very much,' said Molly, 'if you think it's quite safe. I don't think father would like us to be drowned.'

'I'll undertake you shan't be drowned,' said Mike. 'I can swim like a fish, and, worst come to worst, if you get in I can get you out, and it won't be the first time either.'

'I've a good mind,' said Betty, 'to go right off to the master and tell him the mischief you're after. It's all stuff-a-rubbish going on the water when you could stop on dry land, where you couldn't get drowned nobow.'

But Betty was persuaded to let the girls get into the punt, and she even ventured into it herself for a moment, which was an act of no small heroism on her part, though the boat was firmly tied to the shore, and was in water that would hardly have reached to her knees if she had fallen in; for heroism does not so much consist in the extent of danger

endured as in the fear of danger that has to be overcome.

'Not that I think it safe,' she said, as she got back on dry ground. 'And if Mike lets you come to any harm I won't never speak to him again, that I won't!'

Whether it was the effect of this threat, or whether he did not wish her to say anything to Dr. Carlyon, I do not know, but Mike declared and protested that the girls should come back quite safe, without even wetting their feet or soiling their frocks.

'I don't know what your father would say to it,' Betty said, dolefully, as she stood on the bank with Elizabeth to see them start; and Molly and Nora did not feel at all sure either, and they were both very silent, and held their breath, as Mike untied the rope which fastened the punt to the shore, and pushed off into deep water.

But they soon found their tongues again, and left go of each other's hands, and ventured to move and settle themselves more comfortably on the plaid shawl as Mike rowed them up the stream, and before they were round the first turn that hid the island and Betty from them, they had suggested that they should take a turn at rowing.

Mike's rowing was certainly not of a very elegant description, and there was a good deal of splashing, and showers of bright drops now and then sprinkled the girls as they sat. Neither did they get along very fast, but he knew what he was about, and was very careful, so that not even father himself need have felt anxious as the old punt made its way slowly along the bright water, through which the lilies were pushing their long brown stems towards the surface that they might cover it through the summer with their great green plates.

But Mike would not let them row at first, as the river grew narrower, and the boat had a tendency to run aground on soft mud-banks or among fresh-springing green rushes, and big overhanging willow-trees swept the boat, and threatened to carry off the girls' hats or catch their hair. But by-and-by, when the stream was wider, and less weedy, they took the oars, and the punt rocked and waddled and went round and round, and ran aground, and did everything but go on, in spite of the girls' tremendous exertions, and their getting very hot and red in the face, and blistering their hands, and catching violent crabs. However, they were much pleased, and could not bring themselves to believe that the willow under whose shade they stopped at last, very much exhausted and out of breath, was the very same as that under whose shade they started off rowing.

They were just within sight of the bridge, and Mike proposed that he should row them up nearer to Bydown Park.

'It's a jolly broad piece of water there,' he said. 'I wonder they've never had a boat on it.'

'But they have!' burst out both the girls together. 'There's Neville Carson's new boat; haven't you seen it? Such a beauty! Quite new! And it's to be called *The Nora*.'

The secret was out now, and Mike's face clouded.

'I thought they were up to something the last time I was along there. So he's got a new boat, has he? And who's to row it?'

'Oh, Neville Carson's going to row it himself. We're going some day, and he's going to take us for a row all about everywhere.'

'He'll take you to the bottom then, as sure as a gun.'

'It's a beautiful boat,' Nora explained; 'all polished, you know, with red cushions, and such a long boat-hook!'

'If he doesn't know more of boats than he does of horses, he'll make a pretty mess of it; and if I was you I'd keep out of it. He can't swim neither: he used to come down with the butler to bathe when he was a little chap, and I've heard Rogers say you might as well teach a kitten to swim. He wouldn't go in over his knees were it ever so, and he'd roar and howl like a bull if Rogers tried to make him, and go crying to his mother afterwards with all sorts of tales; so Rogers just let him alone, as he didn't care to lose his place. Come on, we'll go and have a look at this fine boat.'

It was not, somehow, nearly so pleasant after this as it had been before; it was not so bright and sunny for one thing, and there was a bank of clouds in the west into which the sun had disappeared, and which threatened rain. Mike's face corresponded with the weather, and was less bright than it had been, and Molly and Nora wished nothing had come up about Neville Carson, and did not wish to go so near the Hall, lest they should be caught again as they had been before. However, they passed under the bridge, and came out into the broader water near the Hall without being challenged, and they could not see any one about in the gardens or park.

The water was studded with swans and water-fowl of different kinds, and there were some ugly, ungainly cygnets and little fluffy balls of ducklings, which were deeply interesting; but Mike made straight for the boat-house, and would not wait for Molly to get some bread out to feed the young ducks with.

There was the boat sure enough, and there was her name, *The Nora*, painted in gold letters on a blue ribbon. It had just been done, and the paint was wet, and Molly and Nora gazed at it with honest pride and admiration, without any invidious comparison with the battered old punt and the rough white letters of its misspelt name. But Mike felt the contrast acutely.

'If I had only have known!' he said, dejectedly.

'Known what, Mike?'

'Why, that he'd got such a boat as this. I'd have let this old punt rot away on the bank before I'd have touched it.'

'Oh, Mike!' protested the girls; 'it's a very jolly punt indeed, and a great deal safer than Neville's boat.'

'Anyhow,' Mike said, a little mollified; 'I'd never have called it after you. You'll be ashamed to have your name on such an old tub.'

'That I'm not. I'm very pleased —. Look there! there's some one coming!'

This cut short Mike's melancholy contemplation of the beauty of Neville's boat, and he pulled away behind an island, where they were out of sight of the Hall and its gardens, and where they could safely pay attention to the cygnets.

But they were not destined to get away undiscovered, for while they were engrossed in trying to convey some bread to a poor, oppressed young cygnet, who was smaller and weaker than the others, and accordingly got pecked and driven away on every occasion, there was a rustling in the bushes close by them, and a large black retriever made his appearance, and sent all the swans and ducks scattering in various directions, while he began barking furiously. Mike caught the oars and prepared for flight, but the next moment a man appeared behind the dog. He had a gun in hand, and he raised it to his shoulder and pointed it at them, and the girls' hearts stood still with horror.

'Hullo!' he said, 'what are you doing here? Just you stop where you are, or I'll fire.'

Mike was startled too, but he answered, —

'Now, then, what are you up to frightening the two young ladies that's stopping with the parson?'

'Get along with your young ladies, Mike Warren, we know all about that; it's your poaching as you're after; and we knew what you was up to as soon as we heard of your patching up your old punt.'

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XI.—TARTARY.



HERE is a strange and dangerous tideless sea called the Caspian, with shores so low and flat that the salt waves are blown far over them when the stormy winds do rage. The eastern shores of this sea, which are in Tartary, are specially barren and swampy, and can be traversed only when they are inundated and frozen.

To the east of the Caspian is another and a smaller sea, named that of Aral. There are sand-hills, several hundred feet high, between these waters, hills which the wild winds have heaped up with their hands. This sea of Aral is gradually drying up. And there are in the deserts of Tartary many large, dazzling white spots, which say to the traveller, 'I was once a lake, but what am I now? Where are my sparkling billows?' In these deserts there is here and there an oasis, with its greenery of grass, poplars, and willows; and through these go the long, long tracks, on which move the trains of camels.

It is to the east and south of these shallow seas, and right away to the borders of Afghanistan, where the restless Tartar lives and roves. He has a regular and mild climate, with now and then violent storms of wind, which so raise the grains of fine sand that the air is quite foggy with them.

This sand-fog causes much blindness, and Bokhara has a hospital for those who are thus afflicted. There is a want of rain, and much care is taken in irrigation. The Tartars can grow in their oases rice, wheat, peas, barley, tobacco, and cotton. They grow hemp, not as we do, for ropes and mats, but for 'bhang,' a kind of intoxicating drug. The Tartar gets sugar from the camel's thorn and treacle from



ASIA. — Tartary.

his melons. Some of his sheep have very fat tails, others have jet-black, curly wool. Butter comes to market in sheep-skins.

There are no coaches, no railways, no carriers' carts, no good turnpike-roads. All traffic is done on camel-back. A two-humped camel will bear 640 lbs. weight of goods. There is also a fine breed of horses in Tartary, and the Tartar is an excellent rider.

As you travel through this little-frequented land a small-sized tiger may meet you, or a wild hog, but you are in no peril of those fearful serpents which are such deadly enemies to man in India.

The people are staunch Mohammedans, and mosques, or churches, abound in the towns. There are 360 such buildings in Bokhara alone. At midday the priest of every village, after washing his face, feet, and hands, goes with his beads to the mosque, where, after having performed his own devotions, he climbs to the top of the lofty minaret, and sings out as loud as he can bawl, 'God is God, and Mohammed is His Prophet.'

Bokhara is a place of great trade. It stands in the midst of a great fertile oasis, and from it six great caravan-tracks go to Russia, Persia, India, Cabul, and elsewhere.

To Russia go rhubarb, shawls, and tea: from Russia the Tartar gets spices, leather, wax, metals, mirrors, &c. Some of these he passes on to Persia, getting back from that country shawls, yellow girdles, wooden combs, and carpets. The route to India, going as it does through the wild, unsettled districts of Afghanistan, is very hazardous.

Samarcand was once a grand city, when the famous conqueror Timur reigned over the Tartar hosts. He has left there his jasper tomb, under a beautiful agate dome; but the telescopes of his star-loving son have been carried away or destroyed, and there are fields and gardens where once stood streets and houses.

Most of the inhabitants of Tartary are descendants of the soldiers of the famous Jenghis, or Genghis Khan, who overran the country in 1220.

They are still governed by khans, who are despotic; but if they do not rule according to custom they are liable to be dethroned.

The huts of the wandering Tartars are made of, or rather covered with, felt. When you enter your host hands you a bowl of tea, taken out of a great iron kettle. It is 'brick tea,' mixed with milk, butter, salt, and flour, and it looks like thick soup. Your host has on yellow boots, most likely, and a black silk or grey wool cap. His waist has a girdle of leather, in which he hangs his knife, and his dress is of dark blue silk or light drab cloth.

The Tartar has acquired a character of savage ferocity. 'To catch a Tartar' is an expression meaning to get hold of a creature who will make you sorry you ever took the trouble to run after such a vixen. Many years ago all Europe was terrified by the fear of a Tartar invasion. Even the fishers of Friesland did not dare to leave their home in the herring season, lest the grim Tartar should run off with wife and children in their absence. These ferocious vagrants overspread Russia, Poland, and Hungary, ravaging towns and cities, burning, murdering, and plundering. When their chief was

weary of bloodshed, and had got as much booty as he could carry, he suddenly retired to the Caspian Sea, and fixed his camp near Astrachan. The Pope sent a messenger to soothe the angry savage, and so did the King of France. This king was the good Louis, commonly called St. Louis.

His mother said to him one day, 'The Tartars seem to threaten us with ruin.'

He replied, 'If they come, mother, either we will send them back to the Tartarus they came from, or else we will go to find in heaven the happiness of the elect.'

The messengers sent by the Pope and St. Louis were well received. The Frenchman found Tartary 'a huge and vast desert, in dimensions like the sea. Of hunger, thirst, cold, and weariness, there was no end.'

The great Khan of Tartary was a 'flat-nosed man,' who did not understand what the kings of Europe wanted him to do. But he was civil and kind, and sent back a polite answer.

Some part of Tartary, where it approaches the northern regions of India, is exceedingly high; the highest district, perhaps, anywhere which is inhabited. 'The natives call it 'The roof of the world.' High as it is, the grass is so rich that a horse, whose bones can be counted, is made sleek and fat in three weeks' time.

OUT-GENERALLED BY A GANDER.



YOU have heard of Munich and its works of art; its Pinakothek, or wonderful house of pictures; its Glyptothek, or museum of sculpture; its palace crowded with every object that can delight the eye. Munich is the capital of Bavaria.

You have read of the fine old city of Nuremberg, with its high walls and rocky châteaux and castles. It is said still to resemble a town of the Middle

Ages. Nuremberg is in Franconia, and Franconia is in Bavaria.

One of the industries of Bavaria is raising geese. You may find people with geese to sell in the Bavarian market-places, and may sometimes see at a fair the odd sight of a peasant-woman with a live goose under her arm, awaiting a purchaser for the distressed-looking bird.

These geese are raised in the valleys, and a boy is employed by the season to watch a large flock of geese, as a shepherd in the hill country is accustomed to watch sheep, or as a goatherd, who often lives in some rocky hut he has made in the mountains, is employed to watch goats.

One summer day Maximilian Joseph, the King of Bavaria, sat reading, in a plain citizen's dress, in the delicious shadows of the royal park. The heat was severe, and the atmosphere was hazy and dreamy, and possibly the book that the good king was reading was a

dull one, for he fell asleep. On waking, he determined to drive away further drowsiness by taking a walk.

He came to a sunny meadow, barred with long shadows of trees, which sloped down to a large pond. When he came to the margin of the pond, he remembered that he had left his book behind. He would be sorry to lose the book, but he did not wish to go back after it, so he looked around for some one to send. He presently espied a tall, lank, ignorant-looking boy, taking care of a flock of geese.

He called the boy to him.

'On a bench under a great ash in the park you will find a book. Go and bring it to me, and I will give you a florin.'

The boy did not know the king. But he knew that strolling people were not apt to offer florins for slight services.

'Do you take me for a fool?' asked he.

'What makes you think I am joking?' asked the king.

'Because money does not come so easy as that. You must be one of the gentlemen from the castle.'

'Well, what of that? Here is the florin. Go for the book.'

The boy's eyes sparkled. The money was almost as much as he received for taking care of a flock of geese for a season. Yet he hesitated.

'Well!' said the king. 'Why don't you go?'

The boy took off his hat and rubbed the side of his head.

'I would if I could; but the geese?'

'You little dolt! I will take care of the geese.'

'You!' exclaimed the boy. 'You do not look as though you knew enough. If they fly through the fields while I am gone, I shall have the damage to pay, and may lose my place, and then I would be ruined entirely. You see that one with a black head? It is a sly bird, and will be sure to lead the flock astray while I am gone.'

The king smiled.

'I know how to manage men, and I think I can manage a goose.'

He bade the boy go at once. The latter hesitated, but finally consented, giving the king a whip to crack in case the geese should begin to disperse.

But the winged subjects of the monarch soon perceived that their master was gone, and began to cackle and announce the news to each other most jubilantly. The black-headed bird began to march and counter-march, and the whole flock under his able generalship scattered, each separating from the other, and forming a line which grew longer and longer. The king issued his commands in a loud voice, and tried to crack the whip, but all his efforts went for nothing. The geese obeyed the orders of the gander.

The king ran hither and thither, but the line of the geese only grew longer and more diverse.

'Shew!' said the king. It was the only goose language he knew.

'Honk!' said the gander, and the geese obeyed the mysterious command, and made their line longer and longer.

At last the 'black-headed bird' gave a triumphant 'Honk, Honk,' and the whole column of geese rose into the air and flew into the fields. The king, bathed in perspiration, sat down in great vexation to find that

his royal authority was of so little account in the goose kingdom.

Presently the boy returned, and saw what had happened. He was in great terror and distress.

'Did I not tell you that you did not know enough to take care of geese? Now you must help me find them again!'

The king consented, and late in the day the flock was gathered.

'I'll never go away again,' said the boy; 'not for the king himself.'

The king returned to the castle quite thoughtful. It was easier, after all, to manage a kingdom than to out-general an old gander,—a thought which was hardly flattering to kingly dignity.



BUNCH.

—o—

HAT a strange name! She was a little country girl when the Rev. Sydney Smith, when too poor to keep a man-servant, took her into his service, gave her this name, and made her his butler. 'The girls taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals. Bunch became the best butler in the county!'

She is more than once mentioned in the memoir of Sydney Smith by his daughter.

'Coming down one morning, I found Bunch pacing up and down before her master's door in a state of great perturbation.

"What is the matter, Bunch?"

"Oh, ma'am, I can't get no peace of mind till I've got master shaved, and he's so late this morning; he's not come down yet."

This getting master shaved consisted in making ready for him, with a large painter's brush, a thick lather in a huge bowl, which she always considered as the most important duty of the morning.

Her witty master was very fond of Bunch and her funny ways. One morning, when speaking to a lady visitor, he called her to him.

'Come here, Bunch, and repeat your crimes.'

She came, as grave as a judge, and at once, in a loud voice, called out, 'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, blue-bottle-fly-catching, and curtsy-bobbing.'

Bunch knew this list of her faults by heart, and was required to repeat them every day.

On another occasion, in the middle of a hard winter, when the approach to the house was blocked with snow, a loud peal on the bell was suddenly heard. Bunch rushed to the door, and presently ran breathless into the room, exclaiming, 'Please, Sir, Lord and Lady Mackincrush is com'd in a coach-and-four, and wants to stay with you, but they can't get up to the front door!'

Who Lord and Lady Mackincrush were no one could guess; but the mystery was cleared up when it was found that some old friends, Sir James Mackintosh and his daughter, were the unexpected visitors.

A. R. B.



Bunch repeating her Crimes.



Elizabeth and the Mill-horse.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 116.)



OME, Joe Norris, none of your cheek! You know you don't bully me. We're old friends, you and me.'

The man lent forward a minute and put his finger to his lips, and gave a prolonged wink of deep significance, which did not seem to accord with his words, for he went on in the same harsh, bullying tone, 'I tell you what it is, I has my orders, and I'll carry 'em out. The young squire says, says he, I won't have no trespassing nor poaching, and you see to it, Norris, says he. So you just come along of me, or —. Beg pardon, sir,' Norris said, drawing back respectfully and touching his hat, as if he had not known all the time that Neville Carson was standing close behind him.

The girls were really quite relieved to see Neville, as they did not understand Norris's byplay, and were in awe of his gun, which he still kept aimed at the boat.

'Do tell him not to shoot us!' they cried out. 'We are not doing any harm, only feeding the swans. We thought you wouldn't mind our coming.'

'Oh, I don't mind!' Neville said, grandly. 'You can put down your gun, Norris. At least, I don't mind *your* coming up here; it's only idle fellows, lazy, vagabond poachers, that I won't have about the place.'

There was no mistaking whom he meant, and Mike's face turned crimson as he set his teeth and bent his head down, and Molly and Nora were nearly as red as he was.

'You had better get out of that old tub,' Neville went on. 'I shall give orders to have it broken up before any accident happens with it, or poaching.'

It was well for Neville Carson that several yards of water lay between him and Mike Warren, and that Molly and Nora were there, for Mike was trembling with rage in every limb, and his eyes flashing, and his sharp, white teeth, drawing blood from his under-lip in his efforts to contain himself. He had got the oars into the rowlocks now, and with a great pull brought the head of the boat round into the stream, and prepared to pull away; but as the boat turned the roughly-painted letters of the name, *Miss Moly*, caught Neville Carson's eye, and he burst into a loud laugh.

'Bravo, Mike Warren!' he said; 'that's the best spelling I've seen for a long time! M-o-l-y—Molly. I always heard you were a good hand at spelling, but I never knew you were such a swell at it as this. M-o-l-y. Bravo!'

And so he kept on laughing and pointing till the punt was round the turn of the river, and out of sight and hearing.

Mike rowed steadily and doggedly, and as they were going down the stream they made quick progress. Neither of the girls said a word; indeed, Nora was crying quietly, and Molly's eyes were not

quite dry. When the island was reached, Mike fastened the punt to the willow and helped them both out in silence, and still without a word went off, leaving the girls uncertain what to do. Betty and Elizabeth had both long since left the island, and Rat Hall looked dreary and deserted in the gathering dusk, as, in the lowest of spirits, the girls began clearing away the remnants of the feast.

'Let's go after him,' Molly said at last, when Rat Hall had been put quite neat again; but just as she spoke Mike made his appearance, carrying something, and the girls ran to meet him.

'Oh, Mike, you're not angry? You won't think about it? We're so sorry!'

And Mike looked at them with great, reproachful, dark eyes. 'You should have told me,' he said, 'that it was spelt wrong. How was I to know? such an ignorant, stupid fellow as I am! You should have told me.'

Both of the girls were crying now, and Mike was touched. 'There, don't cry!' he said; 'it's not worth crying about. We'll soon set it right.'

He had a pot of white paint in his hand, and Molly thought he was going to put in the missing 'L,' but instead of that, with a few vigorous strokes he painted all the letters out, and seemed quite to recover his spirits during the operation, for he turned round quite a smiling face, saying, 'There we are, and no bones broken!' but he added, under his breath, 'But I'll pay that fellow out, see if I don't.'

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the girls went down to Rat Hall the next morning; they found that Mike had quite recovered his spirits or his temper, whichever it was that had been affected the evening before. There had been some heavy rain in the night, which had penetrated through the roof of Rat Hall, so extensive repairs had to be undertaken at once, and no allusion was made for some days to the punt, as it was a painful subject.

The girls took the greatest precautions to be out of the way on the mornings when Neville Carson was expected; and once, when it was raining too violently to allow of their escape, they climbed up through a trap-door into the roof, and sat in great discomfort on the rafters all the morning. It was nearly dark up there, and decidedly stuffy, and when they came down at dinner-time, covered with dust and cobwebs, they were irritated to find that Neville had not come after all, as the rain which had kept them in had kept him away.

An invitation came from Mrs. Carson one day to come and have luncheon with her, promising they should have a row in Neville's new boat; but the girls expressed such great fear of going in a boat, and such doubt as to whether father would like them to do so, that Dr. Carlyon wrote an excuse to Mrs. Carson for them, and thought what good children they were to consider their father's wishes before their own pleasure.

Elizabeth was now a frequent visitor to Rat Hall, and she was as attentive and regular at Mike's lessons as she was at the church services, though it was hard to see how much she understood or took in in either case. Reading aloud seemed to have a fascination for

her, and she would sit by the hour with her great serious eyes fixed on the reader; but if Molly or Nora asked her any question on the subject of the book they were reading she would shake her head and say, 'Don't know.' It was difficult to measure her intelligence exactly, and sometimes the girls fancied that she understood more than she was generally given credit for, and sometimes that she understood nothing. She was very fond of Mike, who was always kind and gentle to her; but besides him, her only preference seemed to be for Dr. Carlyon, and perhaps for the same reason. There was a strange freemasonry between her and the lower animals, and she seemed to understand their inarticulate language, and they in return had a kindly sympathy with the child; and the big mill-horses would prick their hairy ears at the sound of her step, and rub their soft noses against her; and Farmer Holloway's bull, which was the terror of the neighbourhood, left off stamping its feet and tossing its shaggy head, and let her handle the ring in its nose, and blinked its little, fierce, bloodshot eyes, quite mildly at her.

One day Molly was reading aloud a book she had got hold of about adventures in the Spanish Main, and the Conquest of Peru, and Mike, who was lying on the moss at her feet, suddenly rolled over and caught hold of Elizabeth's pinafore.

'Come, Liz,' he said, 'let you and me go off together and find the Golden City across the sea.'

Molly and Nora laughed, but Elizabeth got up, and tied on her bonnet, and held out her hand to Mike, as if she were prepared to start at once.

'What?' said Mike; 'would you go across the sea?'

The child nodded.

'Right away beyond the sunset?'

Another nod.

'Where to, Liz? What should we find there?'

'The Golden City,' she said.

It was so seldom that she said anything, that her words quite startled the other children; but they could get nothing more out of her, and she wandered away to pick dandelions, and seemed to have forgotten all about it, and to be more stupid than ever afterwards. But she had not quite forgotten it, for some days after this, when they were standing by the river in the evening, and the sunset was lighting up the water with a bright golden glory, she pulled Molly's frock and pointed.

'Isn't it dazzling?' said Molly.

'The Golden City,' said the little girl.

One day they heard a good deal of splashing, and peeping cautiously through the bushes saw Neville Carson in his boat go by. He certainly was not much of a hand at rowing, and made such a poor figure that the girls would have laughed if Mike had not held up his hand to keep them quiet. He kept running the boat aground, first on one side of the river and then on the other, and getting the oars tangled in the weeds; and he was very hot, and had scratched his face with the bushes, and was evidently in a very bad temper; and he muttered something as he passed that the girls could not quite hear, and a good thing, too, that they could not.

Molly and Nora would have liked to have taken their revenge now that their enemy was in some way

in their power, and to have laughed at and made fun of him as he had done to them the other day; but Mike's warning hand restrained them, and Neville Carson, after a good deal of splashing and rocking got the boat round and made his way up the stream again.

'I wonder if he saw the punt,' Mike said, as soon as he was out of hearing; 'he must have passed precious near it.'

'There's no harm if he did,' said Molly.

'Well, we don't want to have him coming poking about at Rat Hall.'

'He wouldn't have any right to.'

'Perhaps he'd think he had.'

'But it doesn't belong to him.'

'Well, you see,' Mike said, 'the land on the other side of the river belongs to him, and he has the right of fishing as far as the mill (and much good it does him, too!) so I dare say he'd say that this island was his, though it's a deal nearer Farmer Holloway's land on this side.'

'Could he turn us out, then?'

Mike gave a doubtful whistle. 'He might make himself disagreeable, and trust him to do it if he got the chance.'

'I don't think he could have seen the punt,' Nora said; 'he was so taken up with his rowing. Didn't he look funny?'

But Mike did not feel sure about the punt. 'I tell you what,' he said; 'I think I'd better haul it up among the bushes out of sight. It will be easy enough to push it in again if we ever want to use it.'

So the poor old punt without a name, and with nothing but a smear of white paint where the letters had been, was, with a good deal of difficulty, pulled up and out of the water among the bushes.

This secrecy gave a fresh spice of adventure to their occupation of Rat Hall, which was now supposed to be a wigwam, and they North American Indians, and Neville Carson one of an enemy's tribe on the war-path; and their imaginations endowed him with all the horrors of war-paint, tomahawk, and feathers, and a goodly array of scalps at his belt; and their talk was all of scouts, and trails, and canoes, which required a good deal of explanation to Mike before he could enter into the idea.

The question as to whether Neville had noticed the punt was soon decided, for the very next day Mike reported that he had seen Neville Carson and Joe Norris, as he expressed it, 'mousing about' on the opposite bank, and peering across at the island.

'They hadn't got their fine boat so they couldn't come across, and they couldn't see the punt where it is now, so I hope they are off the scent. We must be a bit careful though of being seen about, for they are up to mischief as sure as my name is Mike; and I think, perhaps, we had better keep away from Rat Hall for a day or two and let them cool off.' So for two or three days they went up on to the hill instead, or into the big barn at Mrs. Holloway's.

'Norris was down at the mill this morning,' Mike said one day; 'looking about. I couldn't make out at first what he was after; but I soon twigged when I heard him say to one of the men, "Where's that old punt as used to be under the willow there?" and Bowdon answered up, "Why, young Mike have been

doing something to it, but I don't know where he've been and took it." "Down the river, maybe?" said Norris, pretending to be quite careless-like. "No, I don't think he took it past the mill neither," says Bowdon. "Well, anyhow, I can't see it nowheres up above." "Perhaps he've sunk it," says Bowdon: "it was a rotten old thing at the best." And then Norris goes off, but he won't rest till he has found it.

'I've been thinking,' Mike said, later in the day, 'that it would be safer after all to take the punt down to the mill again. If they see the poor old thing just where it always was, hauled up under the willow, they'll maybe think no more about it, and leave Rat Hall alone; and then, too, there's always people about at the mill, so if they were up to any games with it some one would see what they were after.'

So the next day they made their way cautiously to the island, taking great pains to escape observation, and found Rat Hall undisturbed, but already showing signs of being uninhabited; a good many leaves had drifted in, a branch had fallen across the door, and an impudent nettle had started up right in front and was already quite tall. The robin had hatched, too, and there were four gaping mouths visible when you looked into the nest instead of the eggs.

But the boat was the principal object of interest, and they went straight on to that. There it was, safe and snug among the bushes.

'Mike, you'll give us a row before you take it quite away, won't you?'

But Mike did not answer, he was looking thoughtfully at the muddy bank; and when the girls came to his side they saw that there was the clear impression of a large boot.

'It must be yours, Mike.'

But Mike shook his head. 'I haven't stepped there,' he said.

'It can't be ours, it's so very big.'

'It's like Man Friday, isn't it?' said Nora.

'Well, anyhow,' said Mike, 'if they've found the punt they seem to have left it alone at present, and if we get it down to the mill it will be all right.'

It was not very easy to get it into the water again; and it required all Mike's strength, aided by Molly and Nora, to push it through the bushes, and rushes, and mud; and they had to give more than one long pull, and strong pull, and pull altogether, before they got it to the water's edge.

'It will be all right when once we get the end afloat,' said Mike, stopping to wipe the sweat from his forehead, and draw breath before a final desperate struggle. 'Now then, there we are!'

'Oh, look, Mike! the water is coming into the boat!'

'Oh, we'll soon get that out; her head must have dipped under.'

Another push, the boat was nearly in; but instead of her head rising on the water it kept down, and the water bubbled up inside it.

Mike looked at it in perplexity for a minute, but at last gave a cry of comprehension and jumped into the boat, disregarding the water at the end that splashed up all over him.

'This is what they've been after!' he said.

The bottom of the punt was drilled full of small holes at short intervals all over, and through these holes the water came bubbling up as it would have done through a sieve.

'Two can play at that game,' said Mike between his set teeth.

(To be continued.)

A SABBATH ON MARS' HILL.



MORE than two thousand years ago there lived at Athens the most wonderful man of Greece, and perhaps the most remarkable of ancient history. His father was a sculptor; he himself was educated to follow his father's profession, and for a time he applied himself to the art.

He could not tell how it was, but he thought that his life had somehow a higher mission than that of other men. He fancied he heard a divine voice calling him. He walked the streets of Athens, continually talking to the unlearned and the wise, the poor and the rich, the market people and people of rank. He was very humble, and he was one day astonished by being told that the Delphic oracle had said that in all the world there was none so wise as he.

He declared that the soul of man is immortal, and that virtue will be rewarded in a future state; that this life is but the beginning of the life of thought and aspiration within. This noble belief was ever present with him and influenced his whole conduct. 'It is our duty,' he said, 'not to return an injury or to do evil to any man.'

In the year 399 B.C. this great and good man was accused 'of not worshipping the gods whom this city worships,' and of leading the youth to follow his example, and he was condemned to die. He was cast into a prison, where he awaited death thirty days.

He was condemned to drink a cup of poison-hemlock, which produces the stupor of death. He received the sentence with his accustomed loftiness of character, saying that death would not end his life, and that he did not fear to meet the change.

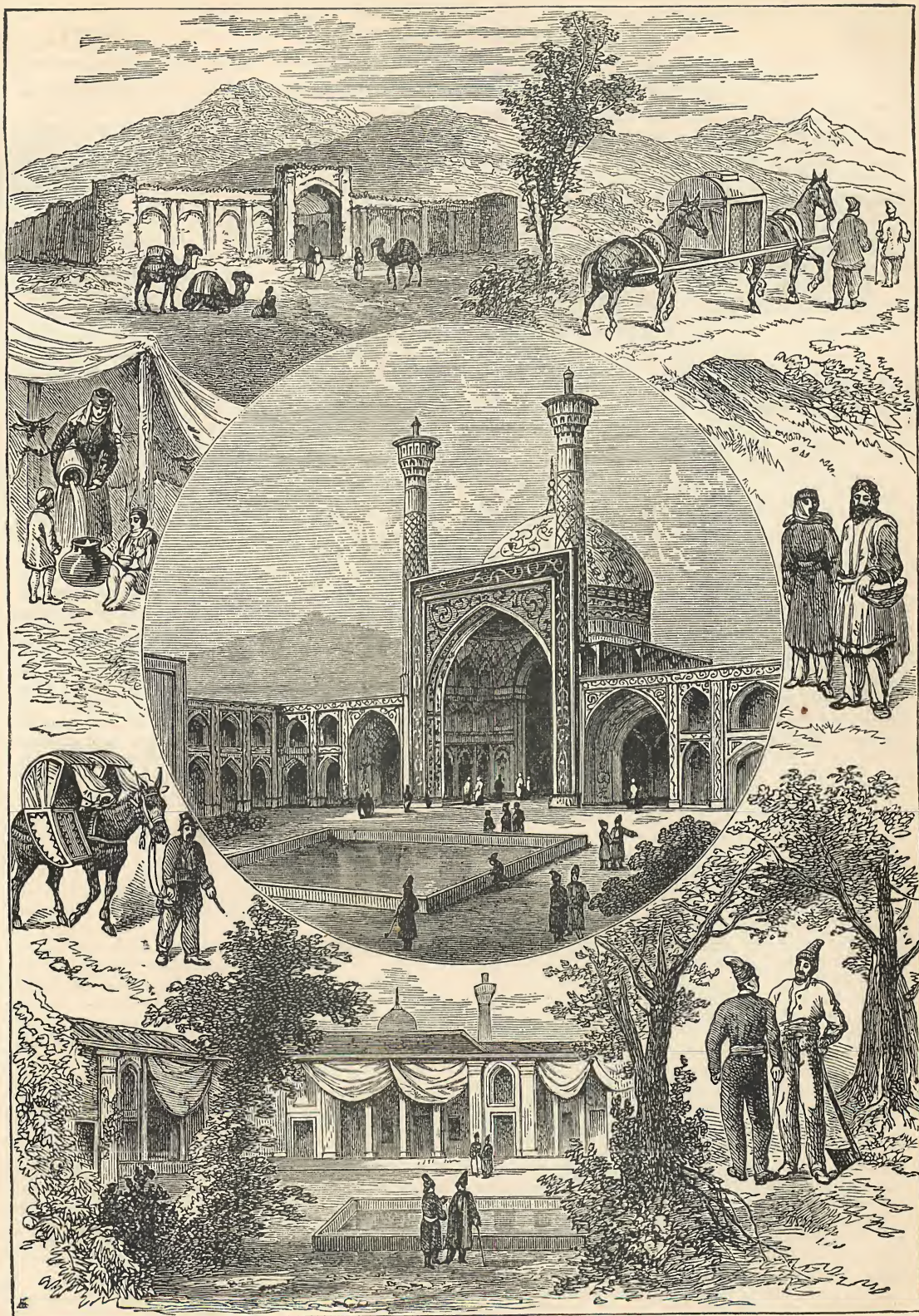
On the last day of his life he uttered a grand discourse on immortality. He said:—

'Were I not convinced that I shall go into the presence of the wise and good deities, and of departed men better than those on earth, I should do wrong to be thus willing to die. I am confident as I can be of anything that I shall go to the celestial divinities, and that it will be better with the good than with the wicked after death.'

He calmly drank the poison. Of all heathen philosophers he most nearly discovered the essential doctrines of the Christian truth.

His name was Socrates.





ASIA. — Persia.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XII.—PERSIA.



PERSIA lies between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulf on the north and south, and between Turkey in Asia and Afghanistan on the west and east. That part of it near the Caspian (a narrow belt between high mountains and the sea) is actually below the sea level, and its climate is extraordinary. It is a tropical country, though a thousand miles outside the tropics. It is unhealthy, and

subject to violent winds, and storms, and torrents of rain. This strange belt of land produces a most luxuriant vegetation—oranges, sugar-cane, cotton, silk, and rice.

Then there is the great table-land of Iran, generally fertile near the hills, but in many parts wanting moisture. Here are famous orchards of all sorts of fruit, which have a splendid midsummer to ripen in. How blue are the skies in those happy days! But winter is very cold. At Tabriz, between Mount Ararat (one of Persia's western bulwarks) and the Caspian, hardly a day passes without one or two persons being frozen to death in the neighbourhood. Ararat is the northern outpost of the Kurd mountains, which form the western barrier of Persia.

Along the Persian Gulf, as along the Caspian, the shores are low, and the climate hot and dry, and very unwholesome in summer. At the back of this warm tract the land rises into a high region, cold and barren. Here the Arabs, who grow dates on the low tract, retire. Then there is the great desert of Iran, partly salt, partly marshes. Here are hillocks of fine sand, very dangerous to travellers; here, too, are rocks rising out of the plain. Ten to one the rock you see before you hides a robber or two. Here, too, are the blessed oases of rest. A line of these sweet, green islands, stretches between Herat and Ispahan, a distance of twenty or thirty miles from one another.

The lakes of Persia are mostly salt. The largest lake is much saltier than the sea. 'Its water,' says Ebn Haukal, 'is salt and bitter, and contains not any living creature.' Another lake, named Bakhtegan, is nearly dry during summer, and its bottom becomes encrusted with salt, which is collected by the people who live on its borders.

In Persia there are certain fertile tracts, kept open on purpose for the convenience of the wandering tribes. It is said that every fourth person in Persia has no fixed abode.

Almost every kind of grain, vegetable, and fruit, grows in Persia; but there are no forests. The Christians are the only people who make wine, but the Persian, while avoiding our wine-bottle, grows millions of poppies, and makes therefrom much opium.

Camels are used in caravans, and horses are abundant, of a beautiful sort. The sheep are fat-tailed; the cattle often have the same hump as the Brahmin bull. The gardens are full of roses, and the nightingale enchants you in the fine summer evenings. But,

still, every rock has its robber and every plain its leopard.

The people are either Persians or else Parsees, Arabians, and Armenians. The Persian is a polite and well-read man; the Parsee is a fire-worshipper, and usually a very honest tradesman; the Armenian is generally a merchant in one of the large towns; while the Arab retains his love of fresh air, and is fisherman or sailor. Some of the wandering tribes live in tents, and some in cities. They have cattle, and make liquid butter, and go where they like, paying a tax to the Shah, and finding him some soldiers. The Kurds, who live under the shadow of Ararat and its neighbouring mountains, are the fiercest of these tribes. They are not Persians; but one of the shahs invited them to defend Persia from the Turkomans. This they have done, but they are often very troublesome neighbours, as we have recently heard.

Let us look at a few of the towns. Dorak, near the Tigris, is two miles round, yet its houses are very few. The people (Arabs generally) prefer living outside, under the shade of their date-palms. Here they make their celebrated Arabian clocks.

Near this place are the remains of the once famous Susa ('Shushan the palace,' Nehem. i. 1), the old residence of the Persian kings. On the east of the gulf is Bushire, which looks bravely from the sea; but when you land it is but a poor place of sun-dried bricks. It is, however, rather a busy port. The country all round is parched and barren. Shiraz, called the Athens of Persia, from having produced the two great poets, Sadi and Hafiz, was once a favourite residence of kings. The great bazaar is a fine place, half a mile long, and built of yellow bricks. At Darabjerd the best tobacco in the world is grown. The famous old ruins of Persepolis are near Shiraz. When Alexander the Great lived, Persepolis had a palace full of untold treasures. There are some fragments of sculptures from Persepolis in the British Museum. The Paradise of Persia is said to be in the district of Kerman. It is a plain, abounding in every kind of fruit.

Kerman was much injured in 1794, but is yet a place of 20,000. It makes shawls, matchlocks, and carpets. It sends to India rosebuds and pistachio nuts.

Herat is an eastern fortress—with high walls, and a moat. It is a great thoroughfare between India and the West. At Mushed, between Herat and Ispahan, is a magnificent tomb of a famous saint. It has a gate of silver. No Jew or Christian may enter. Pilgrims come here by thousands. Near Mushed are turquoise mines.

Yezd is in a great oasis, but not very fertile. It is important, as having two caravan lines crossing each other at it. Much silk is made here, also cotton, and sugar-candy.

Ispahan once had a million people. It may have now a fifth or a tenth as many. It would take you all day long to walk round its mud walls. Shah Abbas the Great made Ispahan. He built a grand bazaar, now fast decaying. The palace is very splendid. It stands mouldering away in the middle of a glorious garden. The best gold brocade in the world is made in Ispahan.

Teheran is the present capital. Here the Shah lives

part of the year in the citadel. His palace is far meaner than the old fading one at Ispahan.

The Persians are, like us, a commercial people. The commerce is carried on entirely by caravans. The articles are very various. Things to wear, as velvet, silks, and stuffs of camels' hair; house utensils, as lamps, inkstands, and looking-glasses; things to eat, as sugar-candy, dates, and lemons; precious stones; paper, and pots; indigo, ivory, and iron; nuts, needles, and nonpareils; shoes, sugar, and shagreen.

The language is soft and musical. Mohammed used to say it would on that account be spoken in heaven. When Timur conquered Persia, he was conquered by its language; and the Turks greatly improved their own harsh tongue by mixing Persian words with it.

One of the most famous of modern Persians was a general named Nadir. He 'left the forest where he was concealed, and came to deliver his country' from Afghans, Turks, and Russians, who, like so many vultures, were come to prey on Persia. Nadir drove back the Afghans and conquered Candahar. Then he crept over the hills and took Delhi, which he despoiled of a booty worth 32,000,000*l.*, of which one half was in diamonds and other jewels.

Eight years afterwards, when he was sixty, Nadir was murdered in his tent. His kingdom fell to pieces. Few men could have equalled him in holding together so many mixed races as make up the Persian people. Call Persia Persia if you like, but it is inhabited greatly by other nations; and it is a strange fact, that the entire land all round the Persian Gulf is in the hands of the Arabs. The Persian does not like fish, and so he yields his sea coast to his cousins, the sons of Ishmael.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS.

IT was Easter Tuesday, 1282. The Esplanade was carpeted with flowers, and over it the Sicilians were passing on their way to the Resurrection Festival.

The French had long ruled Sicily with an iron hand. The Sicilians, whenever they assembled on any public occasion, were sure to be reminded of their servile and crushed condition by the appearance of their French masters among them. They burned with a patriotic ardour to throw off the rule of their oppressors, and only awaited the opportunity.

Lent had passed, and on this day the gay Sicilian character was exhibited in the festival. They danced, they feasted socially from little tables spread on the grass. It seemed like the old days of their rustic peace and freedom.

Suddenly the French officers appeared among them, insolent, dictatorial; coming, as they claimed, to preserve order. The happiness vanished, and fierce anger filled every Sicilian's heart.

At last a Frenchman offered an insult to a lady, who fell fainting in terror at his words and impudent conduct.

'Death to the French!' shouted the husband of the injured woman.

A young Sicilian sprang upon the offending French soldier, and killed him.

'Death to the French!' shouted the people.

The Sicilians slew two hundred French people on the spot. The tables arranged for the festival were covered with blood. The crowd armed themselves with the weapons of those they had overcome.

'Death to the French!'

It was nightfall. The victorious Sicilians came rushing into Palermo, striking down every French person they met. The French people rushed to the holy altars, but the Sicilians followed them there, and reddened the churches with blood.

A night of slaughter followed. Two thousand French people fell.

The massacre is known in history as 'The Sicilian Vespers.'

THE GIGANTIC IRISH DEER.



IN Ireland there have been discovered from time to time great numbers of horns, and sometimes entire skeletons, of an animal of the deer-tribe, far exceeding in size the largest elk of the present day. Indeed, the creature must have surpassed the horse in dimensions, and had vast strength to have carried such enormous horns. From their

shape, and the height of the animal at the shoulders, it was at first called the Irish Elk; but it is now considered to belong to a distinct species, partaking of the character of both elk and deer, and long since extinct. The remains are found buried in the peat bogs at various depths, sometimes near the surface, and the skeletons occasionally upright, as if the deer had sunk in the bog; and from allusions in ancient Irish poetry there is reason to believe that these creatures continued to exist down to a later period than most other extinct animals.

In a very curious old story, Ossian the bard, when a very old man and blind, is described as boasting at a banquet of the glories of the pagan days of Ireland as compared with the degeneracy of the times he then lived in. He talked of the greatness and strength of the heroes of former days, and said the bones of the deer they were then feasting on would go inside the bones of the tall deer that his ancestors hunted! The company laughed him to scorn; whereat the old man rose in anger, and told a boy to lead him to a certain place where there was a heap of bones; and selecting a shank-bone, he returned to the hall, and taking one of the bones of the deer from the table, he put it inside of the hollow bone he had brought in with him. To the astonishment of the guests, it fell right through, and they laughed at him no more.

Ossian lived in the third century; but he is said to have attained to more than a hundred years of age. And the foregoing story, at any rate, proves, that at the time it was composed there was a tradition of the existence of the gigantic deer of former times, and that some of the bones were lying on the surface of the ground, instead of being covered with the peat as they now are.

A. R.



The gigantic Irish Deer.



“Where did it come from?”

N. or M.

(Continued from page 124.)

CHAPTER XVII.



HE girls were full of loud anger and indignation at Neville Carson, and the mean, shabby, sly trick he had played them, and they were much inclined to go off to Dr. Carlyon to tell him their wrongs, and to get him to demand redress from Mrs. Carson; but Mike sat in moody silence, hugging his knees and staring

at the disabled punt, which lay half in and half out of the water. The girls got frightened at his silence, and at the dull, angry light in his eyes, and they began to try and soothe him.

'Oh, Mike, it doesn't really matter. We don't care a bit about rowing, and father would much rather we did not go on the water; and after all, we were only going to take it down to the mill and leave it there, so it wouldn't have been any good to us there. And couldn't you mend it, Mike? the holes are very small.'

Mike laughed gloomily. 'It's past mending,' he said. 'But come on, it's no use sitting grizzling here; let's push the wretched old thing into the river and have done with it.'

The girls readily agreed to this proposal.

'Let's fancy it's Neville Carson,' said Nora, 'and that we're pushing him in.'

This idea, certainly, did let off the steam very satisfactorily, at any rate as far as the girls were concerned, and even Mike laughed at the energy with which the girls pushed the old punt, and the abuse they bestowed upon it.

'You bad, deceitful creature! are you sorry for your wickedness? No, it's no use begging. You're going to be drowned, Mr. Neville Carson, right down at the bottom in the mud, and the best place for you too!'

Elizabeth had appeared on the scene now and stood looking on with that strange, dull look of hers, with neither wonder or surprise in it; while Mike and the girls took revenge on the poor, innocent, old punt, and pushed it into the river, not satisfied till every bit of it was below the water, which was all thick and brown with the stirred-up mud.

The footprint that had first betrayed a trespasser on their domain had long since been trodden out and lost sight of by the time the punt had been disposed of, so it was not much use Molly looking about on the ground as she asked, 'Do you think Neville Carson came here himself, Mike?'

'It was Norris that did it, the blackguard!' said Mike. 'I'll teach him something before I've done with him! But I reckon Carson was here, too; they came in that boat. They won't have another chance, I tell them!' And Mike caught up his hat and coat that he had thrown off in his struggles with the punt and turned to go away.

'Where are you going, Mike?'

'There! never you mind. It's nothing to do with you. I've got a little account to settle, that's all.'

But the girls would not be satisfied to let him go with that set look on his face.

'Oh, Mike, what are you going to do? Don't go! Stop and let us read a bit of the book.'

'Well,' Mike said, at last, 'it's not much use going now after all, for they'll be so sharp on the look-out; but I feel as if I couldn't settle to anything till it's done, not even to listen to that book.'

However he got out the book for Molly, and flung himself down on the grass in his usual place for listening; and perhaps the *Conquest of Peru* might have charmed away some of the evil feeling if something else had not given an unexpected turn to matters.

'Come, Elizabeth,' Nora called before the reading began; 'we're going to read: come and listen.'

Elizabeth had been wandering about among the bushes, and along by the water's edge, gathering, as usual, her pinafore full of flowers, and those principally yellow ones, which always attracted her. At Nora's call she came up and sat down near Mike, and turned out her flowers on the grass by her side and began arranging them in a nosegay. None of them looked at her particularly; Mike's head was full of one idea, and the girls' heads were full of Mike, and it was quite by chance that Nora noticed the little girl fastening the stems of the flowers together with something that was more golden than the buttercups and cowslips and dandelions she was arranging.

'What have you got there?'

And then Elizabeth held up her hand as quietly as if a gold watch and chain were as common on a river bank as rushes and forget-me-nots, and said, 'Golden.'

Yes, it was a gold hunting-watch, with a crest and monogram engraved on the case, and a handsome thick Albert chain, with a seal attached to it bearing the same crest. The girls stood staring at it in silent wonder, and Mike, who had taken it from Elizabeth's hand, turned it over and over and examined it curiously.

'Where did you find it? Where did it come from?'

But Elizabeth only pointed vaguely towards the water where the punt had been sunk.

'Perhaps it has been washed ashore,' said Molly; 'you know at Saltgate they used to pick up all sorts of things on the beach.'

'Or perhaps,' suggested Nora, 'it belonged to the ancient Britons. I know sometimes they find flint instruments and bones that belonged to them.'

'It's going,' said Mike, 'so it won't have been here long, and—I tell you what!' he exclaimed with a sudden idea, 'it's Neville Carson's, and he dropped it when he came after the punt.'

'Of course it is!' the girls exclaimed; 'and I remember quite well his wearing that chain. And don't you recollect his taking out his watch in the train that night, Nora?'

'Won't he be in a way when he finds out that it's gone? Serve him right!'

Mike's face was clearing into great satisfaction; and the two girls were delighted with what they thought was a very just punishment for Neville's behaviour.

'Depend upon it he was in a tremendous hurry to get away before any one came, and in a funk lest he should be caught, and never noticed if a branch caught in the chain, and pulled the watch out of his pocket; and Norris might have been on in front and not seen it.'

Mike had put the watch in his waistcoat pocket, and arranged the chain tastefully across his waistcoat, which was of the shabbiest.

'Don't I look a swell?' he said; 'every bit as good as Neville Carson! It's a good payment for the damage he's done; I think now I'll leave his fine boat alone. I expect this would fetch a good twenty pound if one was to sell it.' He took it out of his pocket and weighed it thoughtfully in his hand. 'Twenty pound,' he said: 'it's a lot of money!'

It made the girls somehow uncomfortable to see him looking so eagerly at the watch.

'What are you thinking of, Mike?' Molly said, nervously.

And then Mike seemed to rouse himself and shake off some engrossing thought, and he laughed. 'I was only thinking that twenty pound might start a fellow in life; and that, with that in my pocket, I might set off and find the Golden City: but, of course, that's all nonsense. We'll give Neville Carson a good frightening about his watch, and let him have it again after a bit if he behaves himself; but we'll lead him a pretty dance first.'

'But won't they come and look for it? He'll be sure to think he might have dropped it here.'

'Yes; but he won't think that we've found it; and he won't want us to know anything about it if he can help. They'll try all sorts of round-about ways, see if they don't; and we must all look as innocent as we can, and pretend not to know what they're driving at if we come across them.'

'How long shall we keep it?' Nora asked.

The girls at the bottom of their hearts could not help feeling a little pity, even for Neville Carson; though he was disagreeable and had played them such a mean trick.

It was such a beautiful watch, like the one Brian had, and it must be so dreadful to lose such a one. They remembered, when Honor dropped her purse one day, what anxiety and despair there had been, even though it only contained a shilling and some pence, and what rejoicing there had been when it was found in Don's basket.

Mike, however, had no pity of this kind, and was so pleased and amused at this chance of punishing Neville that the girls put their scruples in their pockets and joined heartily in Mike's plans.

Where should it be hid? It must be done at once, for any minute some one might come and look for it, and find them with it in their hands. Molly suggested the shelf by the robin's nest; Nora, the box covered with carpet; but neither seemed safe enough, and Mike proposed that they should put it into a hollow in one of the trees, and cover it with dead leaves and branches.

'It can't come to any harm there,' he said; 'it's quite dry, and I'll wrap it in my handkerchief so that it shan't be scratched, and no one would think of looking for it there. If they come they're sure to overhaul Rat Hall, and every hole and corner about it, but they won't think of looking here.'

So a bed was prepared with great care by the girls for the watch, and it was wrapped in Mike's blue check handkerchief, and covered over with sticks and leaves; and then the children left it, as the last look at its face told them that it was dinner-time, and the sun and their appetites agreed with that statement.

'We had best keep away this afternoon,' Mike said, 'for they're safe to come down to look for it; and if we are not there, they can't ask any questions; and they're free to look till they are tired.'

'Young Carson hasn't been this morning,' Betty told them when they got home; 'and there's master been awaiting for him all the time, and all in a fidget to get over to Northbury and have a look at them rubbishy old things as they've dug up there, as he thinks so much on. He did ought to let folk know when he's not coming, that he did! But I'll warrant he's off on some jinks or other, and never takes a thought of how he's putting folk about.'

Molly and Nora exchanged meaning glances, guessing that perhaps Neville was as much 'put about' himself to-day as any one.

(To be continued.)

THE DIVER.

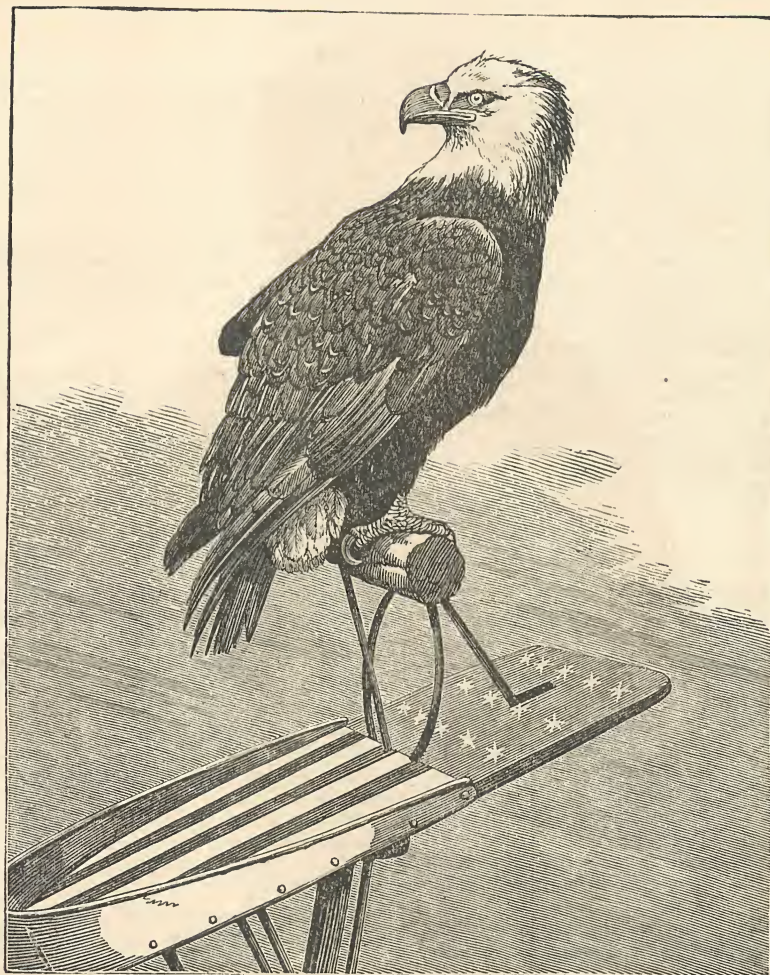
IT is not the staple work of divers to find the bodies of the dead. Many have no experience of this sad work. The recovery of wrecked cargoes, or, still better for the world, the laying of foundations for public harbours, bridges, and other important engineering works, keep our very small diving population in employment. At such work they can obtain long engagements and earn a good deal of money. In raising wrecked cargo the diver frequently makes a profitable contract for a proportion of the value of the cargo recovered. On occasional employment a fairly good diver will probably decline to enter the water, even for half an hour, without the promise of 3*l*. 10*s*. for doing so; and some first-rate divers are said to command double that sum. The work that can be done in one descent depends pretty much on the depth at which it has to be done, and on the nature of the work itself. The dress and attachments now in use cost not less than a hundred pounds. The diver about to descend first clothes himself in guernseys and overalls, to keep his diving dress proper from chafing. The dress itself is of waterproofing, lined with a strong solution of india rubber. The diver's assistants—never fewer than two, and often three in number—pull on this dress for him, and attach it to hooks on his breastplate. By means of a metal band and screws the india-rubber collar of the dress is firmly attached to the breast plate, and the penetration of water rendered impossible. A globular helmet of tinned copper with brass fittings is placed on the diver's head, and screwed tightly down upon the collar fittings. At each side of the helmet are strong plate-glass windows or bulls'-eyes, guarded with brass frames. In front is a round hole, through which the diver can still speak to his friends. He gives them directions about the fastening of his weights. His clogs, each of which have about fourteen pounds of lead attached to them to help him sink, are ex-



The Diver.

amined and found in order. He has 'leads,' weighing thirty pounds each, lashed to his back and breast, and a 'life' or signal line is carefully fastened around him, within reach of his hands. He has a strong knife or a small axe in a sheath at his side. His hands only are left bare. At a given signal one assistant takes hold of a tube, and, making sure that one end is properly

attached to the back of the helmet, connects the other with an air-pump. He proceeds to pump air into the head-dress, and his companion examines the head and breast-valves, which are to relieve his master of the surplus and exhausted air. It is now safe to shut up the diver entirely. Accordingly, the second assistant screws another window into the hole in the



Old Abe.

helmet front, hands the life-line to the third assistant, and assists the diver to commence his descent. The diver, having gone below, has now left his life in the hands of his assistants. They are, therefore, bound to be the most careful and trustworthy of men. Often they are brothers or other near relatives of the diver. Two of them keep the air-pump going at the rate of speed required by the diver, and the third finds out and interprets his wishes by means of the life-line.

The diver's life-line language is not limited to requests for more or less air. He has a comprehensive language of signals. One pull at the rope says, 'I have reached the bottom,' and the signal must be returned to indicate that at the top it is understood. One pull and a shake indicate that he wants something down. The vocabulary appears to include no signal for telling what that something is; but the assistant is generally shrewd enough to understand what is needed, and, if he sends the wrong thing, it is speedily returned. The instruction is given to heave and lower chains which the diver is fastening by means of three and four pulls. Five would say, 'Go to the north,' six pulls, 'To the west,' and so on. A continual shaking of the rope tells the wish of the diver to be hauled to the surface.

First experiences of diving are, by all accounts, extremely disagreeable. One diver told the writer he had 'an awful roaring in his head' and 'the deafness in his ears' for a long time. Headache and disagreeable sensations in the ears are encountered by every diver at first; and these disagreeable experiences recur to him when he resumes diving after having been long out of practice, or when he goes to an unusual depth. They are due to the pressure of the air in the diving dress—a pressure which increases as the diver descends. Some suffer so much that they never make a second trial; but those healthy athletic men who are mostly to be found practising the diver's calling are not supposed to be subject to any disease specially attributable to the nature of their work.

A. P.

OLD ABE.

THERE is an American Bald Eagle which is the pet of a United States regiment. He shared all the hardships and dangers of the regiment during the war between North and South. He has been in sixteen battles and received three wounds, the scars

of which are still visible. His habit was in time of battle to perch on a banner in the thickest of the fight, screaming and flapping his wings as if to encourage his fellow-soldiers to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm.

Old Abe, for that is the name of this remarkable bird, was sent from his home in one of the Western States to be present at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, entrusted to the care of a soldier of his own regiment. Every day he sat upon his lofty perch with great dignity, yet keenness, eyeing the crowds that poured through 'Agricultural Hall,' now and again uttering loud cries when excited by a band of music. He was regularly fed while visiting the great show, and slept in the open air, in one of the trees of Fairmount Park.

As the eagle attains a great age, this famous bird may live to see another centennial celebration of the country of which he is the emblem.

In his portrait he is represented standing on a shield, bearing the stars and stripes of the United States of America.

H. A. F.

THE JOLLY OLD ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.



HE minstrels used to sing of 'Good King John,' but the poets seem to be the only people who have had anything to say of King John's goodness. His forgiveness of the crafty old Abbot of Canterbury is the only good thing we ever heard of him, and we are a little suspicious that this incident may be too good to be true.

The Abbot of Canterbury was a thrifty old prelate, a lover of good cheer, and he lived right sumptuously, as the old prelates were wont to live during the reign of the Plantagenet kings. King John heard of the abbot's easy estate, and it made him very uneasy; for, being a sadly jealous man, he was always unhappy when he thought that another was better off than himself.

One day there came to King John certain busy people, who said,—

'Do you know how many servants the Abbot of Canterbury keeps in his house?'

'No.'

'An hundred.'

'That is more than I keep in a palace!'

'Do you know how many gold chains the abbot has to hang over his coats of velvet?'

'No.'

'Fifty.'

'That is more than can be found among the jewels of the Crown! I will visit the Abbot of Canterbury. He has lived so long in luxury that he has lived long enough.'

Then King John put on a terrible face, which must have been terrible indeed, for at the best he wore no merciful countenance, and he rode over to the grand old abbey, and summoned before him the luxury-loving abbot.

'How now, father abbot?' said the king sternly. 'I hear that thou keepest a better house than I. That, sir, is treason,—high treason against the crown.'

'My liege,' said the abbot, 'I never spend anything but what is my own. I trust that your Grace would do me no hurt for using for the comfort of others what I myself have earned.'

'Yes, father abbot, thy offence is great. The safety of the kingdom demands thy death, and thou shalt die. Still, as thy learning is great, and as thou art esteemed a man of wit, I will give thee one chance of saving thy life.'

'Name it, my liege.'

'When I come again to this place, and stand among my liegemen with my crown on my head, thou shalt answer me three questions.'

'Name them, my liege.'

'Thou shalt tell me, first, how much I am worth, and that to a single penny.'

'Thou shalt tell me, secondly, how long a time it would require for me to ride round the whole world.'

'Thou shalt tell me, thirdly, what I am thinking.'

'Oh, these are hard questions,—hard questions for my shallow wit!' said the abbot, with a fallen face. 'But if you will give me three weeks to consider them, I think I may answer your Grace.'

'I give thee three weeks' space; that is the longest thou hast to live. If then thou canst not answer well these questions three, thy lands and thy livings shall become the Crown's.'

The king departed, and the poor abbot sat down with a clouded brow and a heavy heart, and was at his wits' end.

At last, in utter despair of forming any answer himself, he ordered his horse, and rode over to Oxford and Cambridge to consult the doctors. Here he tarried many days, but

'Never a doctor was there so wise,

That could with his learning an answer devise.'

With a heart more heavy, and a brow more dark, then

'Home rode the abbot of comfort so cold.'

As he was riding slowly, near the grounds of the old, old abbey, and marked the golden crosses gleaming above great shadows of the trees, and reflected that he soon would cease to enjoy the pleasures of the place, his head dropped upon his breast, and the tears wet his cheek.

As he dismounted, he saw a jolly shepherd—one of his own servants—going to the fold.

'How now, my lord abbot?' said the shepherd; 'right welcome you are home! What news do you bring from the king?'

'Sad, sad news, shepherd! I have but three days more to live, if I do not answer him questions three.'

'And what are the questions three?'

'First, to tell him, as he stands in yon place among his liegemen with the gold crown on his head, what he is worth, and that to a single penny.'

'Secondly, to tell him how long it would take him to ride round the world.'

'Thirdly, to tell him what he is thinking.'

'Then cheer up, cheer up, my lord abbot! Did you never hear that a wise man may learn wit of a fool? They say I much resemble you. Lend me your gown,

and a horse and a serving-man, and I will stand in your place and will answer the king's questions.'

The abbot brightened a little at this, and answered,—
'Horses and serving-men thou shalt have, and sumptuous apparel, with crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope, fit to appear before the Roman Pontiff himself.'

The appointed day came, and the king stood in the designated place with his golden crown on his head and a great retinue of nobles glittering around him. The supposed abbot soon made his appearance, and took his position in the presence of the court.

'Now welcome, sir abbot!' said the king. 'Thou dost faithfully keep the appointed day. Now answer correctly my questions three, and thou shalt save both thy life and thy livings.'

'Well, my liege, but to answer correctly I must speak the truth.'

'And that thou shalt. Now tell me what I am worth, and that within a single penny!'

'Twenty-nine pence. Judas betrayed his Lord for thirty, and since thou art willing to betray the Church, I think that thou must be one penny the worse than he.'

The king received the answer with unexpected good-humour. He laughed heartily and exclaimed,—

'Why, why, my father abbot, I did not think that I was worth so little!'

'And now, jolly priest,' he continued, 'tell me just how long it would take me to ride round the world.'

'You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same until it riseth on the next morning, when you will have ridden the circuit of the world in just twenty-four hours.'

The king laughed again, and said,—

'I did not think I could do it so soon. But now comes the question that will put your wits to the test. What do I think?'

'You think I am the Abbot of Canterbury, but I am not. I am a poor shepherd, and that you may see [throwing off his cloak]; and I have come to beg pardon for the abbot and for myself.'

Then the king laughed more heartily than ever, and he sent the jolly shepherd back to his master with a full and free pardon.

'Four nobles a-week
Will I give to thee
For this merry jest
Thou hast shown unto me.
And tell the old abbot,
When thou com'st home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon
From good King John.'

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

RICHARDSON, the early novelist and printer, was very fond of flattery, and cared to talk of little but his own works. During a dinner at his country house, one of the party observed to Richardson that when in Paris he had seen his novel, *Clarissa*, lying upon the table of the king's brother. Richardson, seeing most of the company talking, pretended not to notice this remark. But presently, when there was a general silence at table, he said to the gentleman in a voice that could be heard by all, 'I think, Sir, you

were saying something about'—pausing in the hope of having the flattery repeated.

'A mere trifle, sir,' said the gentleman, resolved to punish his vanity; 'a mere trifle, not worth repeating.' The eager author was so annoyed at this as scarcely to say a dozen words during the rest of the day.

LATIMER was invited by King Henry VIII. to preach before him at Windsor. He did so, and after the sermon was met by the king, who talked with him 'most familiarly in a gallery.' Upon this Latimer was encouraged to ask a favour of the king. The favour was readily granted, and it was then found to be nothing other than a pardon for a woman under sentence of death for child murder, whom Latimer and many others believed to be innocent.

With this we call to mind the disinterested conduct of Oliver Goldsmith, who, when asked by a powerful nobleman if any assistance or favour could be given to him, replied that he had nothing to seek for himself, but he had a brother, a clergyman in Ireland, for whom he asked some preferment. And at this time the poet was living from hand to mouth, and in sore need of some patron's hand to help him forward.

A. R. B.

LEARNING IN OLD AGE.

OLD age has often applied itself to studies which youth has disregarded or disliked. Cato, at eighty years of age, began to learn Greek. Plutarch began Latin when almost as old. Koonhert began both these languages at forty, and Ogilby, when ten years older, knew little of them. He afterwards published translations of Homer and Virgil. Dr. Johnson was seventy-two when he completed his *Lives of the Poets*. In his later years he began to learn Low Dutch, in order to test his powers. Chaucer was sixty-one when his *Canterbury Tales* were finished. The work of Theophrastus on the characters of men was begun at the extreme age of ninety. To conclude with a remarkable instance, one Ludovico Monaldesco is said to have written the memoir of his own times at the age of one hundred and fifteen.

A. R. B.

ALICE LOOKING OVER THE SEA.

WHERE are Alice's thoughts to-day?

'All over the world,' says she;

'In a good strong ship I would sail away,
Far over the changing sea.

I long to gaze on Niagara's Falls,
And those mighty rivers to see,
And the wonderful forests and lakes so wide,
Where the swift canoes of the Indians glide,
And the otter wanders free.

I long to be where the spices grow,
In the fair Molucca Isles,
Where the lovely Bird of Paradise dwells,
And the sunshine ever smiles;
And where the Humming-bird flits about
I long, oh, I long to be!
But here I must stay, and read my book,
And think, and wonder, and wish, and look
Far over the changing sea.' M. H. F. DONNE.



Alice looking over the Sea.



Mike dropping pebbles idly into the water.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 131.)

CHAPTER XVIII.



HEY were down there ever so long yesterday evening!' Mike proclaimed in great excitement next day; 'and they've been down again already this morning, hunting about among the bushes and rushes and grass. They even had a try to hoist up the old punt, but that was too tough a job for them, and they had to let it be. There's

a tremendous to-do up at the Hall, I hear; he thinks he must have dropped it in the grounds or the stables, and the men are set searching here, there, and everywhere. But he and Norris did all the hunting down at the island, and he's kept that dark from the other men. He's offered 5*l*. to any one who can find it, and I expect Norris guesses he dropped it on the island, and wants to find it and bag the 5*l*. himself, and he don't want to put any one else on the scent there. It's like that Joe Norris; he's full of his sly, double-dealing ways, and he won't come to me honest like and say it's lost, and have I seen it? for fear I might be getting the 5*l*., or wanting to go shares in it. He's a mean, shabby fellow, like his master, and they shan't have the watch yet awhile, just to teach them better.'

It was all very exciting, and the girls would have liked to go down to the island and make sure that the watch was still in its hiding-place; but they were going over to Northbury with Dr. Carlyon to see what Betty had described as 'them rubbishy old things,' but which were really Roman remains of great antiquity and interest, at any rate to the Doctor, though, I am afraid, Molly and Nora were inclined to agree with Betty in regarding them lightly.

However, they were very pleased to go, as they were to drive Dr. Carlyon in Farmer Holloway's gig, which was very high, and yellow-bodied, and drawn by a large and serious grey horse of most ungainly action, who went, as the farmer expressed it, 'squandering' down the hills with its head down, but never really came to grief, and could be trusted with any one except the parson.

'Bless you! it's not as any harm would come of it. He'll go as steady with the reins dragging on the road or the whip tangled in his tail as anyhow, but he's got a way of pulling up at all the publics along the road. But that fellow Sam got him into the way of it, and there's no breaking him of it; and the parson, you know, don't mind a bit if the horse is going on or standing still, and he'd sit for an hour pretty near in front of the "Jack o' both Sides," without knowing as he wasn't getting along all right. And, you see, it don't look so well for a parson to be seen like that; though, for the matter of that, there's not many about these parts as don't know our little ould parson too well to get up any of them tales about him. But if you young ladies like to drive, or Betty, or Mike, or any of the lads, the parson's kindly welcome to the old horse and trap.'

So the girls willingly undertook to take the Doctor to the part of the downs above Northbury where the discoveries had been made, and where they were to meet two other clergymen in the neighbourhood, who were interested in what the girls irreverently called 'arky something;' and as the grey horse was well acquainted with the rules of the road, and was not to be misled by the most violent jerkings of the reins and fierce onslaughts with the whip into passing on the wrong side or turning a corner too sharply, their want of experience did not the least signify, and they brought the Doctor safely home in triumph, with no further accident than breaking the whip.

'Joe Norris has been here,' Betty told them. She was rather fluttered and conscious in her manner, and had on a clean apron and a necktie, for Joe Norris was a bachelor, and a hardened one too, and had withstood the blandishments of many a warm-hearted cook and smiling housemaid at the Hall, who thought she should be a capital keeper's wife, and could make the dear good man comfortable.

'But Joe's a deal too sharp to be took by such as them,' Betty would say. 'He always were a long-headed sort of chap as knows what he's after.' And in her heart of hearts she thought he was 'after' her.

Joe was a 'chapel person,' and now that Betty had committed herself to the church by going as servant to Dr. Carlyon, she had no chance of meeting him at Ebenezer; but once or twice he had come to church on Sunday evening, and had walked home afterwards with Betty, which had given her great satisfaction, but he had never come in before as he had that afternoon, and 'set down quite friendly-like in the kitchen, and chatted away as pleasant as anything.'

'What did he come for?' said Nora; both of the girls being wild to know if his visit had anything to do with the loss of the watch.

'Well,' Betty answered, 'he said as how he was passing, and thought he'd step in just to see how I was getting along.'

'What did he talk about?'

'Oh, he told me a deal of news of one sort and another, and he said my coppers looked uncommon bright, a deal better than theirs up at the Hall. Ah! he has an eye for a thing well cleaned, Joe Norris has, as is more than many men.'

The girls were beginning to think that after all Norris's visit was only one of politeness to Betty, when she added,—

'By the way, he asked if you'd happened to find anything down along by the river. He said you was down there a goodish bit with Mike Warren, and you might have picked up something. So I told him as you had.'

The girls' hearts stood still. How had Betty found out about the watch, without their telling her? But they were relieved the next minute by her going on,—

'So I just fetch that bit of fishing-rod as you picked up the other day, and as Mike said wasn't his, and sure enough it were Norris's; but he ask if you hadn't found nothing else, so I said you hadn't as I'd heard on, and you'd be sure to tell me if you had. But talking of finding things,' said Betty, suddenly interrupting herself, 'have you heard as young Carson have lost his watch and chain? Norris, he didn't

say nothing of it, but baker's boy was telling of it just now. He dropped it in the park, folk say, somewhere between the stable and the house. It was all gold, and set as thick with diamonds as you couldn't put a pin between them, so it was terrible valuable, and he don't want Madame Carson to hear as it's lost.'

'It's not any diamonds!' Molly burst out, without thinking, and then got very red and confused as if she had betrayed the whole secret.

'Ah!' said Betty, 'I dare say you've seen it; but baker's boy he stuck to it about the diamonds that positive as there wasn't no contradicting him.'

'We saw it before Neville Carson lost it,' Nora said, with a guilty feeling as if she were saying what was not quite true.

'Then if I don't give it to that boy for trying to gammon me!'

When Norris left the Vicarage after his wily visit to Betty he was very much thrown off the scent. There was such an unmistakable openness in Betty's manner, and she seemed so confident that she must have heard if anything had been found, that it was impossible to suspect any deception, and he was inclined to think that the watch must have been dropped in the park, and that the 5*l.* reward would fall to the lot of some unworthy stableman or gardener, instead of coming into his own deserving pockets.

He went back by way of the mill, and came across Mike himself, who was stretched at full length in the sun on one of the timbers partly overhanging the river, and dropping pebbles idly into the water.

The loss of the watch had pretty nearly put the punt out of Norris's head, but the sight of Mike reminded him of it, and he chuckled to himself at the remembrance of having outwitted him so neatly, as generally when it came to a contest of wits between them Mike had got much the best of it. He had not seen him since the day when he had frightened the girls so with his gun, so that he felt that Mike must have at least two bones to pick with him, and that he should get the rough side of his tongue. So he winked to himself, as he began very politely,—

'Afternoon to you, Master Mike; how's the world wagging along of you?' and he was quite surprised at getting a civil answer.

'Oh, pretty bobbish! Where are you off to?'

'I'm off along home by the meadows. We'll get hay-making there soon if the weather hold up at this rate. You've not been along our way lately?'

'No,' said Mike, taking careful aim at a bird on the mill roof.

'Plenty of fish down below, eh?'

'Shouldn't wonder.'

'I say, you know,' Norris said, coming a little nearer, and speaking confidentially; 'you twigged the other day that the squire was close behind me? I didn't mean to go for to frighten the young ladies. He's been down on me more nor once along of you, thinking as I winked at your coming after the fish, and he's not far out neither.'

'It don't matter,' said Mike, aiming another stone.

'You'd made a tidy job of that punt,' Norris ventured, taking advantage of Mike's unusually calm and mild mood.

'You've made it tidier,' said Mike, with just a sparkle of mischief coming into the corner of his eye, which soon, however, died away again, to Norris's surprise.

'Well, you see,' Norris explained, 'that was the squire. I didn't want for to touch it, and I said times out of mind as it didn't do no one any harm, and amused the young ladies, but he couldn't leave it alone.'

'I hope he's satisfied,' said Mike, calmly; 'it don't matter to me.'

'Have you seen the boat as we've got up at our place?'

Mike nodded.

'We've had the boat-house altered,' Norris went on, pretending to examine the stock of his gun, but keeping an eye on Mike all the time to see if any plot was brewing against the boat. 'There's a gate put along so as no one can get in without they has a key.'

'Who wants to get in?'

'There's no knowing what games folk may be up to now-a-days.'

Mike was not a bit like himself that afternoon, and it puzzled Norris to think what he could be after; for still waters run deep, and there must be something very deep below such an unusually calm surface.

As Norris had passed through the village he had found that all the people were full of the loss of the watch, for news travels fast in the country—especially bad news—and every one was talking and wondering about it; and just before he came up to Mike the miller's men had shouted to him to know if it had been found: but Mike said nothing about it, though he must have known, and might almost have heard the miller's question. This alone would have been enough to make Norris suspicious, but he might not even now have got on the right scent if it had not been for Mike's last words as they parted.

'I must be jogging,' Norris said; 'time's getting on.'

Mike had got up, and, as Norris spoke, he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket, and pretended to draw out a watch and look at it.

'Half-past four, by Jove!' he said, with a good imitation of Neville Carson's pompous manner, and then turned off into the mill.

'I'm blessed,' Norris said to himself, looking after him, 'if I don't think as Mike Warren have found the watch, and is keeping it dark! Well, I'd a deal rather he had the reward than any one else. And won't the young squire be in a wax at having to pay it over to him!'

(To be continued.)

THE REBOUNDBING BULLET.

AT the storming of Sedan the difficult task of taking the suburb, and keeping it at any cost, was entrusted to the Bavarians. When the inhabitants of Bolan took part in the battle and fired out of the windows, according to the laws of war those who were taken with arms in their hands were at once shot, and the innocent often perished with the guilty. A tall, handsome Frenchman, in the prime of life, was brought by a Bavarian foot-soldier before



"The bullet rebounded."

the lieutenant, with the accusation that he had fired on the Bavarian troops. In broken German the Frenchman asserted that he had not fired; and begged, in the most touching and earnest way, that his life might be spared. His accuser could, indeed, bring no other proof of the fact than that firing had come from that house. The lieutenant gave the soldier leave to do as he liked with the accused. He at once told the Frenchman that he must die. The poor man again asserted that he had not fired, and begged that

his life might be spared. Some of his accuser's comrades, who thought that the Frenchman might be innocent, interceded for him, but in vain. The Bavarian seized his enemy, placed him against a wall, and fired the deadly bullet at him. But, behold! the bullet rebounded from the wall, returned against him who had fired it off, and wounded him severely in the foot. He was taken to the hospital, and died a fortnight after. The soldiers said, 'God has judged!'



ASIA. — Arabia.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XIII.—ARABIA.



ARABIA, or Arabistan, is a great peninsula, about four times as large as France. It is mostly a desert, but a part of it is very fertile, and has been called 'Arabia Felix,' or 'Arabia the Happy.'

Arabia is partly within the tropics. It has little rain—no navigable rivers—no lakes worth mentioning—and no forests. Some parts of this country are visited by blasts of wind, which, coming over the heated deserts, parch the skin, and make life miserable.

Arabia is famous for its coral reefs, its pearl fisheries, and its myrrh, cassia, aloes, and cinnamon.

Where the Red Sea contracts at the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb there is the district called Yemen, the Arabia Felix of the old writers, Arabia the Happy of the moderns. Here is Mocha, world-famed for its superb coffee. On the slopes from the coast up to the high table-land the coffee-shrub is largely grown. Here, too, senna, indigo, tobacco, cotton, and other well-known and valuable products, are raised. Here, also, that most useful article called Gum Arabic is collected from trees which much resemble the acacia.

In this vast country the good old camel is every man's friend. Surely this faithful servant of man is one of the noblest creatures God has made! Hunger, thirst, and fatigue, it can patiently endure, and a song from its beloved master can refresh it, as a cup of wine is said to refresh the jaded giant.

Many pearls are found in the Persian Gulf, and a large number of Arabs gain their livelihood by diving for them. Fish, too, is so abundant on that side of Arabia, that the cows are fed on it.

England has a foothold in Arabia. This is Aden, a very ancient place, and once the seat of great traffic between India and Europe.

The interior of Arabia is generally a high desert table-land, with here and there verdant valleys, and fertile hills shaded with groves of palm-trees.

That part of the country which lies about midway between Suez and Aden, on the Red Sea coast, is called El Hajaz. This is the most important province in Arabia, because it is looked upon as sacred ground by all Mohammedans. Here are the two holy cities of Mecca and Medina. In Mecca Mohammed was born. It was, however, regarded as a holy place long before his birth. In Medina Mohammed was buried. Many thousands of pilgrims visit Mecca every year. Some, the African pilgrims, flock from Egypt. Turkey sends her hosts by way of Damascus. The Persian devotees come from the direction of Bagdad.

The Red Sea divides in its north extremity into two long, narrow gulfs. At the end of the western gulf is Suez, a place famous for the great canal which was completed and opened a few years ago. It will allow large ships to have a passage from the Mediterranean into the Indian Ocean.

Between the two Red Sea gulfs is the holy ground of Sinai, where God delivered the Ten Commandments to the children of Israel. All about Sinai is stretched the most dreary and barren desert in the world.

The Arabs are as distinct a people from all other people as the Jews are, especially the true Arab, who yet lives in a tent made of a coarse, dark cloth, woven by his wife and daughters.

These tents are very bare of furniture. A few mats, bags, and tin or wooden vessels, with a leather bottle or two, constitute an Arabian's household goods. He is a very temperate man, content often with a dinner of plain boiled rice and a drink of water. The Arab is a born soldier, and his country has never yet been conquered. All the nations of Western Asia were subject to Darius, except the Arabs. Alexander never conquered them, though he made great preparations for the task. Demetrius, Antiochus the Great, and many famous Roman captains, tried to put a yoke on the Arab's neck, but they could not. At the same time, the Arabs were never united in one nation, until a remarkable man was born at Mecca, named Mohammed, in the year 570. He united the Arabs, and made them the terror of the world.

This man pretended he was sent by God to found a new religion, and he succeeded beyond all belief in making the Arabs take him for God's prophet. He wrote a bible, in beautiful language, which he called the Koran, and he persuaded his countrymen to force this new religion upon all nations. In a hundred years' time his followers had carried the Arab faith and the Arab dominion from the river Indus to the Atlantic Ocean. First Syria was conquered; then Egypt; afterwards the coasts of Africa as far as opposite to Gibraltar. Then Persia was overcome, and Spain, and Tartary, and the North of India.

At length these Arab conquerors were checked by Charles Martel, near Poitiers in France, and they then knew they were not to conquer the world.

But they were not merely rude barbarian warriors, who could fight and do nothing else. They were fond of art and science. They built colleges and collected books. They were clever physicians, lawyers, philosophers, and astronomers, and we have to thank them for the invention of the decimal system of numbers and for the discovery of algebra.

If some of you are not thankful for algebra, all of you at least delight in 'Aladdin's Lamp,' 'Sinbad the Sailor,' and 'Ali Baba, or the Forty Thieves.' These pleasant stories are, as you all know, in the *Arabian Nights*.

To show the reverence the Arabs have for their bible we will tell a little story about Hassan the son of Ali. In one of the passages of the Koran these words occur, 'Paradise is prepared for the godly, who bridle their anger and forgive men; for God loveth the beneficent.' A slave having spilled a dish of boiling hot stuff on Hassan, fell at his feet and repeated these words,—

'Paradise is for those who bridle their anger.'

Hassan answered, 'I am not angry.'

The slave continued, 'And forgive men.'

'I forgive you,' said Hassan.

The slave then finished the verse, 'For God loveth the beneficent.'

'Since it be so,' said Hassan, 'I give you your freedom, and four hundred pieces of gold.'

The Arabians are also keen observers. Nothing escapes them. A camel-driver once met three brothers.

'Have you seen a camel I have lost?' asked the driver.

'Did he want an eye?' 'Had he not lost a front tooth?' 'Was not he lame?' asked the brothers.

'Yes, certainly,' replied the driver.

'Was he not laden with corn?' 'Had he not a pannier of honey on one side?' 'Had he not a vessel of oil on the other?'

'Quite true,' said the camel-driver; 'but where is he?'

'We have not seen him,' replied the brothers.

The driver, supposing them to be robbers, had them before the judge. They still declared they had not seen the camel.

'How, then, could you possibly know so many things about the camel?' asked the judge.

To this they replied: 'We saw the grass was cropped only on one side, so we thought the camel wanted an eye. In the grass that was cropped there was the trace of a missing tooth; and from the marks of his feet we conjectured he was lame of one foot. The same marks showed he was heavily laden, and as the fore-feet made deeper holes than those behind, we guessed the load was grain, for it is usually placed close to the camel's neck. Seeing ants in clusters on one side of the road, we knew that drops of oil had fallen there, while swarms of flies on the other side as truly showed honey had been scattered in that direction.'



THE MAN OF THE IRON MASK.

DURING the reign of Louis XIV. of France, there appeared on one of the Marguerite Islands, in the Mediterranean, a prisoner of State closely guarded, and entrusted to the especial care of a French Government officer, a De Saint Mars.

Although confined in this obscure spot in the sea, where but little was seen or heard save a distant sail and the dashing of waters, he became a marked man among the few who chanced to meet him, and the circumstance of his concealment was in danger of being noised abroad. He was consequently removed to Paris, and immured in the cells of the Bastille.

From the time that he began to attract attention on the island in the Mediterranean to the close of his protracted life, no one but his appointed attendants is known to have seen his face.

His head was enveloped in a black velvet mask, confined by springs of steel, and so arranged that he could not attempt to reveal his features without immediate detection.

His guardian, De Saint Mars, had been instructed

by a royal order, or by an order from certain of the king's favourites, to take his life immediately, should he attempt to reveal his identity.

During his confinement on the Marguerite island, De Saint Mars ate and slept in the same room with him, and was always provided with weapons with which to despatch him, should he attempt to discover the secret of his history. If report be true, De Saint Mars might well exercise caution, for it is asserted that he was to forfeit his own life if by any want of watchfulness he allowed the prisoner to reveal his identity.

The prisoner himself seemed anxious to make the forbidden discovery. He once wrote a word on some linen, and succeeded in communicating what he wished to an individual not in the secret of the mystery. But the plan was discovered, and the person that received the linen died suddenly, being taken off, it was supposed, by poison. He once engraved something, probably his name, on a piece of silver plate. The person to whom it was conveyed was detected in his knowledge of the secret, and soon after died, as suddenly and mysteriously as the one who had received the linen.

These incidents show that the prisoner was a man of shrewdness and learning.

He was attended during his imprisonment in the Bastille by the governor of the fortress, who alone administered to his wants; and when he attended mass he was always followed by a detachment of Invalides (French soldiers), who were instructed to fire upon him in case he should speak or attempt to uncover his face.

These circumstances, and many others of like character, show that he was a person of very eminent rank, and that those who thus shut him out from mankind were conscious that they were committing a crime of no ordinary magnitude.

Who, then, was this person of mystery, familiarly known as the Man of the Iron Mask?

He is supposed by many to have been a son of Anne of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and so a half-brother of Louis XIV., and a co-heir to the throne of France. If so, it would appear that, while Louis XIV. was luxuriating amid the splendours of the palace of Versailles, his brother was suffering the miseries of exile, or languishing in a dungeon, shut out not only from the outward world, but from all intercourse with mankind. But other writers think him to have been some less remarkable person.

The iron mask, of which frequent mention has been made in sensational books, was a very simple contrivance of velvet and springs of steel.

NO USE CRYING.

THERE was a boy who carved himself a boat, He launched it on the sea—it would not float; He rigged it well with sail and mast and rope— It would not sail, and so he had no hope.

What should a brave lad do, my friend, but cry,
And say when aught goes wrong 'No use to try?'
—What did my brave lad do about his toy,
But weep sad tears like any baby-boy?



No use Crying.

'Why, now,' said Auntie, 'I see what's amiss,
A boat to float must be like this and this:
A ship to sail must be trimmed so and so:
Set it all right and then you'll see 'twill go.'

My brave lad dried his tears and thought he'd try,
Because he found it did no good to cry:
And what no tears could do I scarce need tell,
Hands managed soon, and now the ship sails well.
E. M. A. F. S.



The Blacksmith reading the paper about the lost watch.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 139.)

CHAPTER XIX.



So the girls passed through the village next morning they saw a paper fastened up against the door of the forge, round which were collected a group of Bydown people; while the blacksmith, with a large pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on his nose, was reading it out with some difficulty, pointing to each

word with his tongue, which left a black mark, and so showed his progress; for it was not printed, and reading written character is a high branch of art, to which not many of the Bydown people had attained.

'£5 reward. Lost, a gold hunting-watch, Albert chain, and seal. Whoever will bring the same to Bydown Hall shall receive the above reward.'

'Oh, it's no use looking about nowheres here-away!' said the smith to the boys, who began at once turning over the old iron outside the forge as if they would find it there; 'it were dropped in the park yonder, and they won't let no one in at the gates; so no one has a chance of finding it; and they may every bit as well keep their five-pound rewards to themselves for any good as it's likely to do us.'

'What have they put it up here for, then?'

'Norris came along this morning and stuck it up, and he says, says he, as the squire's pretty near off his head along of losing it, though, sure enough, he has a plenty of money to buy just such another if he's a mind.'

Molly and Nora did not stop to hear the paper further discussed, but hurried on to find Mike. They had always maintained that they could keep a secret, and had allowed their fingers to be pinched till they were nearly flat without uttering a cry in proof of this; and at home they had not let Peter wring from them what his birthday present was to be, or Aunt Bell catch a glimpse of the bookmark they were working for her. But those had been pleasant secrets, and very different from the hidden watch, which made them feel guilty and uncomfortable.

But Mike did not share their feelings, and when they were with him they were able to see that it was a good joke, and that it was great fun hunting about and wishing for the five pounds reward, and quite just that Neville should be angry and anxious about it.

'We'll keep it a week,' Mike said, 'and then we'll put him out of his misery.'

'And you'll get the five pounds reward, Mike?'

'Well—'

Mike considered the matter. Five pounds seemed a big sum to Mike Warren, who had not often sixpence in his pockets; and he thought it would buy a great deal more than it really would; but on the other hand was his pride, and he did not think that even for ten times that sum could he have taken money from the hand of that sneering, supercilious fellow, against whom he had so many grudges.

'No,' he said; 'I don't think I could take his

money, though it would be jolly having the spending of it. Couldn't you claim it?'

But the girls would not agree to this, and at last they decided that at the end of the week they should let poor old Wilcox, who was eighty, and crippled with rheumatism, take the watch up to the Hall and get the reward, which would go far to make him comfortable for the rest of his life.

The prospect of this benevolent action went a good way to reconcile the girls to keeping the watch so long; and they counted the hours till the eventful Thursday when the watch was to come out of its hiding-place, and old Wilcox was to have it entrusted to his poor, shaking, rheumatic hands.

'When that is done we will put Rat Hall to rights, and settle down comfortably again.'

Indeed, Rat Hall required setting to rights, for inquisitive hands had been there at work that very morning, and everything had been pulled over or upset; the tables and chairs were topsy-turvy, and the box open, and Mike's books scattered about. One of the shelves was pulled down, and the robin's nest thrown on the ground, and the poor young birds killed. Even the moss and straw on the roof had evidently been poked and pulled about, and the ivy was trailing on the ground. This was Norris's doing on his way to the village to put up the notice on the forge-door. He thought if Mike had it hidden away there he might find it, and then he would be very generous, and go shares in the reward with him. But when the search was in vain he went on sulkily to the village, feeling sure that when the paper was once posted up the watch would soon make its appearance, and that Master Mike would walk off with the five pounds.

But when that day passed and the next, and nothing came out, Norris was fairly puzzled, and began to think that after all he must have made a mistake, and Mike had not got it; for he could not imagine any one resisting five pounds if they could lay their hands on it so easily.

He met Mike several times that week in the village, always with the parson's young ladies; but they did not seem to go much to the island now, but were much more at Farmer Holloway's, where sheep-shearing was going on, which was deeply interesting. The fact was, that the girls did not feel comfortable at Rat Hall while the watch was hidden there, and they put off all repairs till after Thursday, and only collected the books and buried the young robins, and for the rest it remained as Norris had left it after his rough search. They came down every day just to peep at the blue check handkerchief under the leaves in the hollow of the tree; but they did not stop, but came away directly.

On Wednesday evening they took it quite out and opened it, and had a good look at it; and told it as they put it away again that on the next day it was going back to its master. And on Thursday Nora woke Molly, even before it was light, to say,—

'It's to-day, Molly, that the watch is to go back: it's actually to-day!'

Mike, too, woke early, and his first thought was of the watch. If it had not been for the girls he would have liked to keep it a little longer, and he felt rather loth to let it go; and, his mind being full of it, he

strolled along the river-bank after breakfast without any particular purpose, and, coming to the island, crossed over the willow-bridge to Rat Hall, and, finding himself there, thought he would have a look at the watch.

'It's a beauty, and no mistake!' he said, as he unwrapped it and held it, shining and glistening, in the sunshine. 'I should like just such another; but I suppose, if I live to be as old as old Wilcox there, I shall never have anything like this.'

And then it came over him how hard it was that Neville should have so much and he so little. Neville, house, and lands, and money, and prospects in life; and he, nothing, not even a fair start in life.

'And I'm not a stupid fellow,' he said; 'at least, not worse than many who get on in the world. If I could get a start, and go to America, or Australia, or somewhere, I'd make my way, see if I wouldn't! But where's the cash to come from?'

And then his eyes fell on the watch in his hand. 'Twenty pounds,' he said, softly, to himself; 'it's worth having.'

He sat for nearly ten minutes gazing at it, but not seeing it, for he was looking into a golden future, full of all the impossible success that a boy's imagination could paint, shown to him by one who has power over the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and who whispered in his ear, 'All these things will I give thee.'

Something stirring in the bushes made him start guiltily, and look round; and he wrapt the watch up quickly and put it back and covered it up, and then smiled at his own fears, and was half inclined to take it out again; but as his hand was stretched out to take it, the sound of the church bell that Molly was ringing caught his ear, and he turned away as if it had been a still small voice calling to him.

'Now, Master Mike, if I've not caught you out nicely!' Norris said to himself, with a long internal chuckle of delight as he straightened himself up out of the stooping position in which he had been crouching among the bushes, watching Mike all the time, and made a long step out of the brushwood into the open space.

Joe Norris had been dreaming all night that the watch was sunk in the old punt, and he could not get the idea out of his head in the morning; so he came down the first thing in the boat to have another search by the water. He had quite given up the notion that Mike had the watch, and it was quite by chance that he happened to be out of sight among the bushes when Mike arrived; and he kept still and watched him more by way of a joke, than with any expectation of a discovery. Now here was the watch under his very hand, and he had only to take it to the squire and claim the five pounds, and say he found it on the island: and Mike was altogether done, and 'serve him right for being so sly!'

He was just going to take it when he heard steps coming back, and, thinking it was Mike returning, he made his way quickly back to his boat, and pulled off quietly up the stream.

'I don't want to have no words with Mike about it,' he said; 'or for him to know as I've got it, or he'll be for striking a bargain. The squire will have been waiting for me pretty near half an hour at the bridge,

and he'll be in a pretty temper, I warrant by now, and worse the longer I be; so I'll just go up and settle him, and drop down here in half an hour or so, and take it on the quiet when there's no one about.'

So planned Joe Norris, not remembering the old proverb, 'There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.'

The idea of getting rid of the watch, which had become quite a bugbear to the girls, made them so cheerful that even Betty noticed their high spirits and laughed aloud as she cleaned the door-step, out of pure sympathy; and Dr. Carlyon wrinkled up his face into a ghastly grin over his book, and invited them to come to the school with him after service. This invitation was rather provoking, as it put off the happy moment of restoring the watch for quite half an hour; but they consented with a very good grace, and when at last they were free set off full speed for the island with great satisfaction. As they went through the village they nodded and smiled in all directions, even to the cats asleep in the sun and the pigeons strutting on the roofs, and when they met old Wilcox they quite overwhelmed him with their greetings, though he was decidedly unattractive and snuffy, and inconveniently deaf and irritable.

Mike joined them at the mill, but he was not at all in the same cheerful mood as they were, but was dull and silent, and tried to persuade them to come and swing in the Holloway's orchard instead of making straight for the island.

But nothing could detain the girls now, and their pace got faster and faster, till at last it was a race which should reach the island first and cross the bridge and get to the well-known tree. But Mike, who was generally the fleetest of foot and always up for a race, lagged behind, and they had to wait for a minute or two before he came up, for they would not turn a leaf or move a twig till they were all three together. But the moment he was there the two girls' hands were in the hollow feeling for the watch, and they both simultaneously uttered a cry of amazement as they brought out a handkerchief spotted with red.

'It's a different one! Oh, Mike! it's changed!'

For the handkerchief they had peeped at every day and that they had taken out and put back the day before was blue check.

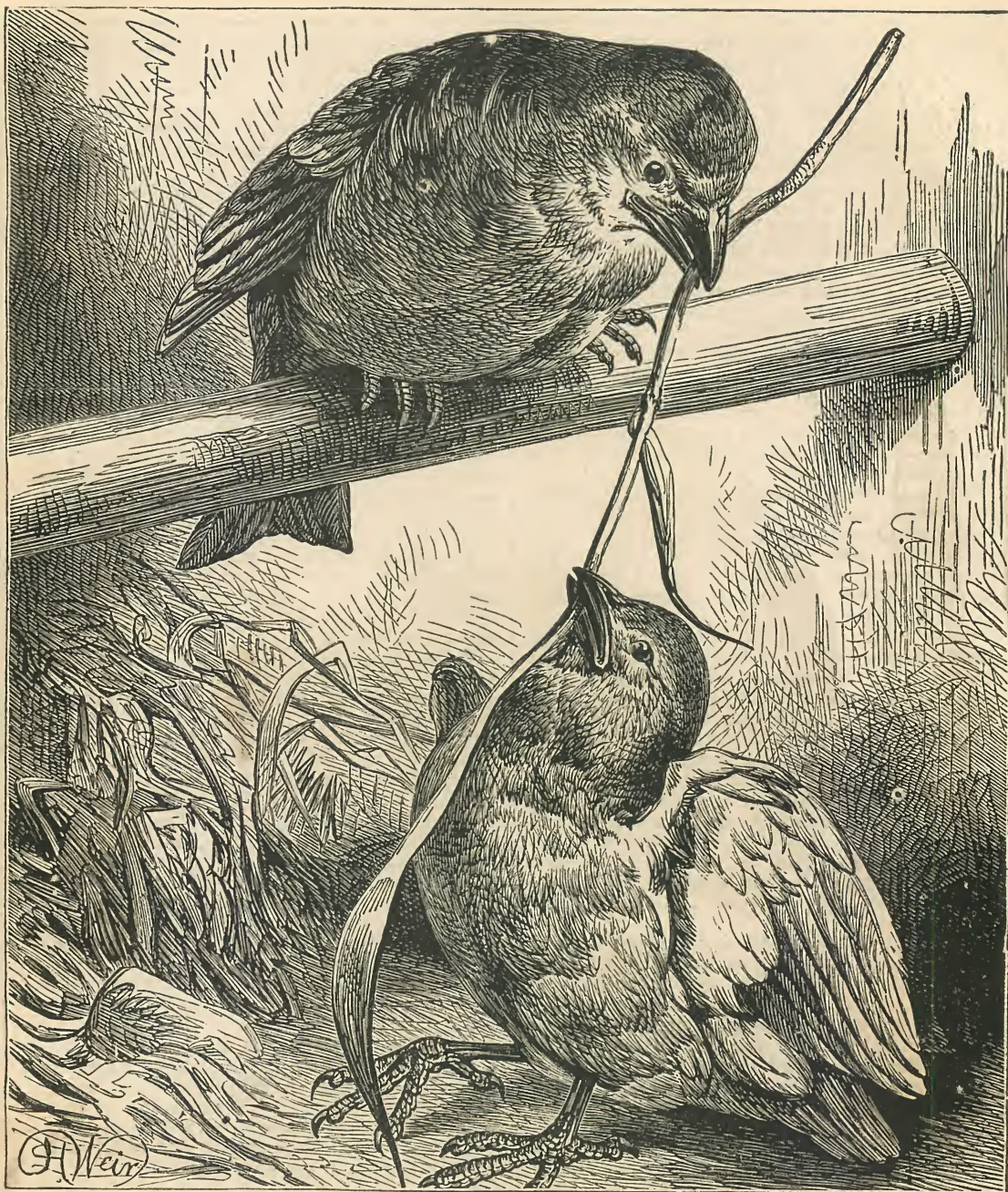
Mike's face turned as crimson as the spots on the handkerchief, and he caught it roughly from Molly's hand.

'Oh, Mike, take care of the watch!'

But there was no need to take care, for there was no watch there; and shake the handkerchief as they might, and search as they did in every corner of the hollow, no watch was to be found, and the girls stood looking at one another and at Mike with white, terror-stricken faces. (To be continued.)

SAGACITY OF A SPARROW.

I LIVE in the City portion of London, and one afternoon I saw in the kitchen area an unfledged house-sparrow, unable to fly any distance, and which had tumbled down into this prison, across which was laid an iron bar, extending within a foot of the coming pavement; the mother was at the top, looking



Sagacity of a Sparrow.

down with pity and alarm at the awkward position of this, perhaps her only child. Many and ingenious were the attempts on the part both of parent and offspring for the regaining the latter's lost liberty, but each and all proved useless.

I looked on with some fear and anxiety, lest the drama should be concluded by the flying away of the mother and the desertion of the child; but no, although each new plan seemed to fail in the carry-

ing out, at length the mother sparrow flies away, and returns with a stout straw in its beak, and rests for a few seconds on the edge. Then conceive my delight when the little nestling, after a chirp or two from its mother, learning no doubt the particulars of the plan, climbs to the upper end of the bar, nearest to the pavement, takes the offered straw into its beak, and is raised to the ground, and flutters away with its delighted mother.—*The Zoologist*.



ASIA. — India, or Hindostan.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.



No. XIV.—INDIA, or HINDOSTAN.

NOW shall we describe this wonderful land, with its grand and varied scenes, its rich fruits, its sweet odours, its countless people? Where else do such snowy mountains lift their heads on high? Where are there such plains of matchless fertility? What nobler streams can earth show than the Ganges?

All climates belong to this famous country. It has the tropical summers, it has also the awful winters of the polar world. Now we see double harvests, and deep luxuriant forests—now we might fancy ourselves among the orchards and corn-fields of England—now we wander in boundless woods of pine—and now around us is eternal snow!

What a strange place the jungle is! A thicket made of thorny and prickly shrubs, so twined and matted together that it is impossible to make a way through. Here the tiger has its lair, the most terrible of wild things; and here the elephant, with a hunter on his back, assails the brute with the ivory tusks God has given him for a weapon, and tries to tread down his ferocious enemy with his massive hoofs.

The jungle is an exception to the beauty, and fertility, and comfort too, of India. There are also other disagreeable places. Between the fruitful plains and the snow-clad mountains is a deadly tract—a place where pestilence stalks for ever—whose few inhabitants are miserable, ghastly-looking wretches. Between the rivers Indus and Jumna, also, there is a vast desert, partly of sand and partly of hard-baked clay. It is three times as large as the whole of England and Wales. Here, where the wild ass and the porcupine have their home, you might fancy yourself in the dreariest part of Arabia. If you leave the beaten track, your horse sinks knee-deep in the sand. Yet, even here, God makes the great water-melon to grow, and to be the traveller's joy. And here, too, is the deceitful mirage, which shows you immense sheets of water, as you think, but which are all nothing but a show.

Of all the Indian rivers, the Ganges is the most famous. It is wholly of India. No other country can claim a drop of it. The land it drains is the best part of the empire. Before it sends its volume of waters into the sea it unites with another vast river, the Brahmaputra; and these two have about twenty mouths, through which they pour their blended stream. Here the land is very low and unhealthy. It is covered with woods, and the tiger and rhinoceros roam about, and hideous crocodiles swarm in the rivers.

India has been sometimes called 'an epitome of the world,' or the whole world on a small scale. This is, because it contains almost everything that the world produces elsewhere. The oak and the pine, the yew and the walnut, the ash and the birch, grow under the same sky with the bamboo, the palm, the mango, and the banyan. The tea-plant grows wild here, and

sugar is quite at home also. Our word sugar is clearly taken from the Hindoo word *sukkar*.

What a wild-beast show could India furnish out of her own stores! Monkeys, elephants, panthers, leopards, bears, hyenas, wolves—anything you like, my dears! Horrid reptiles—quaint fowls with long legs and enormous mouths—a wealth of life, and shape, and colour.

India, too, has gold, and gems of the purest water, and iron, lead, and copper—wealth unknown and inexhaustible!

Calcutta is called the 'City of Palaces,' from the beauty and stateliness of its public buildings. You would, however, think it ill deserved so fine a name if you wandered into the 'Black Town,' which forms by far the greater part of the place.

Bombay and Madras are large cities also. The first is well situated, the second badly situated, for a sea trade. The first is quite as large as Liverpool, the latter is yet larger. Towns in India are usually very populous.

The most curious city on some accounts is Benares. It is smaller than the three above mentioned, but it eclipses them in fame and in what the Hindoo thinks sanctity. The Ganges washes its feet for three miles. All along the brink of the river there are flights of stairs, called *ghâts*. At the top of each flight is a room, which serves as a shelter. Here the people come to chat, to do business, and to bathe in the sacred stream. It is a dying Hindoo's greatest comfort if he may be brought to breathe his last beside the holy Ganges. There are in Benares 1000 Hindoo temples, and more than 300 Mohammedan mosques.

Cawnpore is on the same stream, but still higher up. Its name will ever be a sad name in Englishmen's ears. Here an execrable villain, named Nana Sahib, murdered many women and children in the year of the mutiny.

Agra was the old capital of the Moguls, but those conquerors afterwards fixed their seat at Delhi. These Moguls came from Mongolia, whence probably their name. Timur was a great Mongol conqueror, and one of his descendants, named Baber, founded a reigning house, the kings of which were called 'the Great Mogul.' This house had a few really great men, but soon its heads were idle and dissipated, and the great empire reared by Baber, and Akbar, and Aurengzebe, crumbled away.

We must not forget to notice Lucknow, a town of very showy appearance, something like Paris, and as large. Its domes and palaces are, however, mean and flimsy things. Here the British were besieged in 1857 by hosts of enemies, but they held out for three months, and were at last relieved by Havelock and Outram.

The Punjab is a part of India toward the extreme west. The word means 'The five rivers.' Here is Lahore, once a million-peopled city, on the frontiers of Afghanistan. It is 1400 miles from Calcutta to Peshawur, the nearest city to Afghanistan, and the English have made a grand broad road from end to end. Here also there are several famous battle-fields, where Englishmen and Sikhs fought bravely with each other. You may remember the names of Sobraon, Aliwal, Gujerat, and Chillianwallah. Hy-

derabad in Scinde, near the Indus, is a district famed for cotton. Here is Golconda, where diamonds used to be polished and stored. Here are many wonderful remains of Hindoo worship. Hyderabad itself is a lovely place. Here is a grand British Residency, which has seen many splendid parties in the old days of the East India Company. The mere lighting up of the palace on gala nights costs 1000*l*.

Going south, we notice Gwalior, a town which surrounds a rock fortress of immense strength.

Bijapur is a deserted city. It was once peopled by half a million. It is now utterly solitary. The streets are silent as a tomb. The largest brass cannon in existence is in the citadel of this town of the dead, and were it fired, it would alarm no one now. Bijapur is like Palmyra. It was ruined by one of the Great Moguls.

Surat, a sea-port, now eclipsed by Bombay, was the place where the English were allowed to settle in 1612. Ten persons occupied the factory. That was the little stepping-stone on which the British Lion placed his paw for the first time.

We have called Benares and Bijapur curious cities, one as a holy city, full of life from all parts of India, the other as a city utterly deserted. Perhaps, however, the Presidency of Madras can show a yet more strange place, that called Mahabalipoor. It is not only utterly ruined, but partly also engulfed by the sad sea waves. It was a city of giants. Its temples, seven in number, were cut out of single blocks of stone. Only one is on the dry land. The other six are in the sea, and can be seen when the tide is low.

Mysore and Seringapatam, in the south, were at one time famous places. Here Hyder Ali ruled, and his son, Tippoo Saib. The son died fighting bravely in the defence of Seringapatam, which was stormed by the English in 1799.

Ceylon is an island with a very, very ancient history, and great present fertility. Sixty miles of sea are between it and the mainland of India, but a chain of sand-banks prevents large ships from passing the strait. Ceylon is nearly as large as Ireland, and is yet more of an emerald isle. Here vegetation is at its height. One climbing-plant forms pods which are five feet long. Colombo is the new, and Kandy the old capital. Here is the tooth of Buddha; and this relic draws pilgrims from every part of India. Many ruined cities are lying buried in the thick forests of Ceylon. None can tell the story of those who hewed those ancient stones.

The population of India is about two hundred millions.

SHAKESPEARE.



HE birthplace of Shakespeare is an antique-looking stone house, two stories high, with picturesque gables fronting the street. In the room where he first saw the light of the world which he was to enrich with his thought there is a cast of his face taken after his death, and a portrait painted in the prime of his life. The latter showed a truly

noble brow: it was such a face as fancy itself might paint, so royally did it seem endowed with genius. In this room Sir Walter Scott had inscribed his name on a pane of glass, and Wordsworth once wrote a stanza, which is still preserved under glass. It began with these lines:—

'The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see;
That of his death we find without a trace.
Vain the inquiry, for immortal he'—

Here the poet seemed to pause, as though the literary work was not satisfactory; he drew his pen across what he had written, and under it wrote the following stanza:—

'Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see;
That where he died, in vain to find we try.
Useless the search, for, all immortal he:
And those who are immortal never die.'

The effort furnishes a curious illustration of the methods of a poet's mind in careful composition.

At the back of the house is a garden, in which grew the old English flowers that are portrayed by the poet in his dramas.

From the house the party went to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife, whom he loved in youth when life's bright ways lay fair before him. It is a house which is mainly noticeable for its simplicity.

'There is the place where he sat when he came to see his sweetheart,' said the old lady who showed the house.

Shakespeare and his wife sleep in the same beautiful church amid the bowery town of Stratford-on-Avon; and thither, rowing up the Avon almost to the churchyard, our tourists made their way.

The party approach the church through an avenue of limes, and enter the richly-carved oak doors of the Gothic porch. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The Avon runs but a short distance from the walls, and the cool boughs of the summer trees wave before the windows. A flat stone marks the place where the poet is buried, on which are inscribed the oft-quoted lines said to be written by the poet himself:—

'Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here!
Blest be the spade that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

Over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of the poet. The inscription mentions his age as fifty-three years.

NEDDY'S CONFESSION.

THERE was a gipsy fire out in the wood:
Near it contemplative poor Neddy stood:
—Neddy was tethered,—and as I drew nigh,
'What are you thinking of, Neddy?' said I.

'I am a-thinking,' says Neddy (of course Grammar's not perfect in donkey or horse),
'I am a-thinking,' said Neddy, 'that fire
Might burn the trees down if it should burn higher.'



Neddy's Confession.

'That's all you're thinking of, Neddy,' said I:
'Don't you be frightened, the trees are too high.'
'Well, then, I'm thinking,' said Neddy, 'you see,
If the fire spread it might even burn me.'

'Neddy,' said I, 'there are many like you;
Many who speak out but half what is true,
Many who say words unselfish and kind,
When self, only self, is close lurking behind.'

E. M. A. F. S.



Pierre performing his "wonderful feat."



TOMMY TOBY AND HIS FRENCH FRIENDS.

WHILE the party tarried at Marseilles Tommy Toby made the acquaintance of several lively French boys. These boys entertained very singular ideas about America and Americans. They believed all Americans to be immensely rich,—like the old Lucas, to whose stores of gold there was hardly a limit.

One of these boys was named Pierre Cambronne, of excellent family at Nantes, who were now stopping at Marseilles at the Grand Hôtel. He had a younger brother named Jacques, who was studying German with an old pedagogue from Strasburg.

Tommy was attracted to Pierre by a wonderful feat which the latter performed one evening at the hôtel. He was passing the Cambronnés' room, the door being open, when he heard a merry laugh, and to his great astonishment saw Pierre lying on his stomach on the floor and making of his body an almost perfect wheel. There was a fork attached to the lad's heel, and with this he was able to convey pieces of fruit to his mouth.

Tommy at once determined to know, if possible, this wonderful boy. Soon after he caught Jacques in the act of drawing a grotesque effigy of the old German schoolmaster on the wall of a corridor leading to the recitation room. Tommy laughed; Jacques coloured; the old teacher's step was heard approaching, when Tommy helped Jacques to rub out the picture, after which the two boys recognised each other, and Jacques introduced Tommy to his brother Pierre, who was such a skilful gymnast.

'You are an American,' said Pierre, 'and have money to travel all over the world.'

'I am from Maine,' said Tommy.

'Maine' had an aristocratic sound to the French brothers.

'I am studying near Boston,' continued Tommy, 'and am travelling with my teacher.'

'Is the Province of Maine in Boston?' asked Pierre. 'Has it gold mines, diamond mines, monkeys?' he added, showing what a vivid and brilliant picture the name of Maine had brought to the boy's fancy.

'No,' said Tommy, glancing at Master Lewis who was near, and laughing.

'Tell them the truth,' said Master Lewis in English. 'Maine is chiefly woods, you know,' he added, as he saw that Tommy was unwilling to spoil the splendid fancies of his French friends.

'How do the young gentlemen amuse themselves in Maine?' asked Pierre.

'They go logging in winter and fishing in summer,' said Master Lewis to Tommy, in English. 'When they get old enough they go to Boston and become clerks.'

'They sail on the Penobscot and the Kennebec,' said Tommy in French. 'And then they become merchants.'

These American names sounded like titles of renown to the French boys. They seemed to regard Tommy as an heir to estates of unbounded magnificence.

In the summer evenings the people of Marseilles seek recreation in the multitudinous pleasure-boats of the cool and beautiful harbour. Tommy was several times invited by these French boys to sail with them. The little boat they used would skim along in the moonlight among the great city of ships, and Tommy inadvertently surprised his new friends by telling them that he had never enjoyed anything so much even in Maine.

'How many ships enter the harbour in a year?' asked Tommy, in one of these delightful summer-evening excursions.

'More than ten thousand,' said Pierre.

Ships now and then arrived in the harbour from South American ports containing parrots and monkeys, and these had probably suggested to the French boys their peculiar views of Maine.

There was a famous South American parrot near the hôtel, which was a wonder. Its great delight was to interrupt an earnest talker with the words,—

'You are a liar and a villain!'

Tradespeople who called at the café where it was kept, and were loud-mouthed in extolling their wares, were certain to be checked by the startling and often true declaration,—

'You are a liar and a villain!'

One day Tommy went to see the bird with Master Lewis. The parrot was quite silent. At last Tommy began to tell Master Lewis about some new kindness Pierre and Jacques had shown him, when the bird slowly bent down his head in a very scrutinising way and said,—

'You are a liar and a villain!'

'Perhaps he refers to what you told your French friends about the State of Maine,' said Master Lewis.

'I told them the truth,' said Tommy.

'No one tells the truth who makes a false impression wilfully,' said Master Lewis. 'I hope you will enlighten your friends as to what the State of Maine is, and what is your true position in society.'

Tommy promised that he would. We hope he did. He liked to exaggerate a story, and Master Lewis was determined to check this tendency to untruth. So, when he found him using free fancy after this little episode had happened, he used to say to him quietly,—

'Remember the parrot of Marseilles!'

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XV.—JAPAN.



THE kingdom of Japan, like that of England, consists of a group of islands, about twice as large in area as our own. If we include Saghalien, which is part Russian and part Japanese, the group is about 1600 miles long. Harrogate is in the same latitude as Cape Elizabeth, the most northerly point of Japan, and Tanegasima, a small island in

the extreme south, is about on the same level as Cairo and the Canary Islands. This will show us how far the Japan group stretches.

Just as the British Isles are separated from the continent of Europe by the English Channel and the North Sea, and are washed on their other coasts by the great Atlantic Ocean, so Japan is separated from the continent of Asia by the Straits of Corea and the Sea of Japan, while on its other side roll the interminable wastes of the Pacific.

While, however, we in England enjoy great stability of earth, and general mildness of climate, the Japanese are often visited with hurricanes, earthquakes, water-spouts, and explosions of burning lava.

The mountain peaks are far loftier than any we can show, and the country in general is more fertile. Of course, as it stretches from Morecambe Bay to Morocco, from Tadcaster to Tripoli, we do expect a great variety of fruits and blossoms. We find tea on the hills and tobacco in the dales. We notice the camphor-tree, a kind of laurel; the wax-tree, from which soft candles are made; the paper-tree, and many another curious and valuable plant.

Paper makes nearly everything in Japan, from a pocket-handkerchief to the wall of a house. The shopman ties your parcels up with paper, and you walk about when it rains protected by an oiled paper cloak.

The country is cultivated almost to the summit of the hills, and the gardens are lovely. The hedges are made of the tea-plant. The people love animals, and you may see tame deer in the streets of the capital. Dogs, too, and birds, abound, and are protected from assault.

Houses are built low in consequence of the frequent shocks of earthquake. Yeddo, the present capital, is an immense city, supposed to be about seven miles square. The bay in which it stands is large and very beautiful. Some of it reminds the Englishman of the prettiest parts of Devonshire; other parts of it may be likened to the finest scenery in Scotland. Behind Yeddo itself, about fifty miles off, is a grand mountain range, in which the matchless peak called Fusi-hama lifts its snowy pinnacle on high. In almost all the pictures of Japanese life this remarkable mountain is introduced.

The streets of Yeddo are wide, spacious, and clean, and thronged with a well-washed, merry, polite crowd. The Yeddo policeman is dressed like a harlequin. He has an iron rod with many rings attached to it, and when he drops it on the ground he makes his presence known. The men are bronze-coloured, beardless, and strong-looking—the young women are often pretty, but when they become wives they make themselves as ugly as they can by staining their teeth black, and painting their lips, and cutting off their eyebrows. You may see shaven Buddhist priests chanting a hymn before a house. You may see children running about without a rag on their limbs. Their fathers and mothers are nearly as naked as they are. Indeed people think nothing of having their bath in the public street. Umbrellas and fans seem quite as important articles of dress in Japan as coats and trowsers, perhaps even more so. The houses are made of oiled wood, and as fires are common and much dreaded, there are cisterns full of water stationed

everywhere, while each house has a supply of its own on the roof. To prevent crushing, which is a danger peculiar to great cities like Yeddo, there are strong gates erected at distances of about 600 yards apart.

The houses are very sparsely furnished. The mat, soft and clean, always made the same size, three feet by six, is the chair, table, and bed; sometimes you may see a sort of camp-stool, and, rarer still, a small lacquered table. In the middle of the room is the fire of charcoal, burning in a bed of sand, or in a brazier. If your host is rich he keeps a servant, but he has no bell to summon him. He taps the brazier with his fan, and in comes the footman, dressed in a gauzy robe of some bright colour. Down he goes on his knees, and so awaits his master's orders. Having heard them, he moves out backwards. Tea comes in, of superb flavour, and a pipe of most fragrant tobacco is offered you.

All over the country are scattered tea-houses, where the weary traveller can enjoy a lounge on a soft mat and cheer his spirit with a cup of the national beverage. This inn is perched, perhaps, by the side of a murmuring waterfall, and from the open door he can see lovely flower-beds and fruit-trees richly laden, and well-kept walks and trimly-clipped hedges. The windows are made of oiled paper, so no view can be had through them; but the climate is warm, and a man can remove the entire front of his room, as it is not a brick wall, but a screen of paper, decorated with the favourite devices of storks, cranes, dolphins, and tortoises. The temples are handsome and venerable. They stand, generally, in groves of ancient cedars.

The government of the country is very peculiar. There are two kings. One, the Mikado, is somewhat like the Pope, a sort of Vicar of the Deity. The other, called the Tycoon, is like an ordinary monarch. Each of these high men is much controlled by his great nobles.

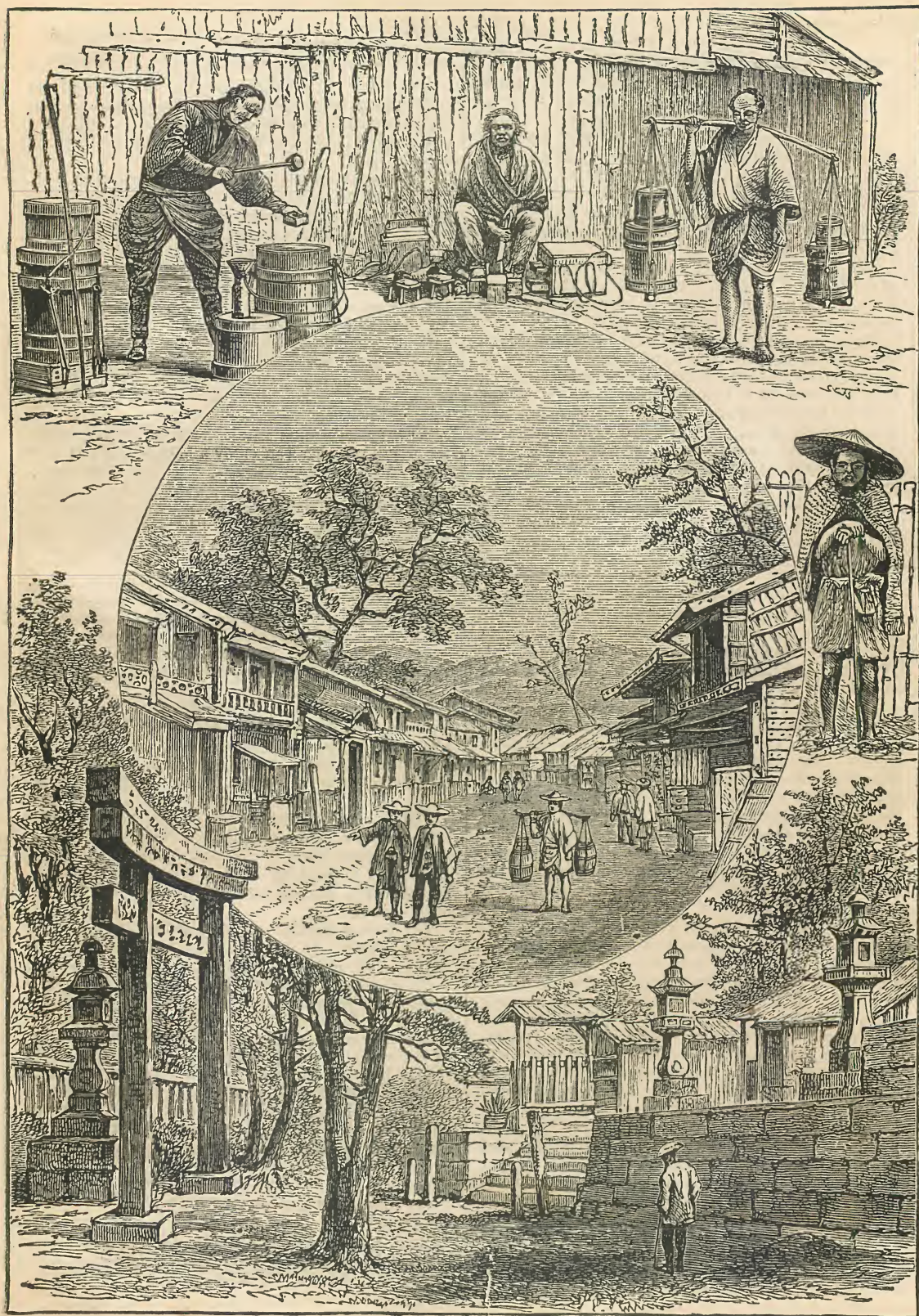
The Mikado is treated with absurd respect. No sun may fall on him—no wind may blow on him—he may not even touch the ground. He is well-nigh umbrellaed to death by his careful nurses. He traces his unbroken descent from Zin Moso, 'The divine mirror,' in 667 B.C.

The Tycoon dwells in a huge castle rising from the city of Yeddo. It is bosomed in giant cedars, and well moated, and defended by vast green banks.

No wheel carriages are in the streets. Even the post is conveyed by running footmen. The man with the bag, as he reaches the limit of his beat, tosses it to his successor, and you see the new runner setting off before the other has stopped.

The Japanese are described as brave, temperate, sensitive, intelligent, and patriotic, but suspicious and vindictive. For two hundred years the Dutch were allowed to trade at Najasaki after a most absurd and comfortless fashion. At no other place were they, or any Europeans, permitted to live or do business. But that day is past, and Japan is now opened as a market to our enterprising mechanics of Sheffield, Birmingham, and Manchester.

Be guarded in discourse, and slow to speak.



Asia. — Japan.



CLEVER.

I WENT to sail my ship on the stream,
And with the stream went I:
I slipped down into the water quick,
And my ship went sailing by;
And never should I have come out again,
But somebody heard a cry.

He turned and saw a boy in the stream,
And who should it be but I!
Shall I tell you what I was thinking now,
When straightway I slipped and fell?
I was thinking, oh! how clever was I
To sail my ship so well:

And where was another so clever a lad,
No one, so I thought, could tell;
But somehow I felt not clever, I own,
As the ship I had launched sailed off alone,
While into the stream I fell!

E. M. A. F. S.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 147.)

CHAPTER XX.



IVE pounds reward. Lost or stolen, a gold hunting-watch, Albert chain, and seal. Whoever will bring the same to Bydown Hall, or give information which shall lead to the apprehension of the thief, shall receive the above reward.

The paper on the forge door was taken down that afternoon, and a fresh one put in its place, and other papers bearing the same words were fastened up outside the Red Lion, and the Post-office, and the Mill, and round each paper a group gathered talking and wondering.

Norris again had been the person who brought the papers and fastened them up, with a face like a thunder-cloud; and he looked so ferocious that no one asked him any questions; and he went stalking off without a word to anybody, so no one could tell what had happened, or if there was any reason to suppose that the watch had been stolen.

As the evening came on, and the men came home from work, and heard the new notice about the watch, wonder became mixed with anger. Bydown had always borne a high character for honesty; what black sheep there had been, and there are such in all flocks, had generally wandered away, and had grown blacker or whiter elsewhere; and the men regarded this notice as an insult to the reputation of the village; and when once this idea was started, you may be sure the papers did not long remain where Norris had put them, but were torn down and into little pieces in no time.

Neville Carson, as I have said, was no favourite with the Bydown people, or else I do not think they would have been so sensitive about their reputation.

Molly and Nora read the notice, and felt more puzzled and unhappy than ever. Mike was so strange and moody that they did not know what to make of him. When they first found that the watch was gone, they thought he had been playing them a trick, and had hidden it somewhere else; but this he denied quite angrily.

'But the handkerchief, Mike? How did the red one come there instead of the blue?'

'I was looking at the watch this morning,' he said, 'before you came, and I must have changed the handkerchief by mistake;' and he pulled out of his pocket the blue check handkerchief that the girls remembered so well, with the rent in one corner.

'But where can the watch be?'

'Do you think you dropped it when you took it out before?'

But he shook his head.

'Oh, Mike! don't you know where it is?'

'No; how should I? Norris must have got it. It was here this morning.'

This was all they could get out of him, and at the first excuse he left them, and, after a fruitless search all round the tree and Rat Hall, they went home very sad and low-spirited.

They went out with Dr. Carlyon in the afternoon, and coming home saw the new notice on the forge door and read it. What could it mean? If Norris had found the watch, he would not be slow in claiming the reward instead of poor old Wilcox; and why need they talk of stealing, or make any further bother about it? and if Norris had not got it, who could have found it?

Not even to each other or to themselves would the girls confess to the slightest doubt of Mike; and when Nora gave a long sigh, Molly turned round on her quite fiercely, as if the sigh were an open accusation of Mike.

He did not make his appearance at the Vicarage after tea as he generally did, and they had not seen him since the morning when he left them by that fatal tree; and, after vainly trying to occupy themselves at home for some time Molly could bear it no longer, and proposed to Nora to go and find Mike.

There was quite a crowd round the Red Lion door as the girls ran by, and they could hear that the loss of the watch was being discussed, and that the voices were getting loud and angry, and that Neville Carson's name was being roughly handled; and they noticed, too, that the paper was torn down, both there and at the forge.

'Mike's gone up along the river,' Mrs. Warren told them; and then began the all-absorbing topic of the watch; but the girls would not stop to listen, but ran on after Mike. It put them in mind of the evening more than a month ago when they had been searching for him, and made their first acquaintance with the island, and they wished now heartily that they had never crossed the willow bridge, since it had led to such trouble and bother. They thought Mike must have gone to have another look for that unlucky watch; but when they came to the willow they caught sight of him on the bank some way higher up the river, so they went on in pursuit. It was not till they were close to the bridge by Bydown Park that they overtook him, and then they were hot and out of breath, and he, for the first time since they had known him, looked vexed and put out at seeing them; and when he first observed them he tried to hide among the bushes; and when they came up to him he put something quickly into his pocket that they should not see it.

'Oh, Mike!' gasped out Molly; 'where are you going?'

'Just for a walk,' he said; 'nothing more.'

'Mayn't we come with you?'

'No, you'd better not. There! I don't want to be rude or unkind, but you'd best run along home and keep clear of me to-night, anyhow.'

He had put his hand into his pocket as he spoke, and, thinking more of his words than of his hands, and more of the tears that were springing into Molly's eyes than of what he was doing, he brought

out what he had just put in, a large gimlet and a sharp chisel.

The sight of these tools was partly a relief and partly a new cause of anxiety to the girls, for, at that hasty movement of concealment when they came up, the watch had come at once into their minds, and it was a relief to find that it was not that he was hiding; but the gimlet and chisel suggested mischief intended to Neville's boat, in the direction of which he was going.

'Oh, Mike! you're not going to hurt the boat?'

But at the very moment that she spoke a sound on the water struck Mike's ear, a sound repeated and coming nearer, the sound of oars dipping and splashing in the water. Mike gave a gesture of impatience and turned to go away from the river-bank; but before he had gone many steps the boat shot through under the bridge, carried rapidly along more by the stream than by Neville's rowing.

He had certainly improved in handling the oars since that day when they had watched him passing the island, but even now he was very clumsy with them, and when he suddenly caught sight of Mike Warren and the two girls standing on the bank he got confused, and lost his presence of mind, caught one oar in the weed, and let the head of the boat run aground close by them.

Mike had hold of the boat in a moment. He was always quick to come to the rescue, and lend a hand at any time, and just for the minute he forgot all about his wish for revenge on Neville Carson, and his designs against that very boat; and when he took hold of the boat it was just to push it off, and set it clear of the mud and rushes. But Neville interpreted his action differently.

'Leave go of my boat, you rascal! How dare you touch it?' And at the same moment he aimed a blow with the oar, which Mike only escaped by ducking his head.

But those words and threatened blow roused all Mike's worst feelings. He snatched the oar from Neville's hand, and then pushing the boat out into the stream, jumped into the end of it, and stood there with the oar in his hand, while the boat rocked and swayed with the shock and the swift current.

'Oh, Mike! don't! don't! What are you going to do?' cried the girls, clinging to one another in terror; while Neville, with the anger overcome by fear, held convulsively to the side of the boat, joining in the cry, 'Don't! don't! What are you going to do?'

It would be difficult to say if Mike meant to upset the boat: he could hardly tell himself when he looked back at that moment, or even if it was Mike who really did upset it, or if it was Neville himself leaning so much on one side of the boat, which was lightly built, and required nice balancing; but certain it is that the next moment the boat had turned completely over, and was floating down the stream, bottom upwards, leaving the two boys struggling in the water.

Mike was nearer the shore, and an expert swimmer, and almost before the girls had drawn their breath again he was on the bank at their side, rubbing the water out of his eyes, and the wet hair from his forehead.

But Neville Carson was in the very middle of the river where the stream ran swiftest and deepest, and he gave such a terrible gurgling scream as he rose to the surface as rang in the girls' ears for many a day to come.

'Oh, Mike! Mike! he can't swim! He'll be drowned!'

The girls were running wildly down the bank screaming for help but Mike stopped them.

'All right,' he said; 'I'll fetch him out.'

He was stripping off his coat, which, being wet through, clung to him; and he seemed to the girls terribly slow, though he really was as quick as possible.

'It's all right,' he said; 'never fear.'

But he had not calculated on the strength of the current or the power of a drowning person; for Neville clasped hold of him so convulsively that Mike was rendered nearly helpless, and could only get one arm free for swimming, and the stream carried the two boys along in its swift eddies with almost irresistible force.

Again and again Mike tried to free himself from Neville's grasp and strike out for the bank; but Neville's arms were locked round him, and all he could do was to keep their two heads above water, and let the stream carry them where it would.

Nora had run off to the mill for help, and Molly followed along the bank, nearly falling in herself more than once as she watched the two heads in the water. I do not know how much longer Mike's strength would have held out, but certainly not very long, when the branch of a tree, overhanging the water, came within reach; and with a great effort Mike caught at it, and, with its help, pulled himself nearer the shore, and, happily, found a shallow place where he could stand.

Neville was unconscious by this time, and a dead weight, and Mike was nearly worn out by his struggle; so even now it was a difficult business to get Neville out of the water and up the bank; and, though Molly gave all the assistance she could, it was not very much that she could do; and it was fortunate that help was near at hand from the mill, for the relief party found Mike lying on the grass quite exhausted, and Neville by his side, still, and white, and ghastly, to all appearances dead, and Molly, heartbroken and distracted, between the two.

'He's not dead,' Mike said, as the men came up, raising himself feebly on his elbow to look at Neville's face.

'Dead? not he! We'll soon bring him round. Don't you trouble your head about him; he'll do. You bide quiet a bit, old chap, and we'll take him along down to the mill when he comes to a bit.'

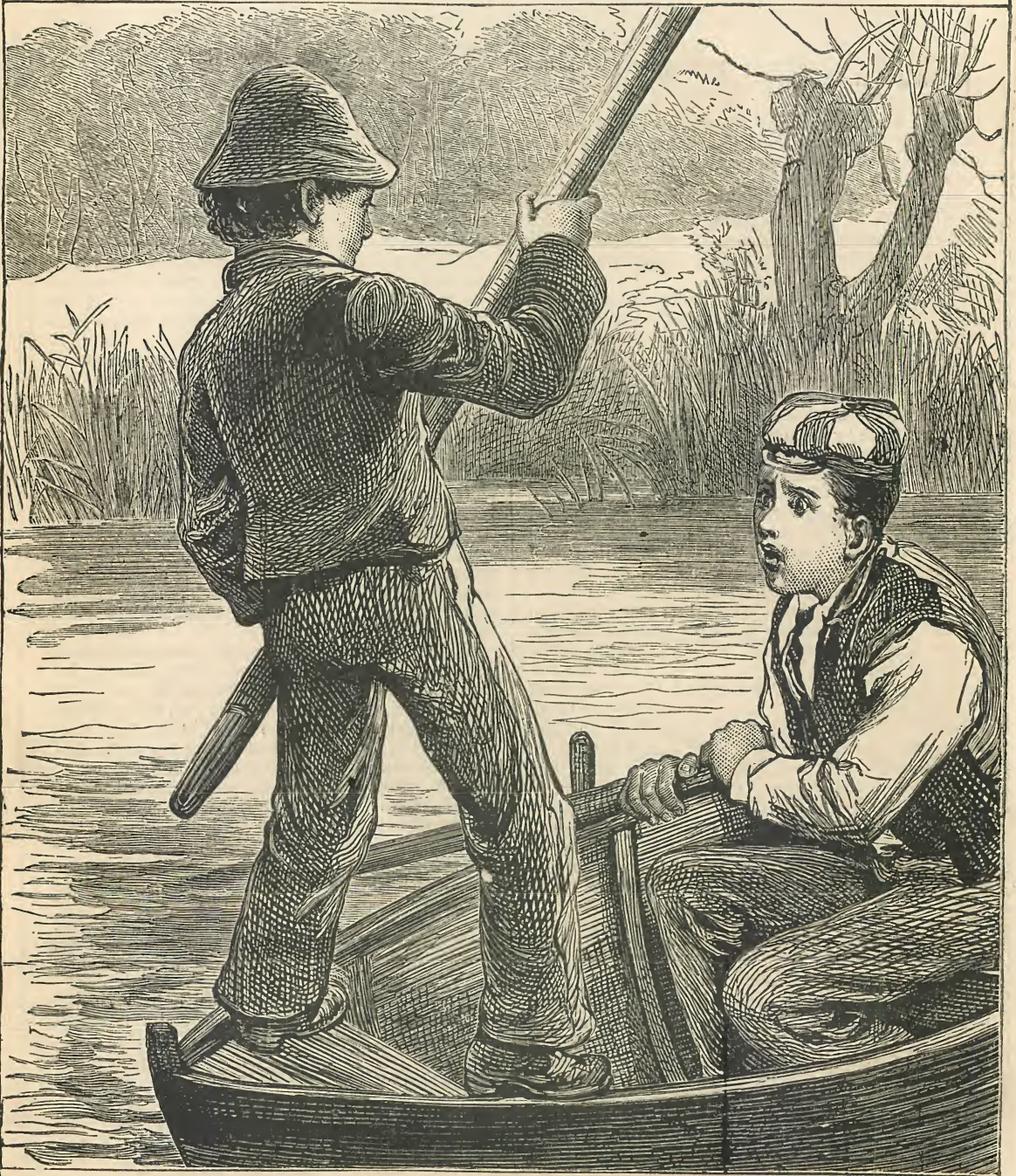
But Mike could not keep quiet till he saw Neville stir, and the wet eyelashes quiver, and the breath come, gasping, and sobbing, and choking; and then he gave a long sigh of relief.

'That's a comfort!' he said.

'You saved his life, Mike,' whispered Molly.

'I was pretty near murdering him,' he answered; 'but I didn't mean it.'

(To be continued.)



Mike in Neville Carson's Boat.



Mike on his way to the Vicarage with his Pets.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 159.)

CHAPTER XXI.



MOLLY was roused from her sleep, very early the next morning, by a noise outside. It must have been very early, for it was before the sun had risen; and in those June days that is early indeed. There was a soft grey light over everything, and the sky was brightening every minute behind the hill, where the sun would rise by-and-by to begin its long, beautiful day.

But, early as it was, some one was stirring in the Vicarage garden; and Molly opened the lattice-window of her bedroom and pushed out a very tumbled, curly head, to see who it was. The wall-flower and sweet-brier under the window were very sweet with the dew on them, and a branch of Banksia rose touched her cheek with its cool, damp flowers, to say 'Good morning.'

Down below she saw Mike Warren. He had a large basket in one hand and a wicker-cage in the other, which he was hanging high up in the porch out of the reach of Tabbykins, who was purring and rubbing herself against his legs with great affection, as if to assure him that nothing was farther from her thoughts than any base attack on the jackdaw in the cage, who, however, put his head on one side and said, 'Get along!' as if he suspected her motives.

'Good morning, Mike,' said Molly; and Mike gave a great start, and looked round, and up and down, before he saw the curly head at the window. Molly laughed. 'Have you brought Joey up for change of air?'

'Hush!' Mike said; 'don't wake any one. I've brought Joey for you, and the two best of the rabbits. You'll take care of them, won't you?'

'Oh, yes,' said Molly; 'of course we will! But what's the matter, Mike?'

She could see now that his face was very pale, and that there were dark circles round his eyes.

'Hush!' he said again, and started with a shudder, when Joey hopped on his perch and scraped his beak. 'They say Neville Carson is very bad, and they've telegraphed for a doctor from London.'

'He's not going to die, Mike?'

'They don't know.'

'But he was all right last night, and walked out of the mill to the carriage, Betty said, quite strong and like himself.'

'They shouldn't have let him go. He was weaker than they thought, and he was nearly dead when he reached the Hall; and Dr. Jones has been with him all night, and they say he's sinking.' Mike's voice was hoarse and hollow-sounding.

'How do you know? Who told you?'

'I've been up about there all night, and I've heard from one and another, for they wouldn't let me in. And not likely they should; for if Neville Carson dies, it's I that have done it!'

'Oh, Mike, don't say that! You never meant to hurt him; it was only to give him a fright.'

'Anyhow, I'm better out of the way. There's more than one has said to me to-night, "You'll have to answer for this;" so I'm off, and I didn't mean any one to know. But I'm not sorry to say good-bye to you, Miss Molly, and if Neville Carson——' his trembling voice could not bring out the word 'dies;' but after a pause and an effort he went on, 'you'll know how it all was, and that I'd give my life for his, and welcome. And you'll tell the parson all about it. He's been so good to me I shouldn't like him to think badly of me; and his prayers are more like to be heard than most folks.'

Mike's voice had gone altogether now, and Molly was too blinded with tears to see his great, piteous, dark eyes, that might have supplied his want of words.

'Mike, don't go!' she sobbed. 'Neville will get well, and it will all be right again.'

But Mike shook his head. He carried the rabbits to the shed, and, whispering a very choky 'Good-bye' as he came back, went off, leaving Molly to creep back into bed and wake Nora with her violent crying, to hear the sad news of Neville's danger and Mike's departure.

The tidings that Mike had brought were only too true: Neville's life was hanging by a thread. He had been taken to the mill when he had partly recovered consciousness; and there, with warm blankets and rubbing, he had seemed to recover wonderfully quick, and was soon quite himself, all the more so from being very cross and irritable, and abusing the men who were rubbing him in no very measured terms. A messenger had been sent to fetch a carriage from the Hall to take him home, and another to Northbury for Dr. Jones, though this was done more because it seemed the right sort of thing to do when any accident happened to one of the gentry, than because any one thought it necessary. But it was very fortunate that he was at the Hall when the carriage arrived, for Neville was unconscious, and continued all night in such a state of exhaustion that, in spite of all that Dr. Jones could do to restore him, his strength seemed gradually ebbing away; and, as Mike had said, a doctor was telegraphed for from London, and the alarm and anxiety were very great. But, before the doctor could arrive by the morning train, a slight improvement had shown itself; and this gradually increased as the day wore on, till in the evening the doctor declared him out of immediate danger, though the greatest care would be necessary for some time to come.

In the trouble and anxiety at the Hall people forgot their dislike to Neville; and if you had gone through Bydown that day and seen the serious faces, and heard the low, anxious tones of the groups discussing the latest reports from the Hall, you would have fancied that Neville Carson had been the most popular and beloved of young squires, and that all the hopes of the village were centred in him.

Molly and Nora, too, felt very gently and kindly towards him, and called him 'poor Neville,' and wondered twenty times in five minutes how he was, and hoped, with all their hearts, he was better, chiefly on Mike's account. They could not forget

Mike for a minute, even if he had not been so near their hearts; for Joey kept calling 'Mike! Mike! hullo there!' and the fresh arrangements required for the new rabbits reminded them constantly of him who would have done all the work for them if he had been there.

They had comforted one another about them a little, feeling sure, with all the unreasoning hopefulness of youth, that Neville would get well, and that Mike would come back; and they said nothing to Dr. Carlyon or Betty of Mike's intention, and their red eyes and sad faces were set down to anxiety about Neville Carson.

As for the watch, it had gone clean out of everybody's head—except, perhaps, Norris's; but he said nothing to anybody and kept out of everybody's way.

No one noticed Mike's absence except Betty, who wondered 'what the lad is after now, and 'tis no wonder as he don't care to show his face after his pranks with the squire—a young monkey!'

Both in the morning and evening Dr. Carlyon went to the Hall to ask after Neville, and in the evening the two girls went with him. The London doctor had just left, and every one felt more hopeful and satisfied about Neville, who had taken some nourishment, and seemed stronger.

Mrs. Carson, hearing that Dr. Carlyon was there, sent down to ask him to come up and see her; and the two girls were left to wait in the library till his return.

The door was open, and two of the footmen were talking in the hall in low tones, and some of their words reached the girls' ears as they roamed about the library, looking at the backs of the books, which all looked too dull to tempt them to examine further.

'He's as fractious as a baby cutting its teeth, Mrs. Lea says.'

'Shows he's on the mend if he's cross.'

'He's going on about that watch. I wish whoever's got it would just hand it over, or we shan't get no peace.'

'Thinks it's stolen now.'

Just then a bell sounded, and one of the men went upstairs in answer. Molly and Nora hoped it was to show Dr. Carlyon out; but the man came back presently, and they heard him say to the other,—

'He's took it into his head to see Norris, and nothing won't quiet him till he's sent for; so Dr. Jones says he must be humoured, and I'm to fetch him right off.'

'You won't have far to go, then, for he's just outside the front door, holding Dr. Jones's horse for him.'

'What's he doing that for?'

'Oh, he was passing when the Doctor came, and there's never a stableman handy when they're wanted.'

So Norris was called in at the front door, and the girls heard a long rubbing of feet on the door-mat, and the clattering of nailed boots on the tiles in the hall, and had a whiff of corduroy and gaiters as he passed the door.

Mrs. Carson was more long-winded and tiresome than usual that evening. The relief from the long strain of anxiety acted on her tongue, and she went over and over all the symptoms of her boy's illness and her own feelings till Dr. Carlyon got quite dreamy,

and said 'Ah!' 'Oh!' and 'Indeed!' by turns. He made one or two struggles to get away, but was caught and forced back into his chair by Mrs. Carson beginning another long story, which he had not the heart to interrupt; so Molly and Nora's patience was sorely tried as they waited for him downstairs, and Norris had time to go up to Neville's room and come down again before the Doctor could make his escape.

The girls got tired at last of the library, every hole and corner of which they had explored, and ventured out of their seclusion, and coming across the house-keeper were invited into her room, and regaled with sponge-cakes and raspberry vinegar.

While they were there, Norris came down from Neville's room and passed the housekeeper's room on his way to the back-door.

'Good day to ye, Master Norris,' Mrs. Lea called out, too fond of a gossip to lose any chance. 'Where be off to in such a hurry?—and how did you find the young master?'

'Oh, he's on the mend right enough,' said Norris, not liking to offend Mrs. Lea by a too hasty retreat, as she was a friend worth having at the Hall.

'And what was he in such a taking to see you about, I'd like to know?'

'Ah! that's tellings. You'll know soon enough, ma'am.'

Norris looked very important, and slapped the pocket of his coat meaningly.

'Why, whatever's in the wind now? Bless the man! what's he got there?'

'Something as will make you open your eyes, ma'am, and many another in Bydown, too! But, there, I can't be stopping now! I'm off to Colonel Mervyn's, and on to Northbury.'

'Well-a-never!' ejaculated Mrs. Lea.

'Who's Colonel Mervyn?' asked both the girls, as Norris moved off.

'Well, he's a magistrate, that's what he is; and I shouldn't wonder if Norris hadn't found out something about that watch, and is going to get a warrant against somebody. I hope to goodness it's no one in the house! But there's Dr. Carlyon coming down, so good-bye to you, little missies.'

(To be continued.)

PICTURES FROM NEW ZEALAND.

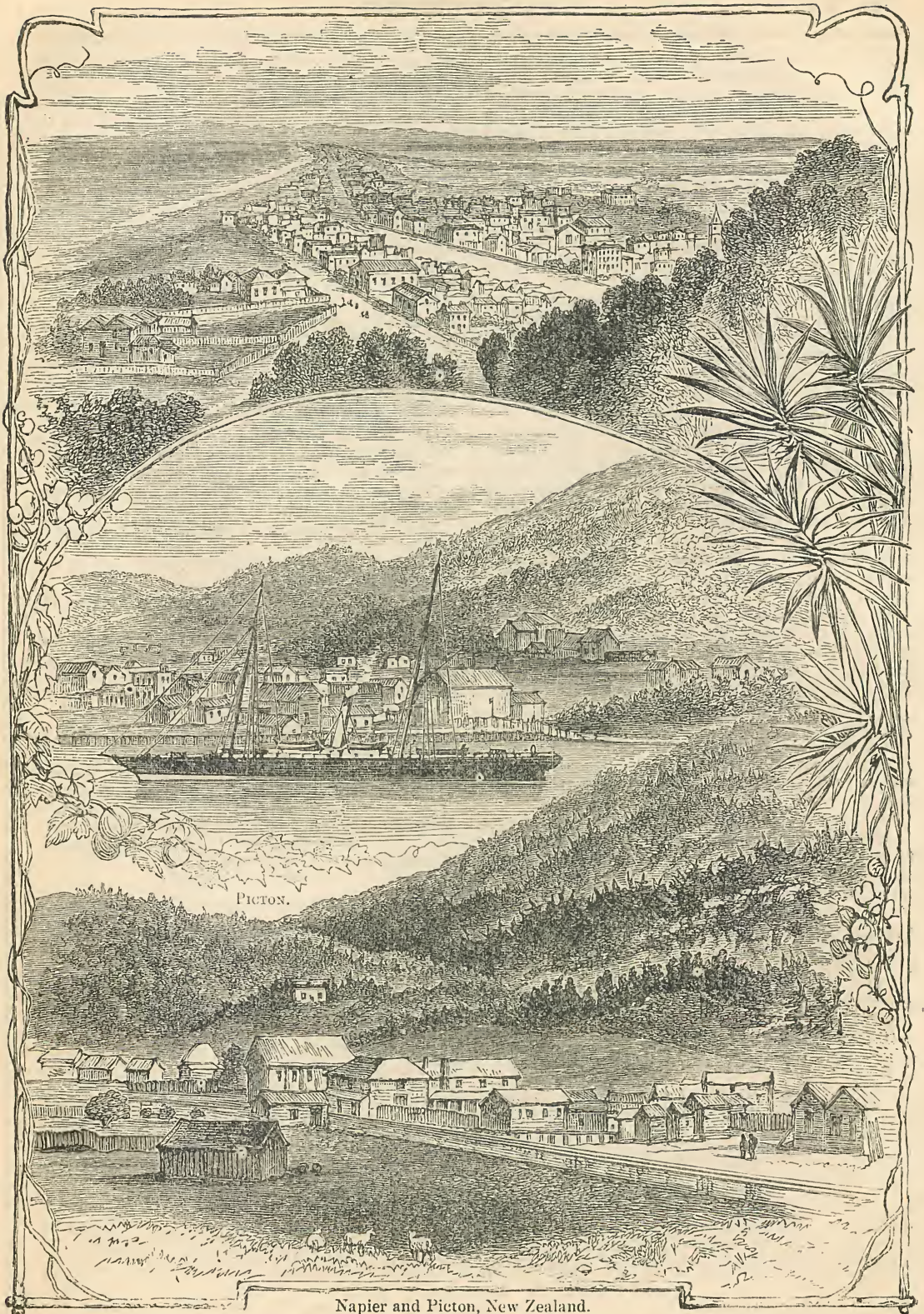
NAPIER, PICTON, AND BLENHEIM.

IF we wished to have a very high opinion of towns in New Zealand, we should be likely to get it by looking at Napier from the hill on which the photograph was taken, of which our illustration is a copy. Europeans often compare the curve of the coast to that of the Bay of Naples. Both places enjoy a cloudless sky, and a clear, balmy air; but, of course, Napier is in size and age a very baby in comparison with Naples.

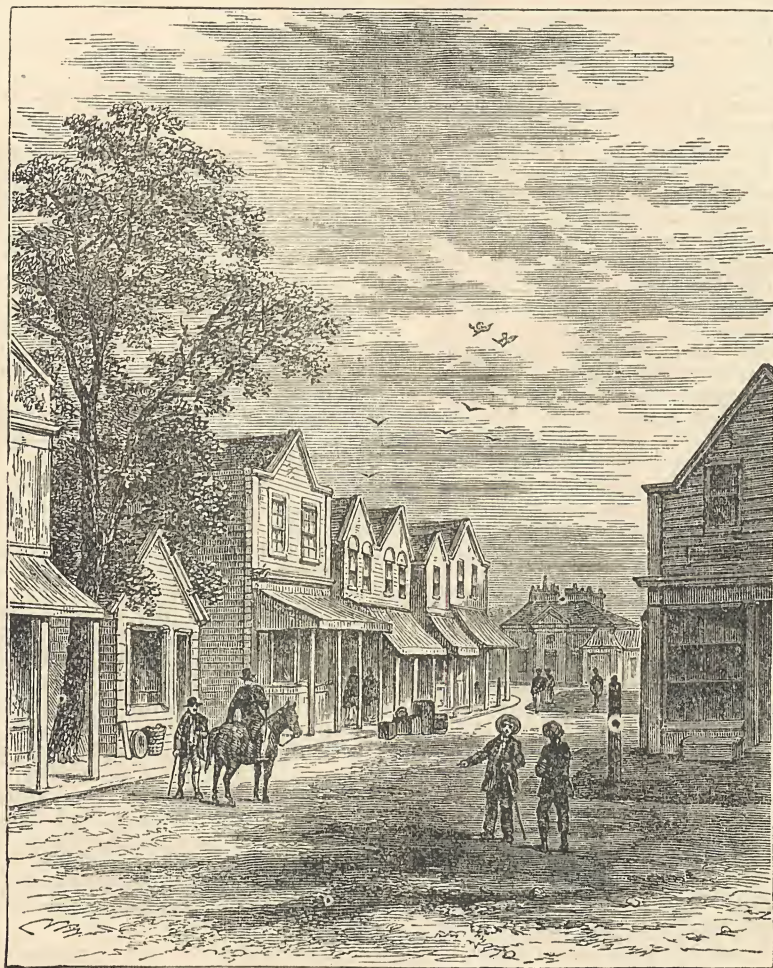
Twenty-five years ago this town did not exist. You may see by its handsome buildings and regular streets that it has grown well since then.

It is little more than one hundred years since the bay on which it stands was first seen by Europeans. In the year 1769 Captain Cook, in his ship *Endeavour*, neared the shore, and saw many natives.

NAPIER.



Napier and Picton, New Zealand.



Blenheim, New Zealand.

They tried to get them to come near the ship in their canoes, and at last succeeded. Presents were made to the natives, but they offered nothing in return. Captain Cook desired to get a skin something like that of a bear, which one man was wearing. He offered the native a piece of red baize for it, and the native seemed pleased with the bargain; but when it came to the actual exchange he would not part with the skin until the cloth was given to him. No sooner was this done, than he rolled up both skin and cloth and made off in his canoe.

To this bay, on which Napier now stands, Captain Cook gave the name of Hawke's Bay, in honour of Sir Edward Hawke, First Lord of the Admiralty. At that time its southern point he called Cape Kidnappers, in memory of the following adventure:—

They were buying fish from a party of natives who had come alongside in their canoes, when suddenly one of the Indians seized a boy, who was handing up the purchases, and dragged him down into the canoe. Two men held him, and the others

began to paddle off. Upon this the marines from the ship opened fire, more in order to frighten the natives than to kill. Alarmed at this they released the boy, who at once sprang into the water and swam to the ship. The canoe turned in pursuit of him, but a few shots soon caused them to make for the shore. The boy reached the ship in safety, but 'so terrified that for a time he seemed to be quite deprived of his senses.'

After Captain Cook's visit it was long before Hawke's Bay was again visited by Europeans; but at length it became a resort for whalers, and so at last a regular town was founded on its shore.

How strange to English eyes, used to neat dwellings, well-made roads, and substantial buildings on all sides, seem the wooden houses, not over-well-made paths, and the scanty allowance for foot-passengers, in towns just founded! Streets of wooden houses do not seem very substantial; but fire is their great enemy. Here at home the alarm of 'Fire!' soon brings the engines to the spot at the top

of their speed, and trained men are there to match their skill against the flames; but when once the fire gets firm hold of a block of wooden houses, the rude appliances usually at hand can do little to stop it. But then stone or bricks for building are neither so easy to obtain nor so cheap as wood. Hence such dwellings as you will find in the illustration.

You have two views of Picton, a pretty little town on Queen Charlotte's Sound, the Strait dividing the North and South islands. High hills rise up around it, covered with wood, and affording some sport to the townspeople in the chase of wild pigs.

Pigs are not very usual game to discover in woods, so I must tell you that these are all sprung from a few landed by Captain Cook when he visited New Zealand.

Gold has recently been found near Picton, so that it may soon grow into a large town.

The street-view gives us a peep at the town of Blenheim, in the same province of Marlborough. Nearly every house has a wooden verandah, for the sun is far more powerful there than with us, and the winter, too, is much milder; but Blenheim is now and then visited by floods, which threaten the townspeople with having to do their shopping in boats.

There is one point in which most of such towns resemble those at home—in nearly every one of them you will find a field in which cricket is played with as much enthusiasm as on our school fields, or the classic ground of Lord's or the Oval. Picton plays Blenheim, and the local newspaper gives a faithful account of the game, which fills one column of a page not much larger than three pages of *Chatterbox*. Wherever they go, there Englishmen will carry cricket with them.

A. R. B.

THE WILD GIRL OF SONGI.



IN the year 1731, as a nobleman was hunting at Songi, near the ancient and historic town of Chalons, on the river Champagne, in France, he discovered a couple of objects at a distance in the water, at which he fired, supposing them to be birds.

They immediately disappeared, but arose at a point near the shore, when they were found to be two children, evidently about a dozen years of age.

They carried to the shore some fish that they had caught, which they tore in pieces with their teeth and devoured raw, without chewing.

After their meal, one of them found a rosary, probably lost by some devotee, with which she seemed highly delighted. She endeavoured to conceal it from her companion, but the latter made the discovery, and, filled with rage and jealousy, inflicted a severe blow on the hand containing the treasure. The other returned the blow, striking her companion on the head with a heavy missile, and bringing her to the ground with a cry of pain.

The sisters, for such they probably were, parted. The one most injured went towards the river, and

was never seen or heard of afterwards. The other hurried off towards the hamlet of Songi.

She was a strange and frightful-looking creature. Her colour was black, and her only clothing consisted of loose rags and the skins of animals. The people of Songi fled to their houses and barred their doors at the sight of her.

She wandered about the place, greatly to the terror of the villagers, but at last some adventurers determined to set a dog on her. She awaited the attack coolly, but as soon as the dog came within her reach, she dealt him such a blow on the head as laid him lifeless on the spot.

The astonished peasants kept at a safe distance, not wishing a personal encounter with such a creature. She tried to gain admittance to some of the houses, but the quaking occupants, who seemed to have fancied that the evil one himself had made his appearance, securely fastened their doors and windows.

She at length retired to the fields and climbed a tree, where she sat, appearing to the spectators like an omen of ill to Songi.

The Viscount d'Epinoy was stopping at Songi at this time, and, supposing the creature to be a wild girl, offered a reward for her capture.

The excitement in the hamlet cooling, a party was formed to secure the reward. The wild girl still remained in the tree, evidently taking repose. Thinking that she must be thirsty, a bucket of water was placed at the foot of the tree. She descended, looking cautiously around, and drank, but immediately ascended to the top of the tree, as though fearful of injury.

She was at length allured to descend by a woman, who held out to her fish and fruit. She was seized by stout men, and taken to the seat of the Viscount. One of her first acts was to devour raw some wild fowl, which she found in the kitchen.

After public curiosity had been satisfied, the Viscount sent her to a shepherd to be tamed. The latter found this no easy matter, and her wildness and animal nature were exhibited in so marked a manner that she became known as the shepherd's beast.

She sometimes escaped. Once she was missing overnight, when there came a terrible snow-storm, and the poor shepherd wandered in search of her. He discovered her at last housed just as she had been in childhood, in the branches of a tree. The wind blew and the snow drifted around her, but she was loth to return. She had learned that trouble dwells in houses, and here in the tree-top, if she was cold, she was free.

I wonder if she thought of her sister, in whose arms she had doubtless slept in the trees, in her childhood?

Her agility was marvellous. She would outrun the swiftest animals, even the rabbits and hares. The Queen of Poland once took her on a hunting excursion, and much amusement she afforded to the royal party. She would discover game with the shrewdness of a bird of prey, and having outrun and captured a hare; she would bring it with great eagerness to the astonished and delighted queen.

She was once set at the table with some people of rank, at a banquet. She seemed delighted with the bright costumes, and the wit and gay spirits of the guests. Presently she was gone. She returned at

last with something very choice in her apron, and with a face beaming with happiness she approached a fine lady, and holding up a live frog by the leg said, gleefully, 'Have some?'

She dropped the frog into the plate of the startled guest, and passing round the table with a liberal supply of the reptiles, said, 'Have some? have some?'

The ladies started back from such a dessert, and the poor girl felt a pang of disappointment at the sudden rejection of the offering.

She had gathered the frogs from a pond near at hand.

It was a long time before she became accustomed to the habits of civilisation. She died in a convent.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND THE LAWYER.

From the French of Emile Souvestre.



ONE day a farmer, named Bernard, having finished his business at Rennes market, and finding that he had still an hour or two to spare, presented himself at the office of M. Potier de la Germondaie, in George Street. This gentleman was a lawyer, and such was his reputation that the side which engaged him in a lawsuit was thought to be sure of winning.

The waiting-room was full of clients, and Bernard had to wait some time. At length, however, his turn came, and he was introduced. The lawyer signed to him to sit down, took off his spectacles, looked at Bernard, and asked him his business.

'Why you see, sir,' said the farmer, turning his hat round and round in his hand, 'I have heard so much of you, that, finding myself at Rennes, I came to consult you, wishing to profit by your opinion.'

'Much obliged to you for your confidence, my friend,' said M. de la Germondaie. 'I suppose you have some lawsuit on hand?'

'Lawsuit! I hate and detest them!'

'Then you have family property to divide?'

'Beg pardon, sir, but we have no need to divide; we all dip our hands into the same money-bag.'

'Well, then, what do you want of me?' asked the legal adviser in surprise.

'Why, I told you, sir,' answered Bernard; 'I want a lawyer's opinion—I'm ready to pay for it, of course—because, you see, I was here at Rennes, and I did not like to lose the chance.'

The lawyer smiled, took pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

'Peter Bernard, at your service,' answered the latter, delighted to have made himself understood at last.

'Your age?'

'Forty, or thereabouts.'

'Your profession?'

'My profession? Oh! you mean what do I do? I'm a farmer.'

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and gave it to his strange client.

'Finished already?' cried Bernard. 'Well, so much the better: you don't let the grass grow under your feet here, I can see. And how much might there be to pay for this opinion, sir?'

'Three francs.'

Bernard paid without a word, made his bow, and went away, delighted at having profited by the opportunity.

It was four o'clock when Bernard reached home; he was very tired, and had made up his mind to rest for the remainder of the day. But just as he entered the house one of the men came to ask if they had not better carry the hay in that meadow by the river: it had been cut a day or two, and was quite ready.

'This evening!' exclaimed the farmer's wife, who had just joined her husband; 'it would be a shame to set to work so late, when to-morrow will do just as well.'

The man suggested that the weather might change, that the horses were still in the waggons, and that there was nothing else for the labourers to do. The farmer's wife replied that the wind was in a good quarter, and that even if they began they would not be able to finish that night, so what was the use?'

Bernard listened first to one and then to the other, at a loss how to decide, when he suddenly remembered the lawyer's paper.

'Wait a minute,' he cried. 'I have a lawyer's opinion here; a real good lawyer he is, too: it cost me three francs, and it ought to help us to decide this business. Here, Thérèse, tell us what it's all about, for you can read writing like print.'

The woman took the paper, and read, with many stops, the words:—'Peter Bernard, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.'

'That's it!' cried the farmer, struck by the fitness of the opinion. 'Come, then, be quick all of you, horses, carts, lads and lasses, and we'll carry the hay.'

His wife objected still; but he declared that he was not going to pay three francs for an opinion and then make no use of it, and that he intended to follow the lawyer's advice. He set the example, putting himself at the head of his labourers, and working as hard as any one, until all the hay was safely carried.

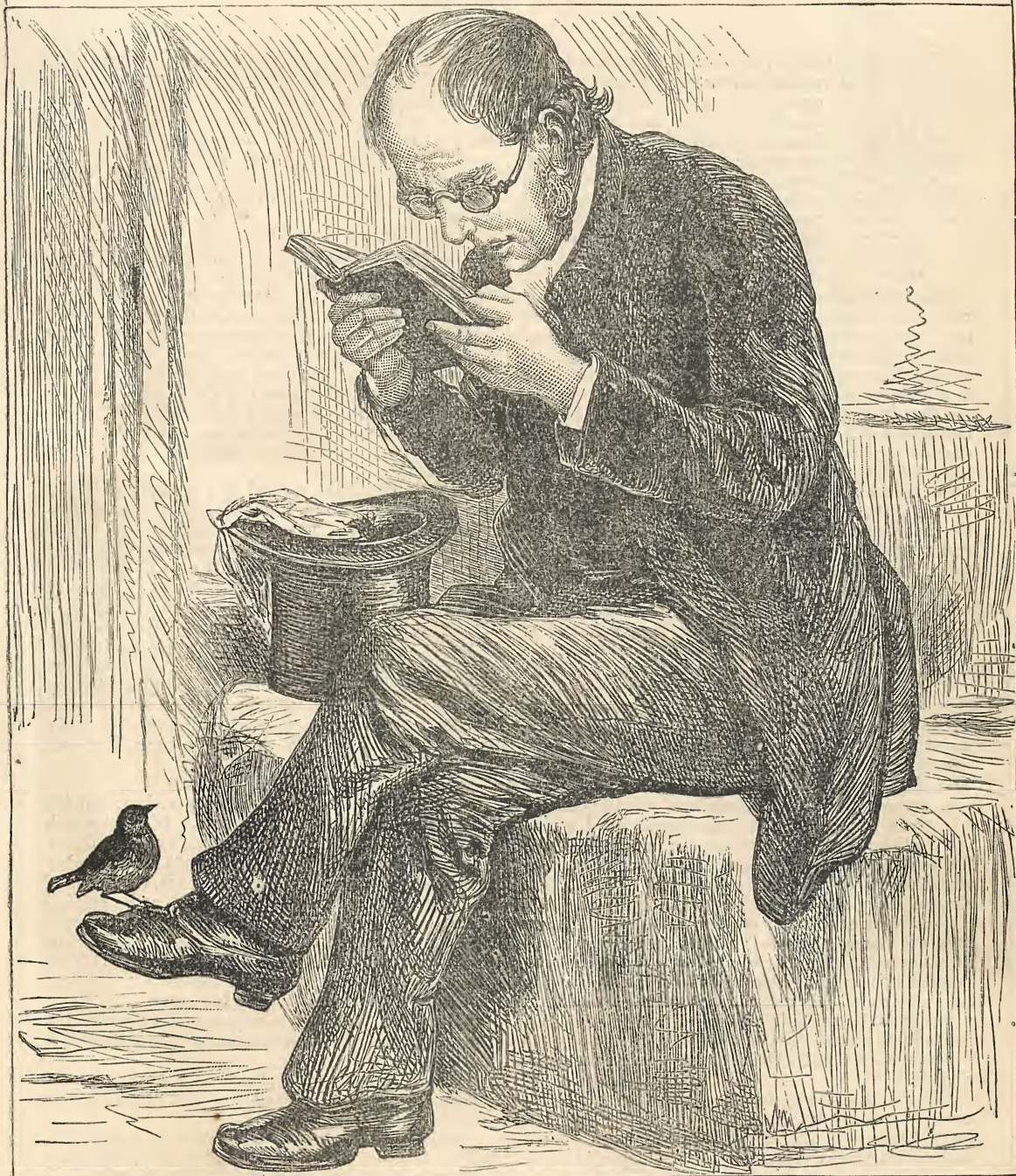
The event proved the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed in the night; a sudden storm broke over the valley, and returning day showed that the river had overflowed its bank, and was carrying away the hay which lay in swathes and hillocks. The harvest of the neighbours was completely destroyed; Bernard alone had lost nothing.

This first trial gave him such confidence in the opinion of the lawyer, that from that day forward he made it his rule of conduct, and became, by his method and industry, one of the richest farmers in the neighbourhood. Moreover, he never forgot the service rendered him by M. de la Germondaie, and every year he took him, in token of gratitude, a couple of his best fowls; and he always said, whenever any one mentioned lawyers, that, next to the Commandments of God, the best thing to follow was the advice of a good lawyer.

A. G.



"The woman took the paper and read."



Dr. Carlyon reading his well-worn Greek Testament in the Church porch.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 163.)

CHAPTER XXII.



MIKE WARREN'S absence was not noticed all that day. For one thing, every one was so taken up with Neville's illness, and the grand London doctor, whom the Bydown people regarded with awe as possessing supernatural powers of saving life unknown to country practitioners; and for another thing, he was so constantly out that his not appearing at breakfast, dinner, or tea, was nothing remarkable.

Mrs. Warren would not have wondered even at his not coming in at night. She was too much wrapped up in her own troubles and ailments to worry about other people, even about her own son, and Mike had often, in summer weather, slept out on a haycock or in a barn, and come back none the worse. But at ten o'clock at night some men came to the mill-door asking for Mike, and would not take her word that she had not seen him, but pushed in past her and looked for themselves—even going upstairs to see if he were in the bedrooms.

Most of the Bydown people were in bed and asleep by that time; but Mrs. Warren was so frightened and troubled by the men's manner and their questions about Mike, that she did what she had not done for years—threw a shawl over her head and made her way through the quiet village to the Vicarage, to see if Mike might be there, not feeling any the more comfortable for hearing the men's footsteps following her at a little distance.

There was a light in Dr. Carlyon's study—a light that generally burnt far into the night—and, for a wonder, there was still a glimmer to be seen through the kitchen shutter. Half-past ten was in Betty's opinion a very late hour for any Christian to be out of bed (let alone the master, who was an exception to every rule), and a sinful waste of candle; but to-night she had a job of dressmaking on hand, which she could not set aside with a quiet mind till it was finished, and when once she had her yard measure round her neck and her mouth full of pins, time slipped away like magic.

Mrs. Warren's knock at the door startled her so that she nearly swallowed half a dozen pins, and she was not much less frightened even when she was assured it was not either murder, thieves, or fire, to see such an unusual visitor at such an unheard-of hour.

'What's the matter?' she cried.

'Is Mike here?'

'Mike?—not he! He's not been anigh the place all day.'

'There's two men been asking after him just now—there they be round the corner, for they followed me up—and, O Betty! the frightened woman said, sinking her voice to a terrified whisper, 'I think one of them's the Northbury policeman!'

'Policeman!' Betty said. 'It can't never be, I tell ye. Whatever would they be asking after Mike for?'

'Ah! that I don't know. Whether he've got into any scrape as I don't know on, or whether it have to with this accident to the squire as Mike had a hand in.'

'Why, bless the woman!' Betty said, indignantly, 'twas Mike as saved his life, and 'twill be a burning shame if the squire don't give him a handsome present for doing of it. It's a deal more likely as they're thieves, and you've been and left that house of your'n with no one but the little maid asleep in it, and all open, I'll warrant, for them to take their pick on! It's time all honest folk was in bed, and I'm just a-going to lock up—as it's past my usual time by an hour or more.'

Mrs. Warren was no favourite with Betty, who had no patience with her untidy, lackadaisical ways, and her neglect of the children. But Betty had not the heart to let even Mrs. Warren go back by herself in that nervous, terrified state, with the men—who might be thieves and murderers—waiting outside; so she lighted her lantern, and went with her down the garden, and along the dark lane, to the top of the village street, where the mill was in sight. The two men were standing near the forge, and Betty, who was no coward, passed close to them and took as good a look as the darkness and her unwieldy lantern would allow.

'Good-night,' said one of the men; and Betty went back with the uncomfortable feeling that Mrs. Warren had been right in her suspicion that it was the Northbury policeman who was asking after Mike.

Next morning the news was all over Bydown that the police were after Mike Warren, and Betty came up breathless to the girls' bedroom before they were dressed to tell them the electrifying news.

'They've been watching about the place all night, and this morning they searched the old mill from top to toe: but they can't find nothing, though they've turned over everything, and sent Mrs. Warren into stericks. Stuff-a-nonsense! fiddlesticks! as if any Christian couldn't stop themselves screeching and hollering if they've a mind to!'

'But he saved his life,' Molly said.

'Yes, that's just what I've kep a-saying; but it's nought to do with that, they says. It's that watch as they says he's got, and Norris can take his davey as he see him with it in his very hands last Thursday morning as ever was. I can't believe it, that I can't,' said Betty, sitting down on the bed, and applying the corner of her apron to her eyes, 'as Mike should be a thief as have known him from a baby: but there's the warrant all reg'lar, and signed by Colonel Mervyn, so I suppose there's no mistake.'

'He's not taken the watch. It's lost.'

'Yes; but then what's he gone off so without a word to any one? If he was innocent, what call had he to run away?'

'He told me,' said Molly, 'that he was going away; but he thought Neville would die, and people said it was his doing.'

But Betty shook her head mournfully and doubtfully. 'It's not likely,' she said, 'as he'd have gone without a penny in his pocket. Dear, dear! who'd a-thought it of him?'

The girls were too frightened and terror-struck to cry, but they sat on either side of Betty, half

dressed, looking at one another with wide eyes, in which each could read the doubt and dread that lurked in the other's heart.

Betty ran on with her voluble lamentations; but at last she noticed their silence.

'Did you know as he had found the watch, Miss Molly?'

And then the girls told all they knew: how the watch had been found on the island and hidden in the hollow tree, just to pay Neville Carson out for what he had done to the punt; and how it was to be restored at the end of the week, and old Wilcox was to gain the reward; and how, when they came to look for it, the handkerchief was a different one, and the watch was gone.

It was a great relief to tell it all to Betty; but do what they would, the whole story seemed to point in one direction—that Mike had stolen the watch; and so Betty evidently thought.

'Well, anyhow,' she said, 'he must have got clear away by this time, though them police do think as he can't have got far. He's a bad 'un; but I can't help hoping all the same as he won't be took. There, there! don't 'ee look so skeered, but just go and tell the master all about it. He've always been terrible fond of poor Mike, and if anything's to be done, he'll do it.'

So the girls finished their dressing and went to find Dr. Carlyon, and found that he had gone down to the church, and following him there, came on him sitting in the porch with his little well-worn Greek Testament held close to his eyes, and a robin perched on one of his large shoes. It was so quiet and peaceful that the girls hung back, and did not like to disturb him with the trouble and anxiety and turmoil from outside; but he looked up and saw them, and called them in, and they sat down by him on the worm-eaten, worn seat, and told their story, to which the robin listened from the other side of the porch with his head on one side, as if he knew all about it and was weighing the evidence.

It was just the same story as they had told before, only it took longer to tell, for many explanations were necessary which were not wanted with Betty, as to Rat Hall, and the island, and the punt, and many other things; but somehow, as they told it, the story sounded better for Mike, and did not seem so clearly to point to his guilt, and the girls' spirits rose as they went on, with the feeling that their hearer was not arriving at the same conclusion as Betty had done. They could not have told how they knew this, for very little was to be gathered from Dr. Carlyon's grunts and ejaculations—'Humph!' 'Oh!' 'Dear, dear!' or from the curious contortions of his face, or the quick blinking of his short-sighted eyes.

But when the story was done they were not afraid to ask, as they had been with Betty, 'You don't think he really has taken it, Dr. Carlyon?' and they were not surprised at the prompt and decided answer, 'No.'

'Where can it be? Who can have got it?'

'I don't know. God knows. He will make it plain. Poor Michael Warren!'

He did not doubt for a moment that the boy was innocent, and as long as they were with him Molly

and Nora could believe it too; but as soon as they were alone or with other people their faith in Mike grew less strong, and doubts and fears crept in to weaken it; for if Mike had not taken the watch, who could have done so, and what could have become of it?

But Dr. Carlyon never swerved from his first opinion. Simple people, though they may not be sharp or keen to see things that are to their own profit or advantage, are sometimes wonderfully clear-sighted, and can see the truth through all the mists and confusions of the world; and this is, I think, part of the great and mysterious blessing to the pure in heart, that 'they shall see God,' Who is Himself the Truth.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUMMER was coming on, and Farmer Holloway had begun cutting his early clover, and the grass in the meadows by the river was high, and rippled in the breeze like the waters of a lake. It was such beautiful weather that, if it had not been for the trouble about Mike, life might have been very pleasant at Bydown, and the girls as happy as the days were long; and that was long enough, indeed, for there was hardly any night.

But how could they enjoy anything with the constant dread that Mike might be taken by the police, and, perhaps, have the watch found on him? If they could have been as sure as Dr. Carlyon was that he was innocent, they would not have been half as miserable; or if they could have felt so sure of his guilt as Betty was, they might not, perhaps, have cared so much about it.

They would not go up to Bydown Hall to ask after Neville, though his recovery was very slow; and he had more than one serious relapse, which caused great anxiety. They could not forgive him for what they considered his ingratitude to Mike, but for whose help he would certainly have been drowned; and they ignored the fact that, but for Mike, he would have been in no danger of drowning. But certainly it did not speak well for Neville's generosity or good feeling that his very first act, when he recovered sufficiently, was to get a warrant for the apprehension of Mike Warren, and that he could not rest or keep quiet till he had seen Norris and set this in train. One of his relapses was due to his anger and excitement at hearing that Mike had made his escape, and that the police could not get on his track; and he talked so constantly and violently about the watch and Mike's share in the matter, that the doctor feared it was affecting his brain, and that he would become delirious.

The policeman came to the Vicarage and questioned the little girls. Betty, in spite of her belief in Mike's guilt, resented Neville's conduct bitterly, taking the line that, having saved Neville's life, Mike was entitled to the watch, 'and a deal more besides;' and, by her contradictory and pugnacious behaviour when the sergeant came, she nearly brought suspicion upon herself as being an accomplice in the theft.

(To be continued.)





THE HEDGEHOG.

THE Common Hedgehog (*Erinaceus Europæus*) bears some resemblance, particularly in the back and snout, to a pig, from which circumstance it derives its name. It is a small animal, about ten inches in length, having a short tail, and the upper part of the body entirely covered with sharp quills or spines. These, together with a peculiar muscular arrangement of the skin of the back, by which it is enabled to assume the form of a ball, furnish it with a sure defence against all aggressors but man. When attacked, it instantly transforms itself into a kind of *chevaux-de-frise* by rolling itself into a ball-shape, presenting everywhere a surface of sharp spines, in which panoply no animal will be rash enough to assail it. It is said to be able to devour large numbers of the poisonous fly known in medicine as cantharides, without any ill effects, whereas a single one will kill a dog or a cat. The stiff hairs of the lower parts are yellowish, and the woolly brownish

grey. It constructs its burrow generally under the roots of an old tree, or on a bank, or in the cleft of a rock, where it reposes during the day. At night it goes forth in pursuit of food, which consists chiefly of snails, larvae, reptiles, eggs, and fruits. In its diet, however, it may be said to be omnivorous. It is capable of domestication, and is kept in many houses and gardens in England to destroy cockroaches, slugs, &c., and to assist in the kitchen by turning the spit on which meat is roasting, which service it is said to perform as well as the turnspit dog. It is fond of fruits, but it has not the faculty of loading the prickles of its back with them, and thus carrying them off; nor does it suck the teats of cows and goats at night, as Aristotle, Pliny, Buffon, and others have asserted.

As winter approaches the hedgehog retires to its burrow, where it has prepared a nest of dry leaves and grass, rolls itself up into a ball, and falls into a slumber, which lasts until the spring is far advanced.



ASIA. — China.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XVI.—CHINA.

IT is simply impossible to describe China in two columns or so of *Chatterbox*. Nor is it necessary. The knowledge of young people is so increased, that, as Lord Macaulay was called 'A Book in Breeches,' so every schoolboy may be termed 'A Geography in Trowsers.' He can show off before his dazzled grandfather the exact length of the Yang-tze-kiang—the populousness of Peking—the age of the famous wall, and so forth. Let us devote our space to some of the details of John Chinaman's life. They will be, we think, at least as entertaining as the unquestionable but rather dry facts retailed in most geographies; such as, 'The government of China is a limited monarchy,' 'The national religion is that of Confucius.'

Please, young people, thank John F. Davis, Esq., for all that follows. '*Palnam qui meruit ferat.*' Translate that, you rogues! and then—

We will enter this blue brick house, through its decorated gateway, admiring as we go in the large lanterns hanging up on either side. Those bricks were once red, but the kiln has made them blue. The house roof reminds one of a tent top that 'bags in.' It looks rather flimsy, but, my word, how they have laid on the paint and gilding! Our chairmen have set us down and landed in our calling card. As we, happily, are not in mourning, it is of red paper, folded up, and adorned with gold leaf. Our name and title are written upon it. If we are visiting a great man, he won't come out to meet us, but will stay in his portico. If we are the greater swell of the two he will come, bowing, to our sedan-chair, and say, 'Haou-tsing, tsing?' i. e. 'Are you well? Hail! Hail!'

When we are inside we find ourselves in a covered court, where the owner of the house keeps his much-loved sedans. From that court we pass into a room set apart for visitors and for dining. Here, as we are only paying a call, we take tea. The chairs are heavy and lumbering, but we are glad to find scarlet cushions in them. Our host must be a great smoker, and his visitors too, for there is a spittoon by every chair. Gay lanterns hang from the roof. The door is not a right-angled thing like our doors, but is shaped like a leaf. Soon after we are seated a servant enters with covered cups. When we remove the cover a fragrant scent arises, and we see some tea-leaves on which hot water has been poured. Then a round tray is handed to us, from which we select a sweetmeat, or dried fruit, with a silver fork of two prongs.

When we think our visit has consumed sufficient time we rise up and depart. Our kind host conducts us to our chair if we are of the higher rank, but not so far if he thinks we are his equals, or inferiors. But suppose we are lucky enough to be asked to dinner—what then? First, there comes an invitation on a crimson ticket. The time of the dinner is written on the ticket, and we are entreated to give our host 'the illumination of our presence.' The hour of dinner is six o'clock. The tables are small, holding only two guests a-piece, like the desks of the London School Board Schools. The courses are many, but very little is eaten of each course. Funny things are found in the long line of painted saucers which are offered to

you—salted earth-worms, dried and cut up; sharks' fins; cutlets of yellow dog; immense grubs bred in the sugar-cane; pounded shrimps; and birds' nests. Everything swims in soup, and you must fish out a morsel as you can with your chop-sticks. The wine, made of rice, is always warm, and sipped out of small gilt cups. The dinner ends with flowers and sweetmeats, apples, grapes, and Peking pears. If you are feasting with a rich man, he gives you a play into the bargain. An actor steps up and offers you a list of fifty or sixty plays. You choose one, and the play begins. There is no scenery, but the dresses are splendid. As the play goes on there is a horrid din of lutes and flutes, fiddles and guitars, snake-skin drums and buzzing bagpipes, bells and sounding gongs. What a row the musicians make! There goes a man, dressed like a demon, breathing fire and smoke, and after him come gaily-attired tumblers, who spin saucers on the ends of their canes, passing them, when at full go, under their legs.

All this while the women are looking on behind a trellis-work at one side of the stage.

The dinner and play being over, you go into another room and take tea, as we do in England; but you must not ask for milk and sugar, or you will be looked upon as if you were a Hottentot.

Now for a Chinese wedding.

The lucky day has been chosen, by the help of some Chinese Zadkiel—the bridegroom has sent his presents, and put on his new cap, and taken his new name. It is February, and the peach-tree is in blossom. The bride has fastened up her long hair with bodkins, and the wedding-day is come. Her face would be pretty if it were not painted, for her eyebrows are like the new moon, and she is tastefully arrayed in pink silk. The live geese are ready to be carried in the procession, the bride is admiring her many presents, and her sisters are in tears.

When the evening star shines out 'above the chimney-tops' the bridegroom comes, with a smart sedan and a following of lantern-bearers and musicians, to conduct his young wife to his house. When she has been lifted over a charcoal fire into the front hall she offers a cup of betel to the assembled friends, who, after a few more ceremonies and amusements, depart.

New-year's Day is the day of days in China. Offices are closed, books are shut, Paterfamilias makes up his mind to be merry. They do not, like Englishmen,

'Ring out the old, ring in the new,'

in China, but they speed the parting year into the limbo of the past with crackers.

After midnight they wash themselves, and sweep and garnish their houses with flowers. Then they go in crowds to the temples, all as finely dressed as possible. Then come the giving and receiving of presents, and the entertainment of friends.

Let us go out and look about us. Here, in a low part of the town, is a party of noisy fellows playing at 'Tsoey-moey.' In this game a man holds up his fingers, and the man he plays with has to guess in a moment how many he is holding up. If he guesses wrong, he has to drink a cup of wine.

Here is an eating-house. Let us go in and have

something. For a small sum we can get a hot breakfast or dinner—of salted duck, or fish, or dog, or cat, or rat. As we are munching our cat-chop or sipping our basin of bow-wow broth we can observe how that stout Chinaman is dressed. He carries a silken sheath, and in it not a dagger but a fan. He has at his belt flint and steel and tinder for lighting his pipe. His tobacco is in that embroidered pouch. He has his winter cap on his head. We know it by its black velvet rim. No man dare change his summer cap for his winter cap until the Viceroy sets the example. Our stout friend wears a long dress of silk, with a large-sleeved coat over it made of fur. His stockings are of cotton, and his shoes are clumsy and thick-soled. Near him is a poorer man in a sheep-skin dress. Perhaps his necktie is made of mouse-skins stitched together. Ten to one he owns no shirt. But did you ever see such ridiculous spectacles as that third man has on his nose? Look! they are kept in their place by strings and weights.

Here comes a rough, blustering fellow, so I think we had better be going, as we are foreigners, and a row may be unpleasant. Our words are overheard by the man in the huge 'goggles.' He gives a quiet smile and says, 'Never mind him, he is only a *paper tiger*.' But, though reassured, we think it best to go, for it is growing dark and we have no lantern, and everybody caught without a lantern after the bell is rung and the gates closed is surely punished. And if you once fall into the hands of the police you will be very sorry. As the popular phrase is, 'The meat is on the chopping-block,' and the iron cages of China are no joke.

A GLASGOW FACTORY BOY.

JUST above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory-boy, whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as 'piecer.' He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education, and would become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*. He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a 'piecer' to the spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them on the 'jenny,' with the lesson open before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge. He now began to aspire to become a preacher and a missionary, and to devote his life in some self-sacrificing way to the good of mankind. He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any

sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, '*I never had a farthing that I did not earn.*'

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

THE AUROCHS.

ALL the great animals, once so numerous in Britain and the North of Europe, were extinct long before the dawn of history, except the Aurochs, or bison, and the Urus, or ancient wild bull. These formidable brutes continued to exist in a wild state till a comparatively recent time, and the aurochs, though no longer found in Britain, are still to be met with in the forests of Lithuania and the Carpathian mountains.

From the quantity of bones of the aurochs discovered, it must have lived in great numbers all over Britain and Europe during the tertiary period, at the same time with the mammoths, rhinoceri, and reindeer, and was abundant in the south of France, and continued to exist there after the reindeer had become extinct in that country. In the *Niebelungen Lied*, a German epic poem that was written in the twelfth century, the hero, Siegfried, is described as killing both the bison and the urus at a great hunt in the forest of Vasegovia, near Worms, and the last auroch was destroyed in Prussia as late as the beginning of the seventeenth century. After this it was supposed to be extinct, till it was found that it still ran wild in the marshy forests of Poland and Lithuania; and when those countries were annexed to the Russian empire the Czars tried to preserve the animals from total destruction, and collected a herd of them at Bielowiez, in Lithuania, and the Emperor Nicholas issued a ukase enacting that any one killing an aurochs should be punished with penal servitude. But in spite of this severe law the herd could only be kept up with great difficulty, and seldom numbered more than fourteen or fifteen hundred head, and during the Polish insurrection many of them were destroyed.

The fossil aurochs was an immense animal, much taller than its living representative, and its horns were larger; in other respects it was like the Lithuanian bison, which in appearance resembles the bison of America, but is smaller, and differs from it somewhat in the construction of the skeleton.

The aurochs has a large hump on its shoulders, its limbs are muscular, and its horns are short and very strong, standing wide apart at their bases; the forehead is prominent and convex, being much broader than it is high, and the eyes are red and fiery. Its colour is a dark, reddish brown, sometimes nearly black, and the thick shaggy hair is so long about its neck and shoulders as to reach nearly to the ground. As it runs along, with its head low down, its whole aspect is savage and gloomy.

The aurochs has never been tamed by man. The Emperor Nicholas presented a fine male and female of this animal to the Zoological Gardens of London, but the creatures did not thrive in confinement, and there is not one to be seen now in England.

A. R.



Hunting the Aurochs.



A Faithful Dog. By HARRISON WEIR.

SAVED BY HIS DOG.



GENEVA correspondent tells a touching story of the faithfulness and intelligence of a St. Bernard mastiff. A short time ago Father Nicholas, a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, once aide-de-camp to the Czar, was returning from Fourvoirie to his monastery, followed by a fine St. Bernard dog, to which he was greatly attached. Instead of keeping to the high-

way, he took a footpath which runs along the left bank of the river Guirs, which is thereabouts very precipitous. As he walked he read his prayer-book, and being intent on his devotions he made a false step, and falling down the precipice, his course was not arrested until he reached—unconscious and terribly bruised—the edge of the stream. The dog followed, and, as is supposed, tried to rouse him. Not succeeding in this attempt, he returned to the footpath, and did his best to attract the attention of two shepherds who happened to be passing; but alarmed by the mastiff's manner, which they attributed to madness, they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The next day the dog presented himself at the monastery, and the monks, thinking from his appearance that he was hungry, offered him food. But the animal refused to eat, and by his plaintive barkings and gestures did his best to tell the monks that something was wrong. In the end some of them decided to follow him, and the dog, with many signs of delight, led the way to the place where he had left his master. When he reached the part of the river bank whence Father Nicholas had fallen he began to bark, and the monk, who had by this time recovered consciousness, was able to utter a feeble shout. When his rescuers, preceded by the mastiff, reached him, they found him lying with his feet in the stream, and quite unable to move. With the help of the shepherds, whom the barkings and shoutings had drawn to the spot, they contrived to drag him to the top of the precipice and carry him to the monastery. The mastiff remained by the bedside of his master, whom his intelligence had saved from a frightful death, until he recovered.

A WOLF'S DISLIKE FOR MUSIC.

IT is well known that domestic dogs dislike music, but the antipathy seems to be much stronger in a wolf. Dogs become familiar with it, and have learned to endure it; but to the wolf it is intolerable. It would be well for those who live in countries infested by wolves to arm themselves with some loud-sounding musical instrument, as the following anecdote would suggest:—

A Scotch bagpiper was travelling in Ireland one evening, when he suddenly encountered a wolf, which seemed to be very ravenous. The poor man could think of no other expedient to save his life than to open his wallet and try the effect of hospitality. He

did so, and the savage beast swallowed all that was thrown to him with such voracity that it seemed as if his appetite was not in the least degree satisfied. The whole stock of provision was, of course, soon spent, and now the man's only resource was in the virtue of his bagpipe. This the monster no sooner heard than he took to the mountains, with the same precipitation with which he had left them. The poor piper did not wholly enjoy his deliverance, for, looking ruefully at his empty wallet, he shook his fist at the departing animal, saying, 'Ay! are these your tricks? Had I known your humour, you should have had your music before your supper.'

FRIENDS TO THE END.

WHEN the *Minotaur* was wrecked, many years ago, a strange passenger was on board—a large wolf, caught as a cub by the ship's company, and by them petted and tamed till it became a general favourite. To one person, however, especially, the wolf attached itself, a Lieutenant Salsford, and during the disastrous moments of the shipwreck the poor beast seemed to look to him for support and comfort. On the breaking up of the vessel both found themselves clinging to the mast, the wolf howling pitifully. Wave after wave broke over the poor creatures, sometimes loosening the clutch of the beast, sometimes that of the man, either rendering to the other such assistance as was possible to regain their position. At last the Lieutenant became exhausted, and, chilled by the cold, could no longer take firm grasp of his poor friend. Land was near, but his strength had too utterly ebbed away to attempt to gain it. With a last effort he flung his arms round his faithful companion, the wolf meantime seeming to repeat the affectionate gesture, and so, clasped, so to say, in each other's arms, the two sank beneath the waves.
H. A. F.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XVII.—AUSTRALIA.



ALTHOUGH the Portuguese were the first to catch sight of this great land, it was Captain Cook who examined and described large portions of its coast line, and especially that which has since been called New South Wales.

Botany Bay was chosen as the fittest place for a new settlement, but, being too much exposed to the waves of the Pacific, it was abandoned for Sydney Cove, a very safe and spacious harbour. A whale-boat is yet preserved at Sydney, in which a fearless surgeon named Bass sailed through the strait, which has borne his name ever since.

Nearly a hundred miles inland from Sydney are the Blue Mountains, a long range which seemed for some time to separate the settlers utterly from the plains beyond. Many men died in trying to cross these rugged rocks. Hosts of brave explorers went

forth, determined to conquer them; but all were obliged to return defeated and baffled. The brave Mr. Bass was one of the number.

In 1813 Sydney was visited by a terrible drought, and nearly all the cattle perished. Whereupon three brave and prudent explorers resolved to try once more what they could do to discover a better land beyond the Blue Mountains. After many hardships, the trio beheld from the edge of a drear height a grassy, well-watered vale far beneath them. This has since been called the Plains of Bathurst. A road was made over the mountain, and Sydney was greatly relieved and benefited by the happy discovery. A party went out and made further advances, coming out at length near Port Macquarie. They named the country Brisbane. It is a high table-land.

In 1824 an attempt was made to traverse the continent from Sydney in a S.W. direction toward Bass's Strait. Having, after much trouble, crossed the mountains, the explorers got into an open grass country, and by December 16th they had reached Port Phillip, where is now the flourishing town of Melbourne, founded in 1838. Other expeditions followed, in which many Australian peculiarities were disclosed. What was once a lake, in three years' time was a dry surface. Where a boat was rowed about, there in a little while was parched ground with deep and dangerous clefts. The great river was dead. A noble lake, called Regent's Lake in 1817, was in 1836 a grassy plain. In 1828, Lake George was a fine sheet of water, 17 miles by 7. In October, 1836, the entire lake was gone, and its basin was a green meadow.

The rivers in Bathurst plains and Brisbane downs all pour their waters finally into the great river Murray, which gives its treasures to the sea in Encounter Bay, near Adelaide, another great Australian capital.

So we have New South Wales, with Sydney for its capital; Victoria with Melbourne, and South Australia with Adelaide, for their respective capitals.

In 1831, while engaged in a journey of observation, very near where Adelaide now stands, Captain Barker was murdered by the blacks. Four years afterwards the same fate overtook Mr. Cunningham, a most estimable botanist. An Englishman, named Buckley, who was transported for life, passed many years among these natives. He escaped from prison and fell in with some of the blacks, who treated him kindly. A wife was given him, and he adopted all their rude and barbarous habits. When he next met white men he was dressed in a kangaroo rug, and armed with a club and shield. He could not speak English. Having done good service to the settlers he was pardoned, and resumed his civilised life once more.

The west of Australia has Perth for its capital. The line of coast is a limestone ridge, rising to a great height in some places. Every season here is upside down to us. Spring is in October and November, and the leaves fall in April and May.

Perth is on the Swan River. Here grow thistles eleven feet high. Here are kangaroos, native dogs, parrots, six-foot emeus, and black swans in amazing numbers. This part was colonised between 1823 and 1835. It was at first feared the soil would not repay labour, but this has been found a mistake. Many valuable trees grow here, among them mahogany.

The north coast of Australia does not seem yet to possess any very thriving settlement. Port Essington, near Melville Island, is the chief place; and it ought to have a great future before it, as it is well situated for trade with that remarkable group of islands called the Indian Archipelago. Here we are in the tropics, among white ants, iguanas, lizards, scorpions, and alligators. In three weeks, as we are told, the white ants devoured 30*l*. worth of clothes, a government tent, 300 feet of timber, three ammunition boxes, 65 pairs of trowsers, and 23 smock-frocks.

The natives of Australia are sooty-brown and woolly-haired—lean-looking, and low in the scale of humanity. They seem to have no houses (for they are ever on the move), except where there is an abundance of food. They are diminishing in their numbers daily, and will soon be a thing of the past.

Australia has been made by Nature when in a whimsical mood. Birds are seen without wings, and with hair instead of feathers. Beasts have beaks, nettles grow like trees, rivers run away from the sea, squirrels fly. Your fields are fenced in with mahogany, your chairs are of cedar, and your pet kangaroo hops about on his tail!

In 1844 a celebrated geologist, named Murchison, pointed out the likeness between the mountain range behind Sydney and that of the Ural Mountains, where there is gold. He predicted gold would be found in Australia, and his words were proved to be correct. In 1846 Sir Roderic Murchison advised the Cornish miners, who were out of work, to go out and try their luck in Australia. It is well known how many diggers there were who found the labour of washing heaps of gravel and sand and mud a profitable one, and who realised great fortunes.

In 1856 twelve million pounds' worth of the precious metal was sent to England from Melbourne. This gold fever has attracted very many people to the colony; and Melbourne will one day be one of this world's great business centres.

A map of Australia shows you names of places, rivers, and mountains, all round the coast; but the centre of the great land is all a mystery as yet. Some most determined efforts have been made to cross the land in its breadth—a notable one in 1860. In this expedition four brave fellows, named Burke, Wills, King, and Gray, reached the Gulf of Carpentaria, but on their return all, save King, perished.

Having left Melbourne, they formed a dépôt at a place called Cooper's Creek. The dépôt was left in the charge of a man named Brahé, who was to remain a certain season till they returned.

The dauntless four pushed on, and reached the Northern coast. On their return journey Gray sickened and died. The other three advanced with slow and feeble steps to Cooper's Creek, and when they reached it they found to their horror that Brahé had left it only seven hours before! He thought they were dead, as they were so long behind their time, and he therefore abandoned his post. Nearly dead they all three were, and this disappointment no doubt hastened the death of Burke and Wills. King, however, did survive to tell the story of their many sufferings and their dogged pluck to deeply sympathising hearers.



ASIA. — Australia.



DIED OF GRIEF.

SOME years since there was, in a menagerie at Cassel, in Germany, a large lion, whose keeper was a woman, to whom the animal seemed most affectionately attached. In order to amuse the company, this woman was in the habit of putting her hands, and even her head, into the lion's mouth, without experiencing the least injury. Upon one occasion, however, having introduced her head, as usual, between the animal's jaws, he made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly this catastrophe

was unintentional on the part of the lion: probably the woman's hair irritated his throat, so as to make him sneeze or cough. This supposition is confirmed by the subsequent conduct of the animal; for as soon as he perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered, grateful creature exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy, laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be removed, refused to take any food, and, in a few days, pined himself to death.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 171.)

ETTY tried to persuade Molly and Nora to refuse to tell the policeman anything, and even to deny that they had seen the watch. 'If you give them an inch they'll take an ell, and they'll make such a fine piece of work out of every word you say as would be enough to put a rope round the neck of the innocentest person whatever.'

But Molly and Nora had a habit of telling the truth; and who could tell anything else in Dr. Carlyon's study, standing by him, and each of them holding one of his big, knuckly hands? So Sergeant Miller found no difficulty in getting what he wanted, and was very smiling and good-tempered, for it all went to make up what he called 'a very pretty little case.'

'We shan't be long before we have the young gentleman,' he said; 'he's not got far. It's not like a London thief as is up to all the dodges, and can pass stolen goods so that they're out of the country or in the melting-pot almost before they're missed. There's some credit in catching such a one as that; but these country lads always make a bungling job of it, and run their heads into the noose as easy as eggs.'

But though Mike Warren was no London thief, up to all the dodges of such accomplished characters, the police did not find it so easy to catch him as they expected; and day after day slipped by till more than a week had passed since the warrant was issued, and though they still maintained the same confident air, and made sure, outwardly, that they should soon have him safe enough, they really in their hearts thought that, after all, the country lad had outwitted them, and had made his escape, carrying off his booty.

Neville was gradually recovering, and at the end of the week went out for a drive; but when he passed through Bydown it was easy to see that he was not in favour there. There were no caps touched to him, or courtesies dropped; every one seemed entirely absorbed in their work, and never lifted their heads from their sowing or digging, even to glance at the big carriage and pair that passed down the street with such a clatter, disturbing the ducks in their possession of the centre of the road, who protested, with loud quacking, against such needless hurry.

The fact was that the people were all of Betty's mind in the matter, believing Mike guilty, and yet resenting Neville's behaviour; and Norris, too, got a good many black looks, when he came into Bydown, for his share in the affair.

So, as I have said, a week passed away. It seemed very slow to the two girls, and they had never found it so hard to amuse and occupy themselves. They were a good deal with Dr. Carlyon, and often took their books or writing into his study, finding it very peaceful there, and rather comforting. They were not sorry when a letter came from father saying that Peter was now in the rudest health, and

taller and stronger than he was before he was ill; that all sorts of purifying had taken place at Kelburn Lodge, and that all fear of infection was at an end; and so the girls might come home, and Brian, dear old B. B. himself, should come down and fetch them home in the course of another week or so.

They were so pleased at the prospect of going home that they quite hurt Betty's feelings by their open rejoicings; and even Dr. Carlyon gave a little sigh as they came, with father's open letter in their hand, and bright eyes and eager faces, to tell him that Brian was coming very soon to fetch them home. Molly heard this sigh, and it filled her tender little heart with compunctions; and she stole back to make amends for her thoughtlessness, while Nora soothed Betty's feelings in a more demonstrative way by sitting on her lap and hugging her violently round the neck, and declaring she must come home with them.

Molly stood for a minute, silent, by Dr. Carlyon's side before he looked up and said, 'Well, Mary? well, my dear?'

'We are sorry,' she said, 'very sorry, to go away from you, Dr. Carlyon; and it's only because we're going home that we feel so glad.'

She had knelt down by the side of him as she spoke, and stroked his coat sleeve caressingly; and he put out his boney hand and patted her head.

'You've been awfully kind to us,' she went on; 'and we shall like to come again if you'll have us. And some day,' continued Molly, with big, round, young eyes looking out as if into the great mysterious future, 'I should like to come and live with you. I mean,' she said, with a quick remembrance of father, and 'all of them' at home, 'after a great many years, when I'm quite old.'

'You will not find the little old parson (is not that what I am called?) at Bydown then, Mary. Please God there will be a better vicar here.'

'That there couldn't be,' said Molly; and with a sudden burst of love or reverence she took up the big hand that had dropped from her head to her shoulder and kissed it, and then, covered with shame, jumped up and ran out of the room with a crimson face. She was learning the truth of father's words when she was a little child, 'Your godfather is a great man; you must learn to be proud of him.'

It was that same day in the evening that the girls were in the meadows down by the river. The mowing had begun here, for these were always the richest and most forward hayfields, and sometimes Farmer Holloway got two crops off them in the year.

The mowers had finished their work by eight, and the whole meadow lay in fragrant swathes just as the scythe left it, undisturbed by the shaking and tossing and raking that were in store for it on the morrow.

The girls lingered after the mowers had gone, and came slowly back along the river-bank, and as they came near the island a sudden fancy seized Molly to pay another visit to Rat Hall, which they had not seen since the day when the watch had been taken away. The sun had set, and though the sky in the west was still rosy and bright, the shadows were deepening

under the trees and hedgerows, and twilight was creeping on across the dewy meadows.

When they came to the willow bridge they found that the branch Mike had fastened for a handrail had gone, and that a piece of the tree itself had been wrenched off, whether purposely or accidentally they could not tell, so that it was no longer easy to get across.

The island looked dark and desolate, and Nora slipped her hand under Molly's arm and said,—

'Let's go back, Moll, it's so dark, and the bridge is not safe now.'

But Molly had a perverse wish to go; a strange impulse, that she could not resist, made her wish to visit poor old Rat Hall, the place in which they had been so happy and merry together.

'Perhaps,' she said, 'we may find the watch after all. Come, Nora.'

It required some nerve to cross the bridge as it was now, but Molly got safely across, and Nora followed unwillingly.

Nature seemed to have been doing her utmost in those few days to resume her sway over the island on which the children had trespassed, and where they had tried to train and trim her wild grace into their own ideas of beauty and neatness. Great, strong brambles had pushed across the path that had been so carefully cut, brier sprays covered with delicate pink and white blossoms, and honeysuckle wreaths, had tossed themselves from one bush to another in careless grace, and travellers'-joy was spreading its fresh green shoots in all directions.

But some one had been there recently, for they came on a withy partly peeled, and a bit of honeysuckle gathered and dropped, but not yet withered. But the girls knew that Rat Hall had had many visitors since the story of the watch got about, and that Norris and many another had searched and hunted about there in spite of their certainty that Mike had carried off the watch with him.

When they had come out into the open space they stood still for a moment, and looked at the ruin and desolation before them. The house had been pulled all to pieces, and lay in a heap, hurdles and moss and broken chairs; and against one of the trees that had been the main supports of the building, was still nailed one of Mike's shelves, and on it was perched the robin, as bright-eyed and cheerful as if he had not lost his nest and young ones in the troubles of his fellow-lodgers.

'Oh, Molly, come away; doesn't it look horrid?'

But Molly went on to the hollow tree and looked into the hole where the watch had been, and idly turned over the leaves and sticks that lay about. Nora pulled nervously at her arm.

'Come, Molly, do come. I heard something move just then. I'm sure I did.'

'I dare say it was the old rat,' said Molly, 'or a snake.'

This being an unpleasant suggestion to them both, they gathered up their frocks and picked their way gingerly through the long grass on their return.

But as they turned their backs on the ruins of Rat Hall Nora heard a sound again, and this time Molly heard it too, and stopped, for it sounded like a smothered sob.

'There's some one here,' Molly said. 'Nora, did you hear?' And as she spoke the sound was repeated, coming from the other side of the ruined heap, where the shadows of the trees lay dark and thick.

The girls' hearts were beating quick and loud, and their first impulse was to make their escape as fast as possible. It was getting so dark, and the place was so lonely, that it was no wonder they were frightened; but Molly managed to summon up courage to ask in a very unsteady voice, 'Who is it? Who's there?'

Another stifled sob was the only answer, and then Molly, with very trembling knees and a heart beating so that she could hardly breathe, crossed the open space to the ruins, with Nora following, holding on to her frock, feeling that Molly was committing an act of desperate, fool-hardy bravery, and yet not liking to leave her to meet her fate alone.

It was all so still again that they began to fancy they had been mistaken, but when Molly bent over the broken-down hurdles she could see there was some one lying face downwards in the long grass in the deep shadow on the other side.

'Who is it?' she said again. 'Oh, who is it? and what are you doing here?'

And then a face was raised from the folded arms on which it had lain, and though it was so dark she could see the face plainly enough to remember it to her dying day; a face white, and wan, and ghastly, smeared and stained, with a scratch on the cheek from which the blood was oozing, and with the rough hair matted on his forehead. Two haggard eyes looked at her with great dark circles round them, and with that wild, desperate, hunted look in them, that is bad enough to see in an animal, but terrible in a human being.

For a moment Molly hardly recognised who it was lying there, but the next she gave a great, glad cry, 'Oh, Mike, Mike, it is you!'

(To be continued.)

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.



MERCURY wished very much to know in what esteem he was held by men. He concealed his godhead and went to a sculptor. Here he saw a statue of Jupiter, and asked the artist what was the price of it. 'A drachma,' was the answer.

Mercury laughed. 'And how much is this Juno?'

'About the same.'

Then he saw his own image, and thought to himself,—

'I am the messenger of the gods; all gain comes from me; men must put a high value on me.—And this god here'—pointing to his own image—'how much is he?'

'That one?' said the artist. 'Why, if you buy the other two you shall have that one into the bargain.'

Mercury took himself off.





"You've been awfully kind to us," she went on.



The Young Bugler.

OFF TO THE BATTLE-FIELD.

'The cannon may roar and the bullets may fly,
But steady and strong is the bugler-boy's cry,
Tra-ri-ra!'



It was Fritz Holzmänn who was carolling this warlike ditty as he marched down the village street one spring evening; and he had cause for his song, for he was to be off at sunset to join the Prussian forces in the field. His farewells were all made; he had now only his old schoolmaster to visit.

Master Schwer and he were great friends. He was smoking at his door when Fritz came up, but, knowing his errand, he took the lad into the house-place.

'Hast settled all thine affairs, lad?' he asked, looking lovingly into the bright young face.

Fritz nodded.

'Kissed thy mother and the sisters?'

Fritz nodded again. His voice was perhaps a trifle shaky when he added, 'They take me to the cross at the four roads in half-an-hour, but we embrace no more. It is best so!'

'And thy comrades?'

'I have greeted all my friends.'

'And forgiven thine enemies?'

Fritz bowed his head.

'Max Wiedermann?'

Fritz's face darkened. 'He has left the village, Master Schwer. He did me a bad turn: do not speak of him.'

'But hast thou forgiven him?' persevered the old schoolmaster. 'See thee, lad, a battle-field is an ill place for a hard heart.'

'I am not hard—I pray for all my enemies. Perchance when I return from the war Max may be home also, and of a better mind, and then we can embrace,' said Fritz, proudly.

Master Schwer shook his grey head.

'Hast thou in truth a desire to be at peace with thy brother?' he asked, gravely.

Fritz looked irresolute a minute, then a bright tear glanced in his eye.

'Yes, yes,' he said. 'I speak truth, Master Schwer. God knows I desire peace with Max.'

'Then sit thee down and write him one fair sentence, that I may send him by the morning's post,' returned the schoolmaster. 'Life is short for us all, my boy, but in war we hold out our arms to Death. Thou wilt blow a stronger blast on thy bugle, lad, when there is nothing between thy soul and heaven.'

So Fritz sat down and wrote to his one enemy:—

'DEAR MAX,—We were at strife; let us be friends. I forgive thee, do thou forgive me, as God forgives us both. Thy
'Fritz.'

And then the lad's bold, bright nature, came to the top again, and he carolled the beloved ditty once more,—

'The cannon may roar, Tra-ri-ra!'

And the cannon did roar that summer morning of Fritz's first battle. The lad behaved like a hero,

sounding his bugle cheerily. Months after he came back, happy and famous, to his native village.

After the first greetings to his family he seized Master Schwer's hand.

'Safe back, dear master!' he said, gaily; 'and in love with all men—even Max, when he returns!'

'Max is returned,' said the schoolmaster, shortly.

'Eh, verily? Then take me to him—let me shake his hand—let me prove I forgave him heartily before the battle!'

'Come along,' said Master Schwer. The words were brief and the tone was solemn.

Fritz, however, was smiling. All things looked fair to the home-returned bugler-boy. But where was the old man leading him? 'To the Cemetery!'

The truth flashed all in a moment into Fritz's mind. Max was dead—had come home to die. A fever had, indeed, carried him off. And Fritz, exposed to all the dangers of battle, had escaped!

'Life is short and uncertain,' repeated the old schoolmaster. 'Lad, art thou sorry thou forgavest thine enemy before it was too late?'

Fritz clasped his hand.

'Master Schwer, pray for me,' he said, 'that I may ever forgive those against whom I have a grudge. But for thee I might have had a sorrowful heart before this grave-to-night. Poor Max!' H. A. F.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XVIII.

NEW ZEALAND.



NEW ZEALAND day is still and bright, the sky of more than Italian blue, says Lady Barker. The air is light, bright, and exhilarating. The one drawback is the north-west wind, called a 'howling nor'-wester;' and hardly less trying is the 'sutherly buster.' Before the nor'-wester comes the colours over

the mountains are lovely in the extreme—of the deepest and richest hues. Then comes a hiding mist, and after that the furious gale of hot wind, which shakes your house as if it would tear it up by the roots. The colonist generally plants a hedge, often of Cape broom, as a fence against this roaring lion of a wind. The broom grows very quickly, and is a beautiful shrub. The winter, which falls in our summer-time, is a pleasant season. The mornings and nights are cold; but from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. the day is bright, and quite warm. The fire you had at breakfast is not mended, and dies out; but a good blaze is wanted again after sunset. The colonists use 'lignite,' a sort of turf. It costs 11. a-ton at the mouth of the hole whence it is dug. Coal costs nine times as much. Many things are very dear in New Zealand. The lady above named was with a friend, and they had two dozen oysters and a glass of porter, for which repast they paid eleven shillings. They also paid 2l. for being rowed ashore in an open boat.

The roads in New Zealand are called tracks. They go over bog and creek, and up and down steep and slippery hill-sides. The inns are spoken of as accommodation-houses. Lady Barker, in her most amusing book, tells us how she fared one day when out in a 'sou'-wester, or 'sutherly buster.'

The sunshine was clouded over in a moment, and her friend shouted out, 'There is a tremendous sou'-wester coming up; we had better push on, or we shall be drowned.' So, over a breakneck road, they hurried on, the wind blowing in icy gusts, and the hail coming down in large stones that made the face tingle again. When they reached the place of shelter the lady was almost frozen, and was lifted off her horse and carried within. The storm raged all night, and next morning snow covered the ground several inches deep.

A second time the same lady was caught by a 'buster.' The rain came down in sheets, and the wind kept growing colder and colder. At last the rain became snow, and she and her horse were white moving figures.

It is pleasant to hear that a wetting does not lay you up, as it often would in England. You live so much in the open air, that the rain seems to love you as if you were its child; and men will sit in wet clothes, or stand and dry them before the fire, and laughingly tell you people never die in New Zealand, except from drowning or drunkenness.

Let Lady Barker now describe a nor'-wester. She can hardly depict in words the force and fury of the wind. There is not a glimpse of the mountains to be had—there is a haze of dust as thick as a fog. The sheep crouch under the banks; the trees are bent flat; the house creaks and sways to and fro; the very pebbles in the garden walk are dashed against the windows. Then comes a lull, and such refreshing rain! The rain saves the country, which has been parched up by the hot blast.

In one of these tornadoes a wooden cage, full of canary-birds, was blown out of the veranda into the paddock, and all the poor birds killed, except one.

Houses are made of wood—the doors come ready for hanging from America. These buildings are quickly put up. Six weeks after you have chosen a place for your house it is ready for you. The wood-work rests on small rough stones, six or eight feet apart. The rent of a house is very high. We saw some, says the authoress of *Station Life*, with rooms scarcely bigger than cupboards, and were asked 200*l.* a-year for them.

Much of the amusement of home life seems connected with the cockatoo. As you play croquet Mr. Cockatoo assists, waddling after his mistress, and climbing up her mallet whenever he has an opportunity. He is a funny fellow. Sometimes he imitates a hawk. He does this generally when his mistress is feeding the poultry. Jealous of her attentions to them he goes off, and, when he sees the hens and chicken enjoying themselves he sets up a shrill cry. The silly fowls never find out the hoax, but hurry off and call their chicks—the turkeys cover under the bushes—the pigeons seek their windows—and then the old humbug, as if enjoying the panic he has caused, bursts out into a wild scream of laughter!

Our authoress also describes a Christmas party.

The ladies wore light cotton dresses and little sailor hats. The day preceding the great festival was spent, not in a cosy parlour, but in the green gloom of the bush, among strange birds and beautiful trees. There was the bright green paroquet, the bell-bird, with a note like a silver bell, the parson-bird, like a solemn-looking clergyman, and many others, all quite tame. There were no wild animals at the party, for there are none in New Zealand, except a sort of rat. Around were pine-trees, lance-wood trees, and lovely evergreens, each of which would make an English nursery-man's fortune, if he could coax them to grow, heads downwards, in England.

The party came to a sweet spot by the meeting of some waters, and there they held their Christmas picnic. The dinner-table was spread by the entertainers on some moss, but it was on the other side of the stream. How to get over was the question. Not long was it debated. One of the strong-armed colonists had an axe with him, and, very soon, two poles were felled, and laid over the deepest and most dangerous part of the river. The first lady to attempt a crossing nearly fell in, for part of the bridge gave way; but, after some further engineering, the party crossed safely, and enjoyed their luncheon, though the chronicler had two sharp digs, one in her arm, another in her ankle, from a 'weka,'—a mischievous bird, something like a hen pheasant without wings.

A ball ended the Christmas picnic. It took place in a bedroom, which became, for the occasion, a bower of ferns and blossoms. A piano stood in the bay-window, and from ten o'clock until four in the morning the dances went on. After it was over Lady Barker took a walk, and heard the waning cries of that pretty little owl which is called the 'More Pork,' because it is always asking for some.

New Zealand is counted as a Polynesian island, and is by far, taken altogether, the largest of them. The country is volcanic and mountainous. There is an active volcano in the north island. Earthquakes are common. Cook's Strait is about the centre of the earthquake region. Gold occurs at Otago, and was first found in 1861. New Zealand was discovered by Tasman in 1642. He supposed it to be part of Australia. Cook sailed all round it, and landed on its shores, taking possession of it for England in 1770. Missionaries first went out there in 1814. Sovereignty was ceded to the British crown in 1840. Auckland, founded in 1839, is the seat of government. Our two great heroes, Nelson and Wellington, have given their names to two important towns. The natives are called Maoris. The Maori used to drink his enemy's blood, and cook and eat his enemy's body. He is a fine, burly-looking gipsy, the flower of the Malay flock. He is now nearly confined to the North Island, and is a Christian man.

The three islands of New Zealand were called by their first governor, an Irishman, New Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, because, like Ireland, they had no toads. Neither have they wasps, hornets, earwigs, or ants.

England is placed exactly in the middle of all the land, and New Zealand is situated exactly in the middle of all the water. It is an evergreen Britain of the southern world, 'the granary, dairy, farm, brewery, and orchard' of the great waste of water in which it lies.



ASIA. — New Zealand.



THE MASTIFF THAT DIED OF GRIEF.

A MASTIFF dog, belonging to the Hon. Peter Bold, England, attended his master in his chamber during the tedious sickness consequent on a pulmonary consumption. After the gentleman expired, and his corpse had been removed, the dog repeatedly entered the apartment, making a mournful, whining noise. He continued his researches for several days through all the rooms in the house, but in vain. He then retired to his kennel, which he could not be induced to leave. Refusing all manner of sustenance, he soon died. Of this fact, and his previous affection, the surgeon who attended his master was an eye-witness.

A WONDERFUL CHRONICLE.

IN the Persian province of Irak-Ajemi is the ruined town of Behistun, remarkable for a curious mountain, on the steep side of which are some ancient inscriptions. The face of the rock had been carefully polished, and then on various tablets a history of King Darius and his deeds was carved in clear letters. This done, a coat of varnish was laid on, of such a kind that it has proved harder than the rock itself. In some places it has not been washed away even by the rain and storms of more than two thousand years. Of late, the meaning of these inscriptions has been made out by Sir H. Rawlinson, so that the triumphs of Darius are known in far-away places, such as even he could never have thought his fame would reach.

A. R. B.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 183.)

CHAPTER XXIV.



First Mike returned no answers to the eager questions of the two girls. He had raised himself into a sitting posture, and sat hugging his knees and staring before him into vacancy, with his eyes filling now and then with tears that rolled down his hollow cheeks undried, till all at once he dashed them away passionately.

'I'm a fool,' he said, in a low, harsh voice, 'to sit here blubbering like a baby; but I've had nothing to eat for two days, and it makes a fellow weak and silly.'

'Nothing to eat for two days! Oh, Mike! poor Mike! we'll fetch you some at once!'

Molly had been the brave one before, but now it was Nora's turn to show her courage.

'I'll go,' she said, 'to the Vicarage, and get something to eat, and you stop with Mike. I'm not afraid. I can get across the bridge all right, and I won't be long.'

So off she went very steadily, though her heart rather misgave her among the dark bushes and crossing the dangerous bridge, with the deep water so near and on either side, and Molly was left with Mike by the ruins of Rat Hall.

It was very dark by this time, but the moon was getting up, and through the bushes came a silver ray, touching a leaf here and a tree trunk there with a strange, mysterious light. The two sat silent for some time, Molly only saying softly now and then, 'Poor Mike! poor old Mike!' strangely soothing to the poor, sore, hunted heart, but by-and-by he began to talk and she to question.

'When did you come back here, Mike?'

'Come back? I've never been very far away. I've been hiding about here and there, never getting further than Northbury. I'd no money and the police were after me. I soon found that out, and they've been as near me sometimes as I am to you. I picked up some food at first, one way or another. I've learnt not to be particular, I can tell you, and I've picked things out of the pig-bucket more than once, and relished them too. I thought I'd bide a bit till the police got tired of being so sharp on the look-out, and then get clear off; but when one gets no food one's strength gets down, and one's spirits too, and my boots have worn out, and I don't know, even if I was free to walk off along the high road, that I could get very far now.'

'What made you come here, Mike?'

'I don't know. It's not safe. I'm pretty well sure to be taken; but I'd a fancy to come, and I'd half a mind to drop into the water and have done with it altogether, and I think I'd have done it too if you and Miss Nora had not come along just then so natural, like old times. I think I get off my head sometimes and hardly know what I'm about, and seem to see things that I know well enough are not there, and hear things that are quite impossible. I

see Neville Carson as plain as my own hand in his coffin, and lying drowned with the wet hair plastered across his face, and I can hear the scream he gave in the water.' And Mike covered up his face, and shuddered as if the sound was ringing in his ears. 'When's the funeral to be, Miss Molly? I passed through the churchyard last night, but I could not see that the vault had been opened. They seem very slow about it, for it must be more than a week since he died—it seems to me years.'

Molly looked fearfully at Mike's face, that showed ghastly and clear now in the moonlight. Was he wandering in his mind? She remembered once when she had been delirious and had talked nonsense, and frightened them all, but that was nothing so awful as this.

'You're ill, Mike,' she said, softly; 'you'll be better when you've had some food.' And she began calculating how long Nora would be running to the Vicarage and back, and what delays might occur. 'Tell me about it,' he went on; 'I want to know. When is the funeral to be?'

'Whose funeral? Mike, dear Mike! don't talk like that, you frighten me.'

'Whose funeral? are there so many people dead then?' Mike said, with a hollow laugh that was terrible to Molly. 'Why, Neville Carson's to be sure! the poor young fellow that I killed.'

'Killed! it was nothing of the sort. Neville Carson is nearly well. He was out driving to-day.'

'Don't!' Mike said, wearily; 'it's no use telling me that, and trying to take me in about it. They told me ever so many times that he was dead, and yet,—he went on, rubbing his forehead as if to clear away the mists from his brain—I don't know who could have told me that, for I've not spoken to a soul since I said good-bye to you, Miss Molly, at the Vicarage.'

'It's your fancy,' Molly answered; 'no one could have told you Neville Carson was dead; he's as well as you or me—a great deal better than you, you poor Mike. He was very bad that first day, and every one was very much afraid, but he got better, and is not at all likely to die now.'

'Tell me again,' Mike said. He looked puzzled as if he could hardly take in what she said, but when she had repeated it his eyes lit up, and he stretched out his hands imploringly to her. 'You're not deceiving me?' he said; 'you wouldn't tell me a lie about it? You always speak the truth.'

'It is the truth, Mike,' she sobbed. 'Neville Carson is alive and well.'

'Thank God!' he said, and covered up his face, and was silent for a minute or two. 'But what are they after me for, then?' he asked suddenly, looking up again doubtfully at Molly's face.

'It's the watch,' was the answer: 'that horrid, wretched watch! Oh, Mike! why did you take it? We were so happy, and it has made us all so miserable.'

'The watch?' he said; 'why, I'd forgotten all about it! Take it? I thought you knew about that—that when we came to look for it, it had gone. Norris must have seen me looking at it in the morning. I took it out, you know, before you came that morning, and put it back in a hurry, thinking I heard a noise in the bushes, and wrapped it up in

the wrong handkerchief by mistake. It must have been Norris I heard, and he saw where it was hidden, and must have come back and taken it before you came down. It was that made me so savage,' Mike went on. 'I thought I would pay Neville Carson out somehow, and if he'd got the watch back I'd do for his boat. Why, did you think,' he said, getting up in his excitement, and standing before her, gaunt and tall in the moonlight; 'did any of the Bydown folk think that I'd stolen it? The Warrens have been a bad lot, they say; but there's never been a thief among them yet, and I'm not going to be the first.'

'We did not know what to think,' said poor Molly; 'but Dr. Carlyon said he was quite sure you had not done it.'

'God bless him! But listen!—hush!'

'It's Nora,' said Molly, much relieved at the sound of coming footsteps.

'There's some one with her,' said Mike. 'She's been stopped, and let out that I'm here; and they've come to take me.'

He turned with the impulse of concealment that had become natural to him, but stumbled and sank back on the grass where he had been sitting before. 'It's no good,' he said; 'I'm beat. I've no pluck left to carry on this game of hide-and-seek any longer.'

Meanwhile Nora had made her way to the Vicarage unchallenged, and, going round to the back, found the kitchen empty, and Betty upstairs. It was so dark that she had to get a light before she could explore the larder, and then she had to find a knife; and by the time she was provided with both these necessities, and was at the larder-door, Betty had heard her, and demanded, from the top of the stairs, 'Who be there?'

'It's only me, Betty.'

'What be at then, Missy?'

'Oh, nothing.'

The larder-shelves were high, which made it needful to fetch a kitchen-chair to command them properly. There was the cold mutton they had had for dinner, and the remains of the jam pudding, the cheese, cold potatoes, and plenty of loaves in the bread-pan. Unfortunately, the knife that had first come to hand was worn, and blunt, and jagged, and Nora had not much experience of carving; so, in her struggles with the leg of mutton, the first serious impression she made was on her own thumb, and she had to wrap it hastily up in her handkerchief before she could proceed to hew off the piece she destined for Mike. She got so absorbed in her labours that she did not notice anything else, not even Betty's movements, which were by no means inaudible; and she was altogether taken by surprise, covered with confusion, and unprepared with any explanation of her conduct, when she heard an exclamation behind her, and turning, saw Betty, open-eyed and open-mouthed, standing at the larder-door.

The only thing that occurred to Nora's mind was to stretch out her wounded thumb to demand Betty's pity; and this she got at once, and a bit of soft linen was produced on the spot to tie it up with. But all the time Betty was binding up the wound she was ominously silent, and silence with Betty was more

significant than words; and Nora was rendered so nervous by this strange behaviour, that when her hand was free she threw both arms round Betty's neck and hid her face, sobbing on her substantial shoulder.

'There! there! Miss Nora, dearie, don't ee cry! Why couldn't ye just have come straight away in to me, and said, "Betty, you says, we've been and found Mike, and he's pretty well starving; and you must bring him a bit of victuals as quick as may be?"'

'Oh, Betty! how did you know? how could you find out? I never said a word.'

'No; but I'm not a born fool, neither.'

There was a mixture of tenderness and irritation in Betty's manner, and a look of half anger, half tears in her eyes. 'Where be the lad, Miss Nora? Not far off, I'll warrant, and Miss Molly's with him. So it won't be long before we gets there, too! Fetch me my marketing-basket, dearie. Bless me, what a knife you've been and took! There! pour that milk into a tin with a cover to it. Where's my bonnet? Now we're ready.'

Betty had, meanwhile, been doing what the Americans call 'flying round;' and during that process the marketing-basket had been packed in a most satisfactory manner, and in a very few minutes she and Nora were on their way to the river. They brought no lantern, for the moon was rising; and they passed quickly and silently through the village, past the doors where lights shone out and people were still astir; and no one noticed them.

The meadows by the river were broad sheets of moonlight, but Nora's heart sank as she thought of the willow-bridge, which lay in deep, black shadow. Betty had hardly been persuaded to cross it in broad daylight when the hand-rail was there and there was better footing, when Mike had been there to guide and push from behind, and she and Molly to hold out encouraging hands from the other side; and how would she face it now under such different and dangerous circumstances? But, to Nora's great surprise, Betty crossed the bridge as easily and steadily as if it had been a turnpike-road at mid-day, and followed Nora along the path to Rat Hall as naturally as if it had been the garden at the Vicarage.

'It's Betty!' Molly exclaimed, jumping up to meet her. But Betty put her aside, and went straight on to where Mike lay resting his shoulder against a tree.

'Mike lad,' she said, with a world of honest love in her voice; 'let's have a look at ye.'

'It's me,' he said, fast enough. 'Have you brought the police along with you, or will they be here by-and-by to take the thief, the mean rascal that stole the watch and ran away?'

'I don't care what you say,' she said; 'or if you took it or not. I've known you all your young life, Mike, and loved you from a baby, and I'm not going to turn against you now. You don't know Betty Price if you thinks her likely to do that.'

And then she sat down by his side, and put her arm round him, and drew his head to rest on her shoulder instead of the tree, and he made no opposition, but let it rest there for a few minutes, and then let it drop into her lap.

(To be continued.)



"Did any of the Bydown folk think that I'd stolen it?"



Betty "rushing after them with her sun-bonnet flying off."



N. or M.

(Continued from page 191.)

VEN among her friends at Bydown Betty did not pass as being even tolerably good-looking, but I think she looked beautiful just then.

Molly and Nora unpacked the basket, and by-and-by Mike sat up and ate; but he very much disappointed them, for, after a few mouthfuls, he could eat no more, and only drank the milk eagerly, and settled down again with his head in Betty's lap.

Molly told Betty and Nora all that Mike had told her of his adventures, and of his fancy that Neville was dead; but Mike did not say much himself, or join in the serious debate that ensued as to what he had better do. It was quite plain that he could get no further to-night; dangerous or not, he must stop where he was, and they resolved to make him as comfortable as they could, and leave him some food, and watch for any chance next day to visit him, and bring him means to enable him to get off on the following night.

'I've never told no one,' Betty said, 'nor breathed a word of it till this blessed minute, but I've put by a little, nows and thens; it's not much; but it's in a old stocking under my mattress. I wouldn't put it into no bank as is sure to break, but I kep it safe against a rainy day, and if this isn't a rainy day, I'd like to know what is; and you shall have it, Mike, down to the last halfpenny, and welcome. I'll bring it along with me to-morrow, and I'll manage a pair of boots somehow, and maybe a coat.'

Betty got quite cheerful over her plans for Mike, and she and Nora settled that on the following night he was to walk to Silverbridge, the next station up from Northbury, and take a ticket to London by the first train in the morning. Only Mike lay passive with his head in Betty's lap, neither agreeing nor disagreeing with their arrangements; and Molly, too, grew silent, watching the moonlight on the dark rough head that Betty stroked now and then with clumsy kindness.

At last Molly said, 'Do you know, I think if we were to tell Dr. Carlyon all about it he would help us best.' She said it in a very low, hesitating voice, feeling as if she were advising a cowardly, unworthy line of action; but Mike heard it, and raised his head.

'Yes,' he said; 'tell the Doctor. He'll know best what's to be done, and I'll do just as he says.'

And so it was settled. Betty was rather unwilling at first, as, having resolved to devote the contents of her old stocking to Mike, she did not like to give up the sacrifice, but she made up her mind that at some time or in some way Mike should benefit by it, even if it were not now; and she acknowledged that after all, perhaps, Molly's proposal was the wisest.

They made as soft a bed as they could for Mike with leaves and dry moss, and Betty spread her print apron for his head to rest on, and her old shepherd's plaid shawl to cover him, and she tucked him up very tenderly, and gave him a loud smacking kiss,

and bid him 'Sleep sweet, and God bless you;' and then they left him in the silence of the June night, only broken by the gentle flow of the river, and the whispering of the rushes, and the soft rustling of the leaves overhead.

CHAPTER XXV.

THAT evening had been very confusing to the little Doctor. Ever since the two girls came to Bydown they had always reminded him when it was prayer-time in the evening, had found the lesson, and called in Betty, and turned out Tabbyskins, who, after the manner of cats, was always disposed to do something lively and profane at prayer-time. And after prayers they always said 'Good night,' and Betty brought in his bedroom candlestick; but to-night nothing of the kind happened, and at last even he began to think it must be the children's bedtime, and he rang the bell, and then took up his book again to usefully employ the minutes that might elapse before Betty answered it, which generally depended on when she had a mind to. He repeated this performance several times at intervals of ten minutes, each time forgetting that he had done it before; but when he looked at his watch and found it was half-past ten, he began to think that he must have had prayers and forgotten the fact.

This troubled him much. He did not mind forgetting if he had had dinner or tea, but to forget prayers was unpardonable. He looked about for the bedroom-candle that Betty always brought in for him, but it was not there, and this was a comfort to him, as he had never known her memory to fail, though his own was not reliable. Perhaps his watch was wrong, and he opened the study-door, and called Betty, and getting no answer went into the kitchen to look at the clock there. The caudle Nora had lighted when she went foraging into the larder was flickering in its socket, and he was just holding up this uncertain light to the face of the big eight-day clock, where a jovial-looking sun and a sickly moon and stars pretended to show a good deal more as to the times and the seasons than they were able to perform, when the back-door opened softly, and Betty and the two girls came in.

They had not meant to tell Dr. Carlyon till the next morning, but to come in quietly and go up to bed; but, coming suddenly on him in this way, they were almost startled out of their story, to which Dr. Carlyon listened, still holding the large, flat, tin candlestick, the dying flame in which at first threw a weird, flickering light on his face, and then went out, leaving a dreadful smell.

The girls told the story with a running comment from Betty, and when it was done they waited anxiously for the Doctor's opinion, but he said nothing.

'What do you think we had better do?' ventured Nora.

The Doctor considered a moment. 'Come in to prayers,' he said; and led the way into the study, still carrying the tin candlestick.

The girls scanned his face eagerly when they got into the light, but they could glean nothing from it; and though they fancied his voice shook with a little more earnest feeling than usual when he prayed for those who were in any way afflicted and distressed,

it might have been only the thrilling echo the words made in their own hearts, for after prayers the Doctor bid them good night as usual, and drew up his reading-lamp and opened the big folio as if there were not a poor, white-faced, broken-hearted lad sleeping in the moonlight at Rat Hall, with the police on his track.

'Has he forgotten all about it already?' whispered Molly, as the girls lingered at the door. 'Ask him, Nora.'

But Nora was afraid, and while they lingered they saw him push back the book and kneel and cover his face with his hands, and then they crept away, closing the door softly, knowing that he had not forgotten, but was asking counsel.

'It's no use going to bed,' Molly said, 'for I'm sure we shan't sleep a wink.'

But Betty insisted on their getting into bed at any rate; and if they were awake all night, they were very quiet watchers, and did not notice Betty, who came in several times to look at them, for Betty had not that great treasure of young sleep which sets children free from the care and anxiety which even children have to bear sometimes.

Betty heard, too, at intervals, long into the night, footsteps pacing up and down in the dining-room below. There was no room in the study for such perambulations, so, in times of deep thought and reflection, Dr. Carlyon used the outer room, and there was a track worn from the window to the opposite wall which was often an offence to Betty's eye, and even now as she heard it, and knew it was Mike who was being lovingly thought for all through those dark hours, while she said, 'God bless his kind, little heart!' she could not forbear adding, 'Wearing out the carpet like that, as did ought to know better!'

Molly and Nora felt quite ashamed of themselves when they woke next morning, as if they had been guilty of unfeeling and heartless behaviour, and especially as they had slept later than usual, and only woke when Betty came into the room.

'You must be quick and dress,' she said, 'for the master is going down himself to the island to Mike, and you'll have to go and show him the way and see as he don't fall into the river. I'll get a can of coffee ready for you to take along with you for the lad as will keep nice and hot if I keeps it on till the last minute.'

'What's Dr. Carlyon going to settle?'

'Won't it make the people suspect if they see him go down that way?'

'I don't rightly know,' Betty said, 'what he've made up his mind to, but I think we may be pretty sure whatever he do it's right. I've not lived ten years under the same roof with him and not found that out for sure.'

Molly and Nora dressed as quickly as they could, and coming down found the little Doctor patiently waiting for them, all ready with his hat on and his tabby cotton gloves.

'Betty tells me,' he said, 'that it is a somewhat difficult place to find, and that you will conduct me thither.'

Betty came after them with the tin of coffee. She was very red in the face and confused, and had one hand hidden under her apron, and when they were

half way down the lane she came rushing after them with her sun-bonnet flying off, and without a word pushed something into Dr. Carlyon's hand.

'Dear me! Bless my heart! What is this?' and he held up a grey worsted stocking, the much-darned foot of which was heavily weighted.

'It's for Mike,' she sobbed: 'it's not very much, but I'd like him to have it.'

The Doctor looked at the grey stocking for a minute in utter perplexity, but at last a light seemed to break on him, and he nodded. 'Very good,' he said, 'so he shall,' and pushed the stocking and its contents into his pocket, leaving part of the leg hanging out, and went on.

'Wherever be the little parson going?' one asked another as he passed through the village; 'and whatever has he got hanging out ahind? Betty didn't ought to let him go out such a figure, that she didn't!'

'Is there ere a one ill down that way as he's going, or maybe he'll have had news of Mike Warren, and he's agoing down to tell his mother.'

The haymakers were not at work yet in the meadows by the river, for the dew was still thick on the swathes of grass; so there was no one but the girls to see the Doctor cross the split willow bridge, and they could almost have laughed if everything had not been so desperately serious and sad.

The bridge under its new aspect was not pleasant to either Molly or Nora, but they forgot their own distrust and timidity in guiding the Doctor, and Nora went backwards and forwards a dozen times to show that it could really be done, and was quite safe. At last he was safely across, and the girls went along the path till they came in sight of the ruins of Rat Hall, and assured themselves that Mike was still there, and had seen him stagger up on to his feet, looking if possible more haggard and worn and ghastly than he had done the night before in the moonlight, and then they drew back and let the Doctor go on alone with the coffee, while they sat on the river bank, and waited and wondered.

They did not wait very long, for presently they heard footsteps, and saw the Doctor coming back, and Mike with him. They could see how ill he looked, and surely he had grown in that week's suffering, or else it was the contrast with the little Doctor, who looked smaller than ever by his side. They could see too how worn his clothes were frayed at the knees and elbows, and that his boots were all to pieces. He walked unsteadily as if his knees shook and he was weak, but he helped the Doctor across the bridge better than the girls had been able to do.

He did not speak to or seem to notice Molly and Nora as he went by, but the Doctor smiled and nodded to them, and said, 'We are going home to breakfast,' and the girls followed wondering.

There seemed to be no wish or effort for concealment now: Dr. Carlyon and Mike went straight across the hayfield towards the village, past the mill and up the village street. Dr. Carlyon's arm was through Mike's, and every now and then he spoke some encouraging word; but Mike's head hung down and he never once looked up, even as he passed the mill, where Mrs. Warren was not yet up, and where

Elizabeth stood at the door scattering some crumbs to the pigeons. The men at the mill door touched their hats to the parson, and then their jaws dropped with surprise and almost with terror at the sight of his companion.

'Why it's never Mike Warren!'

'Can't be!'

'Ay, but it is, sure enough!'

The news flew from one to another like lightning up the village street, far faster than Mike's slow, unsteady step carried him, and the men stopped in their work, and the women ran to their cottage doors, and the children gathered in clusters at the gates. Mike looked neither to right nor left, but in spite of this he felt the eyes that were fastened on him, and a dark colour rose into his face, and the arm Dr. Carlyon held shook, and his head sank lower on his breast.

'Courage, friend,' said the Doctor; 'you have nothing to be ashamed of.'

But it was not, as Mike thought, scorn and contempt for the thief that made the people stare. I do not think there was more than one feeling in all the Bydown hearts that day, and that was sheer, hearty pity for the lad; and one old crone stretched out a lean, skinny hand to touch him, and mumbled,—

'The police be after ye, Mike; be quick, lad, and get clear off, and none of we'll say a word as how we've a-seen ye.'

But Mike only shook his head, and Dr. Carlyon spoke in a clear, sharp voice, that could be heard all down the street.

'God knows the truth, Mrs. Giles, and He will make it known. We will trust in Him.' And then he spoke to a man who stood near,—'Jones, will you let Sergeant Miller know that Michael Warren is at breakfast at my house, and ask him to be so kind as to come there in half an hour.'

The man was too much astonished at the message given him to return any answer, but he stood staring after the Doctor and Mike as they went up the lane to the Vicarage, and Molly and Nora, almost equally amazed, followed.

That was the strangest breakfast the girls ever remembered. Mike looked none the less ill or more like his old, happy, gipsy self, when he was washed and combed, and had on one of Dr. Carlyon's rusty black coats and a pair of his shoes.

Dr. Carlyon, too, was very different from usual. Absent-minded and absorbed in thought? Not he! He jumped about as if he were on wires in his desire to make Mike comfortable: he could not sit still for a single minute, but kept darting off his chair to cut more bread, or hand the butter or bacon; and he even interfered in Molly's own especial domain, the tea-tray, and upset the milk in his haste.

Betty could not keep out of the room for two minutes together, but found some excuse for coming in, and would stand behind Mike, wiping her eyes in her apron, and sniffing loudly. It was really merely a pretence of breakfast as far as eating went with all of them, for it would have been hard work for either of them to swallow any of the food before them. Mike sat back in his chair with a dull, listless look, but at the faintest sound outside his head turned, for he was listening, as indeed they all were, for the coming of the police to take him away to gaol.

The jackdaw from his cage in the window kept a watchful, wicked eye on his old master, and croaked out, 'Mike! Mike! hullo, there! be off!'

It was a long time before the expected sound was heard; for Jones, to whom the errand had been given, had no fancy for the job, and remembered that he ought to have been at work this half-hour, and no one else would do it instead. So Sergeant Miller might have remained in ignorance who was guest at the Vicarage, if he had not come over to Bydown himself that morning on some other business, and finding the village in a stir, had found out the cause of the commotion.

So it was half-past nine before Sergeant Miller came up the Vicarage garden, feeling rather awkward and uncomfortable, for it was not a thing that happened every day to go and take a thief sitting at breakfast with a gentleman, and a parson into the bargain.

Betty was washing her hands savagely at the sink, and took no notice of his knock at the door and polite 'Good morning!' but only gave a motion with her head towards the parlour-door, which he concluded was an invitation to enter.

The Doctor came to meet him and shook hands with him warmly, and pressed him to sit down and take a bit of breakfast, though he feared the tea might not be so hot as it had been.

Molly and Nora crept behind Mike's chair, looking with as much awe at his blue coat and brass buttons as if he had been Law in person, in all its dreadful majesty; while Mike hardly turned his eyes, or appeared to notice his entrance, or the conversation that ensued.

'We shall go first to Colonel Mervyn?' the Doctor asked cheerfully; and Miller assented, supposing that he said 'we' as doctors do when speaking of a patient.

'Have you any conveyance?' inquired the Doctor.

The Sergeant shook his head. 'I didn't bring the trap, sir, not knowing what was up till I got here; but Farmer Holloway would let us have his gig, seeing it's a goodish step.'

'Four miles,' said the Doctor; 'and I don't think Michael Warren could walk half the distance.'

It only needed a look at Mike to show that this was evidently the case.

'I'll just tell my mate to run down to the farm, he's waiting outside;' and the Sergeant stepped to the door and whistled, and another constable came up from the gate, and the two men talked together for a minute. Then the Sergeant came back again, looking red and angry. 'It seems, sir, as my mate's been down to the farm, and the farmer says as there's nothing he can spare; there's something wrong with the wheel of the gig, and the horse has dropped a shoe in the night, and there's nothing else to be had in the place.'

(To be continued.)

THE URUS; OR ANCIENT WILD BULL.

THIS animal, like the aurochs, dates from the tertiary period, and was contemporary with the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, and appears to



Ancient Wild Bull.

have been a favourite article of food with the primitive hunters of the north of Europe, as its bones are very plentiful in 'kitchen middens,' or refuse heaps, that mark the dwellings of the early inhabitants of Scandinavia. Unlike the aurochs, it could be tamed, and was brought into subjection by the ancient Germans; and Julius Cæsar, in his *Commentaries*, speaks of having seen it, and describes it as being very swift, fierce, and strong, and scarcely inferior to the elephant in size. It had no hump like the aurochs, but rather resembled our domestic cattle in general form, but was much larger. It was hunted by the men of the Stone Age, and in the Museum of Lund, in Sweden, there is the skeleton of an urus, with a flint arrow-head embedded in one of the vertebral bones of the neck. In the *Niebelungen Lied* it is mentioned as being an object of chase, together with the aurochs, in the German forests in the twelfth century.

It is not known at what time the urus became extinct in Britain. Fitz Stephen, in his life of Thomas à Becket, speaks of wild cattle being in the neighbourhood of London in the twelfth century, but we do not know that these animals were really urus. It is from the urus that the little republic of Uri in Switzerland receives its name, and there is a bull's head blazoned on its coat of arms.

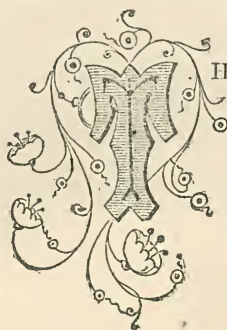
The wild cattle preserved by the Earl of Tankerville at Chillingham Park, in Northumberland, are believed by some naturalists to be descended from the urus, but to have degenerated in the lapse of ages, and become smaller in size, whilst still preserving their ancient form; but others think that they belong to a distinct variety, and are the remains of the ancient Scotch cattle, the *Bos Scoticus*, which formerly inhabited the great Caledonian forest. These animals once spread over the greater part of northern Britain, but as population and culture increased they were hunted down, till those who escaped slaughter found a refuge in the woods of Chillingham, Cadzow, near Hamilton, and other forests.

The wild cattle at Chillingham, of which there are only a few hundred, are always of a creamy-white colour; the muzzle is black, and the tips and inside of the ears are red; the horns are white, with very fine, sharp, black points, bending upwards; and some of the bulls have a thin black mane, about an inch and a half or two inches in length, standing upright along their necks. In size they are rather smaller than the common ox.

When any one approaches them they set off at full gallop, but after they have gone two or three hundred yards they wheel round and come towards the visitor, tossing their heads in a threatening way. When at a distance of forty or fifty yards they suddenly stop, and gaze wildly at the intruder, and if he makes the least motion, again dash off at full speed, but not to as great a distance as at first, and returning in a threatening manner nearer to the object of their surprise, when again they stand, and again fly off as before, but making a still shorter circle; and this action they keep repeating, each time coming nearer and nearer, till they are within about ten yards of the stranger, who then thinks it prudent to retreat, as they would probably make an attack after another turn.

Cuvier thought that the domestic ox was derived from the ancient urus, but other naturalists think they

are the descendants of a species subdued at such a remote period, that, unlike the camel, they no longer exist anywhere in a wild state. The fossil animals are usually larger than the present representatives of their species, but some of the modern Swiss oxen almost equal the ancient urus in size. A. R.



THE SMUGGLING DOG.

THE public authorities in France, having made strenuous endeavours to abate smuggling between the frontiers of Belgium and that kingdom, discovered that they had only transferred the practice from men to dogs, who were trained to carry lace, and other small articles, securely packed, across fields and rivers, where a whole army of custom-house and other officers were inadequate to arrest them. One man engaged in this business trained an active and sagacious spaniel to aid him in his enterprise. He caused him to be shaved, and procured for him the skin of another dog, of the same hair and same shape. He then rolled the lace round the body of the dog, and put over it the other skin so adroitly that the trick could not easily be discovered. The lace being thus arranged, the smuggler would say to the docile messenger, 'Homeward, my friend.' At these words the dog would start, and pass boldly through the gates of Malines and Valenciennes, in face of the vigilant officers placed there to prevent smuggling. Having thus passed the bounds, he would await his master at a little distance in the open country. Here they mutually caressed and feasted, and the merchant placed his rich package in a place of safety, renewing his occupation as occasion offered. Such was his success, that in less than five years he amassed a handsome fortune.

He was, however, at length betrayed, and notwithstanding all his efforts to disguise the dog, he was watched and discovered. But the cunning of the dog was equal to the emergency. Were spies watching for him at one gate, he saw them, and made for another; were all the gates shut, he sometimes leaped over the walls: at others, passing them secretly behind a carriage, or running between the legs of travellers, he thus would accomplish his end. One day, however, while swimming a stream near Malines, he was shot, and died in the water. There was then about him five thousand crowns' worth of lace, the loss of which did not afflict his master; but he was inconsolable for the loss of his dog.

KING FREDERICK AND THE IRISH GIANT.

A QUEER and testy man was Frederick William I., the second king of Prussia, and the father of the renowned monarch, Frederick the Great. He ascended the throne in 1713.

He assembled and drilled a great army in time of

peace. He was very proud of their numbers and discipline, and among his queer ambitions was one which was very odd indeed. He desired to have a certain corps of soldiers which should consist wholly of giants.

So he sent his agents all over Europe giant-hunting.

A difficult task the agents had, for giants were not so numerous in Europe as they are supposed to have been in very ancient times, before history was written. But one of them met with good fortune, as you shall presently be told.

One day, as one of the Prussian recruiting-sergeants was visiting London in search of tall men for Frederick's service, his attention was called to a crowd in the streets.

He entered the crowd curiously, and to his amazement and delight he there found the tallest man he had ever seen.

The man was an Irish giant. His head was covered with thick yellow hair; his shoulders were broad. He rose above the crowd like a tower among houses.

He had come to England to seek work. He was now out of money, but he was still good-natured and merry. Fat people usually are cheerful, whatever may be their condition.

The recruiting-sergeant elbowed his way through the crowd, greatly excited thus to find the very man he had been so diligently looking for.

He laid his hand on the Irishman's sleeve.

'Come with me! come with me! I'm a soldier myself, and I am always ready to help a comrade in distress.'

'But o'm not a soldier.'

'Aren't you? Why, you look like every inch a soldier; any man would take you for one. You ought to be a soldier, sure. But never mind that. Come and dine with me.'

'That I will,' said Pat; 'and ye need not be after axing me twice.'

The Irishman's appetite was as great as his body, and when he was well filled with a liberal meal, he was always credulous and jolly, and easy to be persuaded.

'You are a fine fellow,' said the sergeant; 'a wonderfully fine fellow. Did you never think of turning soldier?'

'An' what should I turn soldier for?'

'For honour and glory.'

'A cannon ball wouldn't be apt to *miss* me, sure; and what good would honour and glory do me when my head was gone, clane gone intirely?'

'For money.'

'How much?'

'I will offer you a safe position in the Prussian Life-guards. The king, I am sure, would pay four hundred pounds down for a strapping fellow like you.'

'Four hundred pounds! Four hundred pounds! Do I hear my own ears? Faix, I will not be long in choosing. Pat O'Flannigan is the boy for yez.'

'Good. Can you speak German?'

'German is it? Dutch-like? Sorra a word of German can I spake, if it were to save my life from the hangman.'

'Well, no matter. Three sentences are all you need to know. I can teach you them.'

'What be thez?'

'When the king first sees you in the ranks he will come to you and say, "How old are you?"'

'An' what shall I say?'

'"Twenty-seven years."'

'Then he will ask you how long you have been in the service.'

'An' what will I say thin?'

'"Three weeks."'

'Then he will say,—

'"Are you provided with clothes and rations?" and you will answer, "Both."'

'I think my head will hold that much.'

'I will try you. How old are you?'

'Twenty-seven years.'

'How long have you been in the service?'

'Three weeks.'

'Are you provided with clothes and rations?'

'Both.'

On the journey to Berlin the sergeant asked the happy recruit these questions daily. He answered promptly and correctly.

About three weeks after his arrival he appeared on parade in the corps of giants for the first time. There were Arabs and Danes, and Moors and Swedes in the brigade; giants from almost all the countries of Europe,—but Pat stood like a Saul among them all.

The king saw him, and his face shone.

He beckoned to him to step forward.

Pat stepped forward proudly, and presented arms.

'I haven't seen you before,' said the king. 'How long have you been in the service?'

'Twenty-seven years.'

The king stared.

'Twenty-seven years! I should have known it, had you been in the service a week. How old are you?'

'Three weeks.'

'Three weeks! and been in the service twenty-seven years!'

The king turned purple with rage.

'Do you think I am a fool, or are you one yourself?' he shouted.

'Both.'

'Seize that fellow!' said the king, looking as though he was going to burst. 'Off with him to the guard-house!'

Pat remonstrated in Irish, which was not understood. Honour and glory, and even money, all looked cheap enough to him now, and he wished himself back on good old English soil.

The officer of the guard happened to know Pat's German acquirements, and he at once rightly guessed the situation when the poor recruit was marched to the guard-house. He explained the whole matter to the king, who, for once, had a laugh that relaxed his usually clouded face.

The recruit was at once set at liberty.

'Faix,' said Pat O'Flannigan, 'niver pretend to know what ye don't know; else it is a whoppin' big blunder ye'll be after gettin' into.'



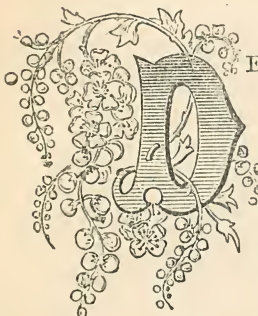


"How old are you?" "Three weeks!"



The Stiff Figure in the Blue Coat.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 196.)

‘**D**EAR me!’ said the Doctor, ‘how very provoking!’
 ‘I tell you what it is,’ went on the Sergeant; ‘it’s because they won’t let us have a trap, not as they can’t. There’s a deal of bad feeling in By-down about this same business, and it’s my belief they’ve been hiding the thief, and interfering

with the course of justice all this time.’

‘I am sorry to hear you say so,’ said the Doctor. ‘I don’t think, from my experience of them, that they are capable of such conduct. With your permission, I will go down and speak to Farmer Holloway myself, to see if there are any means of conveyance. Perhaps you will accompany me?’

The Sergeant did so, leaving his mate in the porch in charge of the prisoner, from which place he was quickly turned out by Betty, with, ‘I’ll trouble you not to mess my clean door-step with them muddy boots!’ So the policeman, being meeker than the Sergeant, retreated into the garden and sauntered up and down the path, scolded incessantly by the magpie, and bidden ‘Be off!’ and ‘Get out!’ at every turn.

The Doctor met the farmer before he reached the village, and at once accosted him.

‘Good morning to you, farmer! Can you lend me the gig this morning?’

‘To be sure, to be sure, parson; when you pleases, sir.’

‘And the horse?’

‘It’s at your service, sir, as I’ve told you times, if one of the lads or the young ladies likes to drive.’

‘This gentleman tells me there’s something wrong with the wheel.’

The farmer’s face lengthened as his eyes fell on the police-sergeant, who had drawn back while the Doctor spoke. ‘Ay, so there be!’ he grumbled; and caught at a blade of grass in the hedge to bite at.

‘I’m sorry for that,’ said the Doctor; ‘for I want to drive to Colonel Mervyn with poor Michael Warren.’

The farmer hesitated, chewing the grass; but at last he took hold of the Doctor’s coat and pulled him a step or two away from the policeman.

‘There’s nothing the matter with the wheel,’ he said; ‘leastways, nothing but what can be set right in half a minute; but I didn’t want that chap yonder to have it, or that I should be the one to help send poor young Mike to jail. But if you’re going along to see justice done the lad, it’s another thing, and I’ll put the old horse to at once!’

The Doctor looked at his watch. ‘It’s a quarter to ten,’ he said; ‘morning prayer time. I don’t like to leave that undone,’ and he looked appealingly towards the Sergeant, who had come a step nearer.

But Miller was on his dignity, feeling that the farmer had not treated him with the respect due to his office, and he settled his chin in his stiff collar

and squared his shoulders. ‘It’s my dooty, sir, to take the prisoner before a magistrate with no delay whatever.’

The farmer looked as if he would dearly have liked to knock him down; but the little parson stood between, and the constable went on,—‘But there’s no call to interfere with your dooties, sir. I know what dooty is myself, and I’d be the last to interfere with another man’s. Colonel Mervyn will only just give a remand, he won’t settle nothing; so there’s no call for you to trouble yourself to come, if that’s what you’ve been thinking of.’

The Doctor looked more put out than he had been all along. ‘I am going with the boy,’ he said; ‘say no more, if you please, about it.’

And then the farmer interfered.

‘Now then,’ he said, ‘let there be no more botheration. I shall have to see to the wheel of the trap before I trusts the parson’s and Mike Warren’s necks in it. I wouldn’t care so much if it had only been yours; but that trap won’t be ready till half-past ten, and then it will be down at the churchyard-gate ready to take the parson and Mike; and if they likes to give you a lift, why that’s their look-out, and all I can say is, it’s more than I’d do. Oh! it’s not a bit of use looking sour over it; the trap won’t be ready not a minute sooner, and so I tell ye; so the parson will have plenty of time to get his prayers said.’

The constable grumbled something indistinct about ‘Dooty,’ to which the farmer replied,—

‘Now, look’ee here, my fine fellow, you’d best mind what you says, for that wheel may turn out an awkward job, and take all day to set right, or it may be done nicely by the half-hour; it all depends how it’s handled, so look out!’

CHAPTER XXVI.

THAT was a strange little congregation in Bydown Church that morning, and no wonder the robin flitted about from the pulpit to the lectern, and from the lectern to the top of a hatchment, and from thence to a window-seat, fluttering its russet wings and eyeing one after another curiously and suspiciously. It was used to the little parson and the child in the white sun-bonnet who stood close beside him, and Molly and Nora were well known by this time; but it did not know what to make of the stiff figure in the blue coat who sat by the door with folded arms and an immovable face, and of poor Mike who knelt all through the service with his face hidden in his arms, and of Betty who came in late finding the lonely house more than she could bear, and who sat in a corner stifling her sobs as well as she could, and glancing reproachfully at the constable, whom she unjustly regarded as the cause of all the trouble. A few old women and children clattered in later, and a good many people collected in the churchyard and porch to see them come out.

Dr. Carlyon came first, arm-in-arm with Mike, and the constable walked behind, looking rather sheepish. There had been some talk among the lads outside of giving Sergeant Miller a ducking, and Mike another chance of getting off, but Dr. Carlyon’s presence prevented this, and the constable only got a little hustling from the group at the gate when the

Doctor's back was turned. Dr. Carlyon climbed into the gig which, true to Farmer Holloway's word, was in waiting at the gate, and Sergeant Miller, anxious to assert his authority before the disrespectful eyes of Bydown, was just going to seize Mike by the collar when a well-directed stumble of one of the boys sent him against the Sergeant, and the Sergeant against the gate-post, and when Miller turned round angrily Mike had already been helped into the gig by half-a-dozen friendly hands, and was seated by the Doctor's side.

There was an unaccountable tendency after this in the long-suffering grey horse to be fidgetty and anxious to start off whenever Sergeant Miller had his foot on the step, but at last he got up, and Dr. Carlyon very politely offered him the reins.

'I am not much accustomed to driving myself, sir,' the Doctor said; 'and Michael is not very well this morning, so I fear we must trouble you to undertake the task.'

And the Sergeant took the reins and whip, and drove off with rather a surly face, feeling that as an officer of justice he was not in a dignified position.

The group round the churchyard gate stood talking for a few minutes and then dispersed, leaving Molly and Nora gazing along the lane where the gig had passed, and where the cloud of white dust it had raised had already settled down again. Betty had gone back to the Vicarage; there is work to be done even in the midst of the gravest troubles, and plates must be washed, and beds made, and dinner prepared, even with the sorest of hearts.

Molly's and Nora's thoughts were recalled from following the yellow-bodied gig along the dusty road by a pull at their frocks. It was Elizabeth, and she was looking from one to the other with more curiosity in her blue eyes than often troubled their calm expression.

'Mike!' she said: 'Mike!'

'Oh, Elizabeth, poor Mike has gone!'

'Gone?' she echoed; 'poor Mike gone?'

The usual dull look came into her eyes for a minute, and then they suddenly filled with tears, which overflowed and rolled down in great drops. 'Gone,' she said, 'to the Golden City? Me, too, Mike! me, too!'

It quite startled the girls to see her tears, for they had never seen her either cry or smile, but always with the same dull calmness of expression; and now she did not cry like another child, or sob, or make a noise, but those great tears rolled down silently, and the soft little voice kept repeating, 'The Golden City! Me, too, Mike! me, too!'

Molly and Nora sat down on the turf outside the churchyard gate under the big walnut-tree's shade, and made the little girl sit between them, and put their arms round her and kissed her, and dried her tears with their handkerchiefs, and tried their best to comfort her, and assure her that Mike had not gone far, and would soon be back again, and that he would not go away to the Golden City without his little sister: but they could not tell how far she understood them, for, even when the tears left off falling, she still whispered to herself about the Golden City, and 'Me, too, Mike! me, too!'

Their attempts to console the little girl had a good effect on themselves, if not on Elizabeth, for in

the process of assuring her that Mike would soon be back and they should all be happy again, they almost got to believe it themselves, and went back to the Vicarage in much better spirits to feed the rabbits and pet the jackdaw, and then set off along the Northbury road to meet the Doctor on his return.

'Will he bring Mike back with him?' Nora asked, anxiously; and Betty shook her head and sighed.

'He won't have any one to drive him, then,' said Molly; 'for he won't bring back that horrid, rude policeman, so we had better make haste to meet him, and we shall hear all about it sooner.'

It was very hot and dusty along the road, for it was noonday, and the sun directly overhead and no shade worth speaking of; but the girls hastened on, and were within a mile of Northbury before they came in sight of the gig. The grey horse had also found it hot and dusty, but Sergeant Miller had not allowed him much time to think about it on his way to Colonel Mervyn's, but had kept him up to his work; but on the return journey, with a much lighter weight behind him, and the reins held loosely in Dr. Carlyon's hand, and the whip put altogether away, there was more opportunity for reflection, and when at a very considerate pace they reached the turn of the road where there is a large elm-tree, and a shady piece of turf by the road-side, the horse pulled up altogether, and refreshed himself with a little grass, which arrangement was not interfered with by the driver, who sat too deeply absorbed in his Greek Testament to notice anything else.

It was here that Molly and Nora found them, and roused both Dr. Carlyon and the grey horse from their quiet enjoyment by loud reproaches to that faithless quadruped, who evidently felt that it had taken unfair advantage of its reverend driver, and wagged its tail in a deprecating manner, and shambled home at its very best pace, as if to make amends.

Dr. Carlyon told them that, as Sergeant Miller had said would happen, Colonel Mervyn had remanded the case to the following week, when it would be heard before the bench of magistrates at Northbury.

'And where is Mike?' asked Molly; 'why hasn't he come home?'

'He is in the House of Detention at Northbury,' answered the Doctor. 'I went with him there.'

'That's not the same as the prison?'

'Yes, it is.'

The girls were silent a minute. It was too dreadful a thought that Mike should actually be in prison, and fancy at once conjured up visions of dark dungeons and heavy fetters, the rack and the thumbscrew, with the block or the stake in the background.

'Did he mind very much?' Nora asked at last in a low voice.

'Poor boy!' answered Dr. Carlyon; 'he was too ill to take much notice of what was done to him!'

And then he told them how Mike seemed to grow worse as they drove along, and when they were at Colonel Mervyn's he was hardly able to stand or answer any questions, and that by the time he reached the House of Detention he seemed in a half-unconscious state, and had to be lifted out of the gig and carried in by two of the police. A doctor was

fetched at once, and he ordered him to be put to bed and kept very quiet, as the trouble and exposure had brought on a feverish attack that might prove serious, but he hoped it might pass off in a day or two. He was put in the infirmary, and the warder in charge of him was a kind-hearted man, who would take good care of the boy.

'Thank God,' Dr. Carlyon said, 'prisons are not what they used to be! We do not forget quite as much as we used to do Who it is that is sick and in prison.'

They stopped when they came to the mill to tell Mike's mother all that had happened, and Molly and Nora wondered how Dr. Carlyon could find patience for the interview. Trouble has an elevating effect on some natures, and makes them unselfish and noble; but with others it has quite the contrary effect, and poor Mrs. Warren was one of the latter. It only seemed to make her more fretful, and selfish, and complaining. And mixed with this there was a slight feeling of increased dignity and importance. Even though her own son was so sadly and deeply concerned in the matter, there was a sort of excitement and interest about it that was not unpleasing to the poor, weak, empty head. Her life had been very dull of late, and she often looked back with regret to the old days when she was a barmaid in Northbury, with plenty of incident and variety in her life.

Then came her marriage with a gentleman, and if this had not brought happiness, at any rate she thought no one but herself knew it; but every one envied her, and when she was left a widow by a sudden accident, though she said it broke her heart, still it threw an interest about her, and every one pitied her and talked of her, and that is something very consoling to a nature like Mrs. Warren's. But of late years the interest in her had flagged, and life had been very dull at the old mill; and some of the neighbours had spoken words more plain than pleasant of her duties to the children and the necessity of rousing herself for their sakes. But now she was again brought into notice, and the neighbours dropped in to see her, and condole, and gather all she knew of Mike's guilt; and though she shed a great many tears and drank a great deal of tea, still she was not nearly so unhappy as in the long dreary days when she dragged about the house listless and untidy, with no one to speak to and nothing to do.

Molly and Nora felt they would like to shake her as she sat on the sofa, in the best parlour, in her Sunday gown—a faded relic of old days of smartness—and wiped first one eye and then the other, or took a languid sniff at a bottle of smelling-salts, and they wondered at Dr. Carlyon's patience and gentleness.

It was her own health she talked of more than Mike, and of how she had suffered from the shock and the disgrace of the affair. 'A bad, ungrateful boy!' she kept repeating: 'when I've always taken such care of him and got him everything within my means, and often and often gone without myself that he mightn't want, and now to bring disgrace on me and on his poor father's memory! I shall never hold up my head again, that I shan't!'

She took all Dr. Carlyon's expressions of faith in Mike's innocence, and in its all being proved, as mere polite attempts to console her, and thanked him and said he was very kind, and declined his offer to drive her over the next morning to see Mike.

'I'm that upset,' she said, 'with all that's happened, as I'm not fit to go anywhere. My nerves is shattered to fiddle-strings, and I'm good for nothing with palpitations, and Dr. Jones always said, "Mrs. Warren," he said, "you must be very careful, for you've no constitution." And I don't know what good I could do the boy; though, perhaps, if he saw the wreck he had made of his mother, he would be sorry for his wickedness.'

Here she subsided into her pocket-handkerchief, and Dr. Carlyon took the opportunity of making his escape.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XIX.—EGYPT.



THIS celebrated country owes all its advantages and renown to the marvellous river which flows through its whole length. Without the Nile, Egypt would be a series of barren mountains or dreary deserts. But the river has, for countless ages, brought rich soil down from Abyssinia, and has spread it on either side of its channel

in its yearly overflows. These flat, level tracts, are exceedingly fertile, now adorned 'with a silver wave, now with a verdant emerald, now with the deep yellow of a golden harvest.'

About midsummer the river begins to show some signs of the rainfall in the Abyssinian highlands, and about the end of September the flood is at its height. When it recedes all the fields over which its waters have spread are found richly manured for a new crop,—

'And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.'

There is hardly any rain in this country. The climate is usually healthy, but after the floods eye disease and diarrhoea are common. In May, too, the hot south winds are dreadfully trying, and now, if ever, the plague fastens on its victims. The simoom, too, though it does not last longer than twenty minutes, carries with it such clouds of dust and sand that it is perfectly awful. The lice, bugs, and flies, are also great tormentors.

Cairo is the modern metropolis of Egypt, and the largest town in the country. It is far behind our great cities. The streets are strangely narrow. It is quite an Arabian town, and its citizens are descendants of Arab tribes which settled long ago in the country, soon after its conquest by a great Arab chief. The faces of the Cairo citizens are yellowish, and their skins soft. The faces of men grow darker as we approach Nubia. In the schools the master and scholars sit on the ground. Some of the teachers



AFRICA. — Egypt.

can neither read nor write; but these men often know the whole of the Koran, and can thus teach their pupils at least the Mohammedan religion.

The most wonderful collection of ruins in the world is in Egypt. No other country can show anything equal to Thebes. Thebes fell long before most other famous cities began to rise. It was once the most highly civilised place upon this earth.

Native kings, who dwelt for the most part at Thebes, ruled Egypt from 2201 B.C. until 525 B.C., when the country was conquered by Cambyses the Persian. Abraham visited the country in 1920 B.C., Joseph was carried there, a slave, in 1706 B.C., and Moses was born there in 1571 B.C.

Fifteen hundred years before Christ Egypt was enjoying her 'golden age.' *Rameses the Great*, the most famous of her kings, was then living. And it was *Rameses* who made Thebes so splendid a city.

Old Homer even speaks of Thebes and its hundred gates as the crack city of his time. He tells us two hundred charioteers could drive their horses through each gate.

Thebes stands in a plain, and it has spread itself out, like London, on both sides of the river. No bridge, most probably, ever connected these dis-severed portions, for the Nile here is a mile in breadth.

Thebes was nine miles square. The public buildings were grand, the private houses small. It was thought wicked to have a large dwelling. But the gardens were often spacious, and the good man could sit under his own vine, and angle in his own little lake.

The oldest pen-and-ink writings are from Thebes. One, which is two thousand years old at least, effects a transfer of land. The sellers of the land are the children of a leather-cutter. One is described as forty-five years old, of a handsome shape, with a round face and straight nose; and another is somewhat the same, only his nose is flat. The buyer of the land is forty years old, and is thus described: 'Middle size, sallow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face, straight nose, and with a scar on his forehead.' The money was 601 pieces of brass; the land consisted of eight thousand cubits of open field, with a canal running through the middle, and streets and houses around it.

Thebes had once very many stately monuments of gold, silver, and ivory. One of its temples was a mile and a half round about. *St. Paul's Cathedral* is less than half a mile in girth. A writer says, 'What a splendid scene must have forced itself on the wanderer who, emerging from the desert, after having toiled up the mountain chain, suddenly beheld the fruitful valley of the Nile, with its many towns, and, in the centre, royal Thebes, with all its temples and obelisks!'

Some time before the Persian invasion the seat of government was removed to Memphis. The Persian conqueror, *Cambyses*, was a dreadful barbarian. He robbed all the temples of their precious things, and some he set on fire. From the rubbish there was picked up nearly two million pounds' worth of gold and silver.

Thebes is now inhabited by a half-savage set of idlers, who have built their mud-huts on the very pillars of the old palaces. A room at a Thebes inn is

merely four walls open to the sky. Some dates are in one corner drying in the sun; in another corner is an oven. Besides this you see a jar of water, and a fire-place of three bricks. Your dinner is cooked by means of fragments of dead men's coffins. These fragments were once plants of the sacred sycamore, and they have for centuries enclosed the once-loved and lamented remains of a dead father, brother, or wife.

Alexandria was once renowned for its commerce, and its libraries, and schools, and learned men. It is much younger than Thebes; but its day is past, and its libraries are ashes, and its learned men—where are they? Hence came *Cleopatra's Needle*, which now adorns the *Thames Embankment*; and near this city, *Nelson* defeated the French at the battle of the Nile.

Those marvels of the world, the Pyramids, stand near Cairo. They seem close to you when they are ever so far off. They seem smooth, but are in reality very rugged. The Great Pyramid covers eleven acres of land. It is 461 feet of perpendicular height to the top, and an Arab will be up in ten minutes.

Egypt has become again important to the world by reason of the Suez Canal. This great work was achieved by a French engineer. By means of the canal, an Indian-bound ship can pass from the Mediterranean into the Red Sea, and so avoid sailing round the Cape.

Egyptian money was in rings of gold and silver. The old Egyptians had great taste in pottery. Their art in designing elegant forms has never been surpassed. As every man was obliged to follow his father's profession, great skill might be expected among the artisans. The old Egyptians had navies on both seas, and they had wars with the navy of Tyre.

The present labourers of Egypt were at first Arabs, but much of the fine character of that proud people has been lost. The Egyptian is now a 'fellah,' a tame and servile creature, and the true Arab despises him.

A late ruler of Egypt, named *Mohammed Ali*, raised himself from the ranks. 'Once,' he used to say, 'I had not even a servant to light my pipe for me. When I came to Egypt I had but my sword and my courage.' Gradually he rose to be a pasha, and then he became an independent king, or khedive.

There was a certain set of turbulent soldiers, called *Mamelukes*, who stood in this adventurer's way. So he resolved to destroy them. On March 1st, 1811, he invited them all to a feast. When they were inside his castle walls, the pasha looked down upon them from a terrace where he sat, smoking all the time a Persian pipe of great magnificence.

A number of *Mohammed's* faithful Albanian soldiers were concealed in the towers and ramparts. When every Mameluke was inside the court, adorned with his finest arms, and mounted on a noble steed, the savage pasha gave a signal, and the air was full of noise, and fire, and smoke, and groaning men, and frightened horses. A few escaped the deadly bullets, but they were led out and beheaded, and the power of the Mamelukes was broken. Well might an inhabitant of Cairo say, 'That morning the sun rose the colour of blood.'

SEAL-FISHING.

THE Americans and English have monopolised almost exclusively the business of seal-fishing in the southern oceans, and employ therein a large number of vessels, varying from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons burden. They are strongly built, and have each six boats, like those of the whalers, together with a small vessel of forty tons, which is put in requisition when they reach the scene of their operations. The crew consists of about twenty-four hands. The ship is usually moored in some secure haven or bay, and partially unrigged, whilst the furnaces and apparatus required for making the oil are placed on shore. The little cutter is then rigged and manned with about half the crew, who sail around the neighbouring islands, and send a few hands when they see seals, or where they wish to watch for them. This vessel can hold about two hundred of them, cut up, which will yield nearly one hundred barrels of oil. The expedition frequently lasts for three years, and in the midst of unheard-of privations and dangers. Some of the crew are sometimes left on distant, barren spots, and others being driven off by storms, are left to perish, and drag out for years a most precarious and wretched existence.

Seal-fishing is successfully prosecuted on the coast of Newfoundland. This island intercepts many immense fields of ice, which in the spring move south from the Arctic Sea. The interior parts, with the openings or lakes interspersed, remain serene and unbroken, and form the transitory abodes of myriads of seals. In the month of March upwards of three hundred small vessels, fitted out for the seal-fishery, are extricated from the icy harbours on the east coast of Newfoundland. The fields are now all in motion, and the vessels plunge directly into the edges of such as appear to have seals upon them. The crews, armed with heavy bludgeons, there land, and in the course of a few weeks destroy nearly three hundred thousand of these animals. The Greenland winter, it would appear, is too severe for these luckless wanderers, and when it sets in they accompany the field-ice, and remain on it until it is scattered and dissolved. Old and young being then deserted in the ocean, nature points out to them the course of their favourite icy haunts, and thither their herds hurry over the deep to pass an Arctic summer. Winter returns, and with it commences again their annual pilgrimage from latitude to latitude.

But whilst the products of the seals are sought by civilised nations, chiefly as articles of luxury, to the rude peoples of the north they are objects of supreme necessity, their all in all. The seal is their sole source of subsistence. Crantz says, 'The seals are more needful to them than sheep are to us, though they supply us with food and raiment, or than the cocoa-tree to the Indian, although it presents him with meat and clothing, houses and ships, so that, in case of necessity, they could live upon them alone. The seal's flesh supplies the denizens of those icy regions with palatable and substantial food; the fat is sauce to their other aliment, and furnishes them oil for light and fire, while at the same time it contributes to their wealth in every form, as they barter it

for all kinds of necessaries. They sew better with the fibres of seals' sinews than with thread or silk; of the fine internal membranes they make their body raiment and their windows; of the skins they make their buoys, so much used in fishing, and many domestic utensils; and of their coarser kinds, their tents and boats of all sizes, in which they voyage and seek provisions. Therefore no man can pass for a right Greenlander who cannot catch seals.

TOMMY TOBY'S MISHAP.

WHEN Tommy first came to the boarding-school he greatly amused his companions one day by attempting to ride on the hose of a street-sprinkler's cart, when it was not in action. He had never seen such a carriage, and thought it afforded a wonderfully convenient arrangement for riding behind. Presently the driver raised the lever, and the amazed lad found himself caught in the shower and tumbled into the dirt.

'Why didn't you tell me the thing was bewitched?' said he, as the boys gathered around him.

But his indignation immediately subsided, and rubbing off the water and dirt, and discovering the use of the cart, he was soon found laughing as heartily as the others, and quite outdid them in relating to Master Lewis the odd adventure.

George Howe and Leander Towle were cousins, and very intimate friends. They were unlike Frank Gray and the Wynns. They cared little for poetry, art, or music. They stood well in their classes in mathematics and the exact sciences, were fond of boating and out-of-door sports, and both were warm friends of Tom Toby.

The pleasant relations that existed between the teacher and the school also prevailed to a great degree among the lads themselves. Frank Gray and Tommy Toby, being quite unlike, sometimes had a tilt in words; but, as Frank was a gentleman by nature and training, and as Tommy had tender feelings, their differences were easily harmonised. The mild manners and good sense of Master Lewis seemed to impress themselves strongly on the characters of his pupils. Tommy Toby, who was often thoughtless in his conduct, was almost the only exception to the rule.

NAMES OF MEN AND THINGS.

IT is interesting to notice how the names of famous men are applied to various objects in every-day life. We now go into a shop and ask for a pair of Wellingtons or a pair of Blüchers. The bootmaker shows no surprise at such a request. He merely brings out a pair of boots. By such humble means as this is a hero's memory kept green. And as Wellington and Blücher have given their names to a kind of boot, so Spencer has to a coat, Stanhope to one kind of carriage, Brougham to another, Peterham to a hat, Standish to an inkstand, Sandwich to an eatable, and Admiral Grogam to the mixture of spirits and water which goes by the name of 'Grog.'

A. R. B.



Tommy Toby's Mishap.



The Shepherd shouting across the Valley.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 204.)

CHAPTER XXVII.



HE next day Dr. Carlyon went into Northbury to see Mike; but as Mrs. Warren was not going he walked in over the downs, and Molly and Nora went with him. They tried very hard to get him to let them go to the prison to see Mike, but this he would not agree to, and he left them sitting at the top of the

hill where they had sat with father the day they first came to Bydown, looking down on Northbury and the country round, and watching Dr. Carlyon's queer little figure going swinging down the hill and along the road, and even fancying they could make it out beyond Northbury, approaching the big, red brick building surrounded with high walls, which possessed such a dreadful interest to them, as being the place where poor Mike was shut up. They had a great deal to talk about as they sat there, with the bees humming round them hard at work at the thyme, for they were to appear as witnesses when Mike was brought up before the magistrates next week. They and Norris were the principal witnesses, and their evidence certainly went far to prove Mike's guilt. The police were searching still for the watch; it seemed impossible that Mike could have sold it without their hearing of it, and they concluded that he must have hidden it either in the mill or on the island, or at some other of his haunts; but at present their search had been in vain.

'Where could it be?' Those who believed in Mike's guilt, and those who believed in his innocence asked the same question, 'Where could it be?' and Molly and Nora as they sat on the hill-top asked one another the same.

'If only we could find it!' they sighed, as they had sighed so often before.

'Or if we could get another just exactly like it! Oh, Molly! if you and me were rich!' said Nora, too earnest to be grammatical, 'and could just go down into Northbury, and find the very best watchmakers, and choose out the very best watch, better even than the one Neville lost, and never mind what loads and loads of money it cost, and just take it to Neville and say, "There's a watch instead of your old one, so Mike can come home again!"'

'If father was here! But then we're all so poor now!'

'Or John Keith, he has plenty of money, and he's so good-natured; don't you remember what a lot of fireworks he gave to Pat and Paddy, and how he got a perambulator for that poor little lame child at Henton?'

'But a watch costs such a lot. Mike said this one was worth 20*l.*, and no one in the world would give such a lot of money to poor Mike, except perhaps the Queen, and how is she to know anything about it?'

For a minute or two the girls sat silent, revolving in their minds if they could not make their way into the Queen's presence, and beg mercy for Mike, as they had read of children doing in story-books; but they did not feel sure if such tales were really true.

'Some children have money in the Savings' Bank. Don't you remember Lucy Stevenson in the Square told us she had 50*l.* of her very own in the Bank, that her godfather gave her?'

'Oh, Molly, don't you think Dr. Carlyon would give you the money as he's your godfather, and so fond of Mike, too?' I dare say he has never thought of just buying another watch for Neville, and setting it all right.'

But Molly shook her head. She was after all a little bit wiser than Nora, and she felt that, perhaps, Dr. Carlyon might see objections to this plan.

'And besides, Nora, I don't think Dr. Carlyon is very rich. Betty says that sometimes he gives away a lot more than he can afford, and that he would give the shoes off his feet and the coat off his back if any one asked him. And he's only got a silver watch himself, and not at all a good one either; and no chain at all, but only a bit of braid with a brass key at the end of it.'

Meanwhile Dr. Carlyon was climbing the hill towards them with a very grave face, and spectacles that grew so dim now and then, that he could see but little of the fair midsummer landscape. He had found Mike very ill, tossing in wild delirium, not knowing where he was or who came to his bedside, talking in shrill, unnatural tones, of the river and of Neville Carson, who always seemed drowning before his eyes, and struggling every now and then violently with the warder to get free to plunge into the water to his rescue.

But through all his wanderings there was never a word about the watch, of where it had gone or what he had done with it.

He did not recognise Dr. Carlyon, or pay any attention to the prayers he said at his bedside, and Dr. Jones, who came in just as the little parson was leaving, said the fever was running very high, and there was much cause for anxiety. He ordered the curly dark hair to be cut off, and ice kept on the burning head.

'We must trust in his youth and strength, and good constitution,' Dr. Jones said.

'And in God,' added the little parson.

Dr. Carlyon told the girls all this as they walked home across the downs, and the few people they met all seemed to know what the Doctor's errand had been, and stopped them to ask news of the poor lad; and even the shepherd from the opposite hill-side formed his hands into a speaking-trumpet, and shouted his inquiries across the valley.

Betty came up the sheep-track from the church to meet them, so anxious was she for news of Mike. But interested as she was in everything about him, there was evidently some other absorbing subject in her head, and she asked the same questions over and over again, and paid no attention to the answers, and was so strange, and absent, and confused, that Molly and Nora began to fancy she must be going off her head like poor Mike, and looked at her anxiously to see if there were any signs of fever about her. The

dinner too was an entire failure, the meat underdone, the potatoes burnt, the salt forgotten, and spoons put round instead of forks to eat with; and what was the most alarming symptom was, that Betty did not seem to care about these shortcomings, which she would at other times have taken grievously to heart.

But after dinner, when the Doctor was in his study, Betty, with the greatest mystery, beckoned the two girls upstairs into her bedroom, though the dinner-things were not washed up and Tabbyskins had not had his dinner.

She too had been thinking of Mike all the morning, and her thoughts had taken something the same direction as the girls on the hill. If only the loss could be made good to Neville, Mike would be let out of jail, and there need be no further trouble.

So now she got out the stocking which Dr. Carlyon had returned to her the day before when he came back from Northbury, with a promise that if any money was needed for Mike he would apply to her for it, and she poured out its contents into Molly's lap as she sat on the bed.

'It's not enough, Miss Molly, I knows it's not, to buy such a one as that must have been as was lost, but still I'd make it up honest as I gets my wages, and I'd be proud to do it all my very own self, though I warrant there's many another in the place as would be glad to help if they knowed, and I only wish as I hadn't had that dress last summer, what cockled at the leastest drop of rain and a thunderstorm the very first time as I put it on.'

'But how will you get the watch, Betty?'

'Oh, I didn't think for to get the watch itself, but just to give the money to young Carson (I can't abear the very name of him now-a-days), and ask him just for to get hisself another, and say no more about it.'

'Will he take it?' asked Molly, doubtfully.

'Why shouldn't he? One watch is as good as another, and better too if it's a new one. Just see what it come to. I never was a good 'un at reckoning, and I've been atryng all the morning pretty near, and it come different every time: it were that aggravating!'

It certainly was difficult to calculate, as the heap in Molly's lap was made up of all manner of coins, from bulky five-shilling pieces to slender worn three-penny bits. There was also a sprinkling of half-sovereigns, shillings, and sixpences, and when Betty turned out her pocket and added the contents to the treasure it made it still more confusing, for it is almost impossible to place a right value on a lucky halfpenny with a hole in it, or a crooked sixpence that Betty had turned in her pocket every new moon since she had it given to her; and her steel thimble, bit of wax, and nutmeg grater, though they did not add much to the value, did to the confusion.

After severe application the girls made out that the various coins amounted to 12l. 3s. 11d, but this was arrived at by calculating the lucky halfpenny and crooked sixpence at the value they bore when they first left the mint, and not reckoning the mysterious worth they had since acquired.

Betty added the large pin with a handsome yellow stone in it that she fastened her shawl with on Sunday, and a brooch containing a photograph of her mother, with a face distorted either with pain or

passion, and the girls each contributed a silver thimble, as they had nothing else made of any precious metal, and, I am afraid, they were not sorry to part with those useful implements, which are apt to be tiresome to fidgety young fingers.

The next question was, who was to convey it to Neville Carson, and Betty at once declared that she 'dursn't go for to do it;' that she wouldn't mind facing a mad bull, or walking on red-hot plough-shares, or any trifle of that kind, but to face Neville Carson was what she couldn't and wouldn't do.

Molly had too little faith in the success of the venture to be willing to go, though she did not say much for fear of dampening the ardour of Betty and Nora. So circumstances seemed to point to Nora as the appropriate messenger.

'He always liked you the best, Nora; he called that horrid boat after you, and you didn't say half the rude things I did about Skipper.'

'You could put it to him pretty, Miss Nora dear; you knows so well how to get round any one with your coaxing ways. Why, I knows I can't keep the jam cupboard locked when you've a mind to jam to tea, if I tries ever so!'

Nora, even in the agitation of the moment, makes a mental note of this confession of weakness on Betty's part.

'I'd come along with you to the house and wait for ye till you come out; and if Miss Molly will just mind the house while we goes, we'll just step up in the evening, when he's certain sure to be at home.'

So it was settled, and after tea Betty and Nora set out for Bydown Hall with the money in the black silk bag trimmed with beads which Betty used for her Prayer-book and Hymn-book on Sunday.

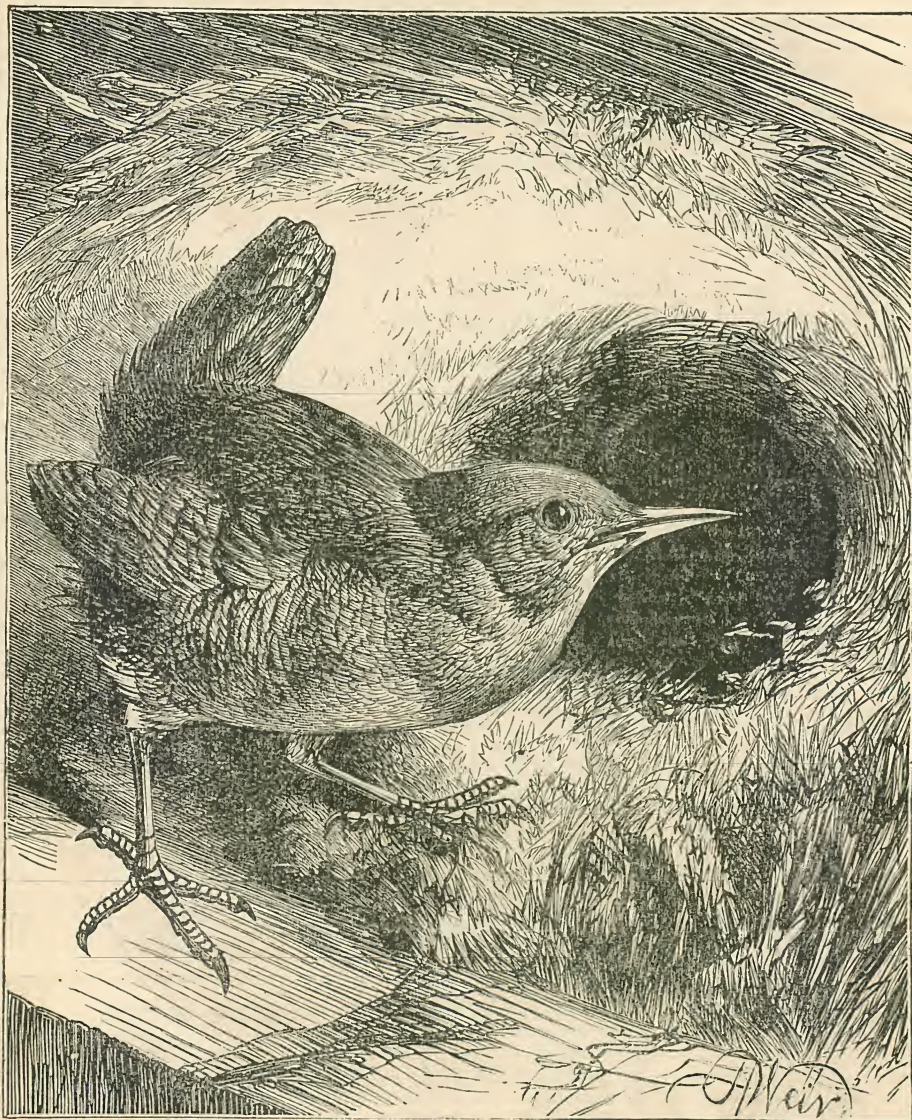
Nora had got to look quite haggard and worn by that time, and could not eat any bread and butter at tea, and when it came to the point Molly would very much have liked to go too, and felt rather as if she were being left out in the cold, and as if Mike would be rescued without her having any hand in it.

(To be continued.)

THE WREN.

THE Common Wren (*Troglodytes Europæus*) is spread over the whole continent, and is everywhere noted for its familiarity and its sprightly habits. In England it is very common, and braves the severity of the winter, flitting from spray to spray, and traversing the hedgerows with restless activity. Its actions are very smart. It takes short flights, alights on a twig towards the bottom of the hedge, flirts up its short tail, utters a cry like chit-chit, and disappears in the maze of branches like a mouse, passes out on the other side, and repeats its flight. In the depth of winter it frequents farmyards, cow-sheds, and similar places, both for the sake of shelter and food. The song of this species is varied and pleasing, and, for the size of the bird, remarkably loud and clear. This, we would remark in passing, is true of our own wrens, and we have heard in northern Maine the winter wren's song, so singularly sweet and clear that at the time we believed it unexcelled.

The European wren begins to prepare its nest in



The Wren's Nest. By HARRISON WEIR.

March, and various are the places chosen as a site—sometimes under the thatched covering of an out-house, sometimes in a niche or cavity in the branches of a tree, often amidst the ivy covering aged walls or trees, or the side of a hayrick. It is a domed structure, with a small lateral aperture. Generally it consists externally of green moss; but it varies the material according to situation and the colour of the objects around. The eggs are usually from six to eight in number, of a yellowish-white, sprinkled, especially at the larger end, with reddish-brown. It is a curious fact that the birds of this group often make several nests besides the one occupied for incubation. Many conjectures have been made con-

cerning this habit, some attributing the extra nests to caprice in regard to the merits of each, others to interruption from some cause in the work of building, while many believe that the incomplete structures are the work of the male bird, who employs his time and amuses himself in their preparation while the female is attending to the duties of incubation.

The European wren and its habits are thus mentioned by an English writer: 'A pair of wrens built their nest in a box, so situated that the family owning the grounds had an opportunity of observing the mother's care in instructing her young ones to sing. She seated herself on one side of the opening of the box, facing her young, and commenced by singing



AFRICA. — Nubia.

over all her notes very slow and distinctly. One of the little ones then attempted to imitate her. After chirping rather inharmoniously a few notes, its pipe failed, and it went off the tune. The mother immediately took up the tune where the young one had failed, and distinctly finished the remaining part. The young one made a second attempt, commencing where it had left off, and continuing for a few notes tolerably distinct, when it again lost the notes. The mother began again where it ceased, and went through with the air. The young one again resumed the tune, and completed it. When this was done, the mother again sung over the whole of her song with great precision; and then another of the young attempted to follow it, who likewise was incapable of going through with the tune, but the parent treated it as she had done the first bird, and so on with the others. This was repeated at intervals every day while they remained in their nest.'

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XX.—NUBIA.



THIS vague, little-known country, possesses all the six famous Nile cataracts. Here dwelt the Noubas, an Arab tribe, and once a powerful Christian nation. When Egypt was invaded by the zealous Moslems, the Christian king of Nubia, agreed to pay a tax. This was paid, and procured peace for five hundred years; but the Noubas, having destroyed

an Egyptian town, were attacked and conquered, and their chief city, Dongola, was rifled of its golden crosses and sacred silver vessels. A fresh yearly tribute was imposed of three elephants, three giraffes, one hundred camels, four hundred choice cows, and four hundred slaves, together with as much of Nubia as lay between the first and second cataracts.

This agreement did not last long, and Nubia was again invaded. Its king was dethroned, and its captives sold at Cairo. Dongola was deserted, its cathedral desecrated by a riotous banquet, and a new king was set up. But when the army retired, the old king came back, dressed his rival in a skin, and tied him to a post, where he died, and then he wrote a penitent letter to the Sultan of Egypt, who at once forgave him.

The Nubian is nearly black, but quite different to the negro in his face. He reminds you of the sculptures in the great Egyptian temples.

For ages this country was like a sealed book to white men; but in 1820 Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, despatched his son, Ismael, with a little army, to force open the mysterious land. Ismael met a stubborn foe in the Shygeia, a tribe who lived by robbery, and had strongholds in the hills. Ismael, who had firearms, astonished and scattered these proud horsemen. They were defeated, and, with much wisdom, they humbled themselves, and became most useful friends. An American, who

accompanied Ismael, has left us a most interesting account of these unknown countries. He speaks of immense plains of fruitful soil covered with herbage, and large villages full of low clay houses and black children, and so placed as to be out of reach of the swelling river.

Hereabouts the first elephants come in view. They never pass north of Senaar.

You may buy a slave here for about nine pounds, and, as these are the dark places of the earth, you will perhaps be able to do so until the end of time. Treachery and slavery go hand in hand, and we are not surprised to hear that Ismael was murdered. Perhaps he had 'roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;' anyhow, as he was reposing in a hut, some enemy set it on fire, and he was burnt to death.

At the entrance to the new Egyptian Room in the British Museum you may notice two fine lions of red granite. These were brought from Nubia by Lord Prudhoe. Nubia, in fact, possesses the very finest stone figures in the world. Some of the colossal guardians of a Nubian temple are fifty feet in height, though in a sitting posture. The faces of these stone men are seven feet long, their beards five, and their noses two feet eight inches. The temple in the rear of these huge images is cut out of the solid rock. The hewers of it have picked out a hole 170 feet long, 52 feet wide, and 30 feet high. Just think of the labour involved in such a work as this!

In an account of Nubia, which we find in Mr. Ainsworth's book, we have an account of a journey across the desert. The party started from a port on the Red Sea, and were under the guidance of a handsome young Arab. A French mechanic was of the party. He was going to offer his services as a cannon-founder to Theodore, king of Abyssinia. The Frenchman was a good cook, and so of great use to his comrades. But he lost his purse, with 57 dollars and some jewels in it, and he would not be comforted. The guide suspected the thief, and urged him to make a clean breast; but he vowed he was innocent, and in the night made his escape.

Next morning all the water was spent, and the sufferings of the party were intense. 'Are we far from the well?' was the question often asked. 'Close by,' was the answer. But it was not until noon that the group of palm-trees—welcome, welcome sight!—appeared. The camels were now unloaded, and off they went to the water with open nostrils, and their drivers after them. It seemed as if the thirsty party would have drained the pond dry, but there was no fear of that.

On the sixteenth day the party arrived at a large village, and the teller of the tale found a kind reception in the house of a rich Nubian. On the next morning a complaint was made to the governor about the missing purse, and the governor ordered the leader of the party, the handsome young Arab, to make good the loss. The governor gave judgment in words worthy of an English judge. 'We owe to all the equal protection of the laws, and we especially ought to protect strangers who come amongst us, and who are less able to vindicate their own cause, since they are not acquainted with our language; and we must look on them as guests.'

Another traveller—M. Linant—gives us some par-

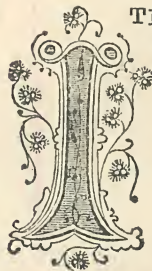
ticulars of Nubia. He and his party were mounted on dromedaries. They passed many holds of robbers, but were not molested. M. Linant was allowed to inspect their caves, and he gave some of them a cow, which pleased them much. The jolting of his dromedary caused his clock to go wrong. He saw flocks of wild asses, and heard the roaring of lions. All his party had severe fevers. One cried, and wished to be left behind; but they tied him to a dromedary, and brought him on. Two servants died, and M. Linant, on his arrival at Shendy, was very ill, but was mercifully spared.

The lower, or northern part of Nubia, is desert; but the upper, or southern part, is clad with trees and grasses, in which all manner of wild animals live. A traveller who went within three hundred miles of the equator speaks of the country as beautifully wooded. He noticed cornfields, large villages, and negroes on the banks in great numbers. They were immensely delighted with glass beads. One bead purchased a beautiful spear, and a nice little sheep was bought for two! The king of one of the tribes visited the ship, and carried his throne in his hand. Though a gigantic man, and the ruler of a giant race, he was terribly frightened at the sound of firearms, having never heard the white man's thunder before.

STORY OF A WEASEL.

A GROUP of hay-makers, while busy at their work on Chapelhope Meadow, at the upper end of St. Mary's Loch—or rather of the Loch of the Lowes, which is separated from it by a narrow neck of land—saw an eagle rising above the steep mountains that enclose the narrow valley. The eagle himself was, indeed, no unusual sight: but there is something so imposing and majestic in the flight of this noble bird, while he soars upwards in spiral circles, that it fascinates the attention of most people. But the spectators were soon aware of something peculiar in the flight of the bird they were observing. He used his wings violently, and the strokes were often repeated, as if he had been alarmed and hurried by unusual agitation; and they noticed, at the same time, that he wheeled in circles that seemed constantly decreasing, while his ascent was proportionally rapid. The now idle haymakers drew together in close consultation on the singular case, and continued to watch the seemingly distressed eagle, until he was nearly out of sight, rising still higher and higher into the air. In a short while, however, they were all convinced that he was again seeking the earth, evidently not, as he ascended, in spiral curves; it was like something falling, and with great rapidity. But as he approached the ground, they clearly saw he was tumbling in his fall like a shot bird, the convulsive fluttering of his powerful wings stopping the descent but very little, until he fell at a short distance from the men and boys of the party, who had naturally run forward, highly excited by the strange occurrence. A large, black-tailed weasel, or stoat, ran from the body as they came near, turned with the nonchalance and impudence of the tribe, stood up upon its hind legs, crossed its fore paws over its nose, and surveyed its

enemies a moment or two—as they often do when no dog is near—and bounded into a saugh-bush. The king of the air was dead, and, what was more surprising, he was covered with his own blood; and, upon further examination, they found his throat cut, and the weasel has been suspected as the regicide until this day.



THE LION-HEARTED KING.

IN the days of old, kings not only commanded their armies, like generals in battle, but, fighting hand to hand with the enemy at the head of their troops, shared the perils of the field with the meanest soldier. Indeed, they were in much more danger than their men, for they were more conspicuous, and, frequently wearing their crowns in battle, were the mark for every arrow. At the battle of Bosworth Field, where Richard the Third lost his life, the king ordered his crown to be nailed to his helmet, 'for,' said he, 'this day will I live or die a king.'

The most famous of the warrior kings of England was Richard the First, surnamed Cœur de Lion, or the Lion-heart, from his undaunted courage. He was a true knight-errant, and resembled those heroes of romance who are said to have vanquished troops of enemies single-handed. In 1190 he led the English to the Holy Land in a crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the Moslems, and found an antagonist in the Sultan Saladin as brave and chivalrous as himself.

The terror inspired by the very name of King Richard was so great, that the Syrian mothers used to quiet their unruly children by it, and if the horse of a Moslem started aside in the road, his rider would cry, 'Dost thou think King Richard is in that bush?'

When he appeared before Jaffa, an army of sixty thousand Turks and Saracens fled at his approach; but returning in the morning they discovered the weakness of his force, for he was carelessly encamped before the city gates with only seventeen knights and three hundred archers. Notwithstanding the superior numbers of the enemy, the King and his followers firmly received their charge; and when they drew off King Richard rode out alone from his little troop, and, galloping along the whole line of the enemies' battle, challenged the bravest of the Moslem warriors to come out and fight with him in single combat; but not one dared to encounter the lance of the lion-hearted King of England, and he was suffered to lead his followers away in good order.

Richard and Saladin vied with each other in courtesy as well as in bravery; and when they made a truce after the battle of Caesarea they took no oath, as was usually done at that time, but grasping each other's hands gave their word of honour to preserve peace.

The memory of King Richard's valour was long preserved in the East, where he was known as the Malek Ric; Malek being Arabic for King, and Ric a shortening of Richard.

A. R.



The Lion-hearted King.



Colonel Mervyn and Nora after she had been attacked by "Skipper."

N. or M.

(Continued from page 211.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.



NE hears of people's hearts sinking down into their boots, and if this curious phenomenon happened, as I think it did, to Nora on her way to Bydown Hall, her heart must have been a very heavy one, for her feet went more and more slowly and at the least excuse stopped altogether. She pointed out all sorts of interesting things to Betty, and decoyed her from the direct path on one pretext or another, just

to put off the terrible moment of reaching Bydown Hall.

As they went in at the Lodge gates a carriage and pair passed them, and they caught a glimpse of white dresses and scarlet wraps, which excited Betty so much that she almost forgot their errand.

'It's a party!' she exclaimed, breathlessly. 'Come on, Miss Nora; if we steps out we'll get to see the company go in. How lucky as we should a-come just now!'

'If there's a party we shan't be able to see Neville,' thought Nora, much relieved, and set off with a wonderful increase of briskness after Betty, who, when another carriage and another turned in at the gate, fairly took to her heels and ran towards the house.

With all their speed, and the short-cut across the grass, they were only in time to see the tail of a velvet dress sweep in at the door, and a tall bald-headed gentleman, with a very large white shirt-front, follow it, looking, as Betty said, 'Like a undertaker's man at a buryin'.'

'It can't be much of a party neither,' was her remark, 'or the old gent would have dressed hisself up better, and put on something of more account in the way of a waistcoat, or anyhow a neckcloth; but maybe he was in black for somebody, and he did look terrible clean and neat anyhow.'

Nora, who was more accustomed to the ways of polite society, hastened to explain that this was the usual evening dress for gentlemen, and that they wore it on the grandest occasions; but Betty had seen a picture of George IV. in court dress, splendid in silk and velvet, gold lace and feathers, and knew better.

When the door closed on the guests, and the carriage turned off to the stables, Nora, with a great sigh of relief, proposed that they should go back, as there was no chance of seeing Neville; but Betty, who was stout, and not used to much exercise, was not inclined for the walk back to Bydown without a few minutes' rest, and remembered that there was one of the laundry-maids she used to go to school with, and though she was 'a flighty, dressed-up piece of goods,' still, now she had come so far, she might as well just step in and pass the time of day with her, and rest a bit, for she was pretty near ready to drop.

So Betty made for the back-door, and falling in with Mary Anne, was soon established in a snug corner of the laundry, regaling and being regaled with all the choicest bits of gossip in the neighbourhood.

She forgot all about Nora, who had not followed her; and when an hour later she began to notice that it was getting dusk, and that it was time to go home, she concluded that Nora had gone back without waiting for her, and bustled off after her with rather a guilty feeling that she had forgotten the main object of her visit to Bydown Hall.

Meanwhile Nora, instead of following Betty to the back of the house, had turned off into the flower-garden, and came out on the terrace on which the principal rooms of the Hall opened.

The first windows were those of the dining-room, she knew that by the white table-cloth, and the glitter of glass and plate; and as she was taking a survey under cover of a friendly rhododendron, the people came in from the drawing-room, Neville first, leading in a stout and stately dowager in black satin and diamonds—very like Mrs. Brown at the Red Lion, Nora thought.

And what a clatter and cackling the people made when they were all in their places, to be sure! Very like the ducks and hens in the yard at Bydown Farm when Mrs. Holloway came out with a dish of cold potatoes. Nora got much interested in the proceedings. She had never had such a good view before. Sometimes she had watched, leaning over the banisters of the upper flight of stairs, when the people were going down to dinner in London; but then she could only catch a bird's-eye glimpse of a bald head beside a nodding cap, or of a close-cropped, nicely-parted head, bending towards another arrayed in fair plaits, with a rose at the side. And afterwards, when she and Molly, Pat, Paddy, and Don, were skirmishing outside the dining-room door among the dishes that were brought out, much to the aggravation of the servants, who were too busy with waiting to execute justice on the marauders, she could hear the confusion of voices, but could see nothing.

Savoury odours came out through the open window and made her mouth water, and made her wonder if there was any one outside the dining-room door to waylay the dishes, and how the footmen could resist tasting a little bit as they handed them round, and it seemed to her a pity that some of the good things were not placed on the table, that the people might see what was in store; for how could they possibly choose when the dishes were just passed over their shoulders, and they did not know what might be coming next?

She could hear every now and then above the general hum of conversation, some sentence, and once she heard Mike's name, and knew they were talking of the loss of the watch, and she heard Neville say something about 'light-fingered gentry,' and 'serve him right,' and she felt very hot and angry.

Altogether she was as much engrossed in the scene as Betty was meanwhile in the gossip in the laundry, and she was only roused from her contemplation of the living picture when there was a bowing and rustling and drawing on of gloves, and the ladies rose and swept out of the room. The dining-room looked very dull now without the ladies' dresses, and Nora thought she had seen enough of it, and would go and find Betty; but her escape was cut off, for two of the gentlemen who had risen when the ladies

left the room, instead of resuming their seats, stepped out of the open window on to the lawn, and sat down on a bench close to the rhododendron where Nora was concealed. One of them was a tall old man with a military look about him, and a grey moustache, and the other gentleman addressed him as Colonel Mervyn, which Nora remembered as the name of the magistrate before whom Mike had been taken the day before. She did not feel quite sure that it could be the same, as he had not got on a flowing wig and scarlet robes, but her heart was entirely won by hearing him say,—

‘I’m sorry it should have happened, for I have known the boy from his childhood, and have a liking for him. Why, half the county belonged to the Warrens at one time, and theirs is an older family than any of ours!’

Nora felt quite inclined to stretch out her hand and stroke his coat sleeve, which was temptingly near, but she refrained, and the two gentlemen began talking of other matters which did not strike Nora as at all interesting.

The other gentlemen followed the example of Colonel Mervyn and his companion, and came out into the garden, and some of them went with Neville across to the stables to see some puppies of which he was very proud. Nora devoutly wished they would all go to see those wonderful creatures, but Colonel Mervyn lighted a cigarette, and seemed very comfortable where he was, and his companion seemed to be of the same opinion.

Nora was very tired and cramped with keeping so still, but at last she hoped her patience was going to be rewarded, for the sounds of music coming from the drawing-room seemed to remind the gentlemen that it was time to join the ladies, and they got up from the bench, and the party from the stables were also seen returning across the lawn.

But as they were gathered in a group outside the drawing-room window, there was an unexpected addition to the party.

Skipper, who had been chained up at the stables, on seeing his master had contrived to slip his collar, and had followed the party at a distance till they reached the house, and then bounded after them and leaped on his master, trying to lick his face, and putting his great paws on his shoulders with all sorts of puppy-like demonstrations of affection, which were anything but welcome to Neville in his careful evening dress and spotless shirt-front.

He ordered Skipper angrily to get down and go back to his kennel, and the dog slunk back as if a kick or a blow were not unlikely to follow the hard words; but all of a sudden drew up his head and pricked his ears, and barking violently, bounded off to the rhododendron bush opposite the dining-room windows.

The next moment there was a scream, followed by loud growls and violent commotion among the rhododendrons.

‘I say! there’s a child there!’ said Colonel Mervyn. ‘Call the brute off, can’t you, Carson? or there will be mischief done.’

As he spoke, Nora came struggling out of the bushes, with Skipper holding a powerful grip on her frock, and lucky it was only her frock, and not an

arm or a leg he held in his strong jaws, or Nora might have been as much hurt as now she was frightened, for though she had got to know Skipper better and fear him less since the day that he ran after her down the hill, still he looked ferocious enough now to frighten any one as he held her frock, growling and shaking it in his strong white teeth, with his eyes glaring and fierce.

The dog was soon driven off, and Nora found herself standing, trembling and sobbing and shaken, in the middle of a group of gentlemen, looking down at her with great compassion; while Colonel Mervyn had sat down on the bench and drawn her to his knee, and was asking if she was hurt.

She was too much upset to do anything but sob, so he got no answer to his kind questions at first; but when he said, ‘What little girl are you? and what were you doing in Mrs. Carson’s garden?’ Neville answered, ‘Oh, I know who she is! she is a little girl who is staying with Dr. Carlyon at Bydown Vicarage; but I’m sure I don’t know what she was doing here.’

‘Dr. Carlyon is a very old friend of mine,’ said Colonel Mervyn. ‘There now, tell us what you came among the bushes for?’

‘I came—with Betty—to bring—the money,’ sobbed Nora; and then suddenly realised that the black silk bag containing the money which she had been carrying was no longer in her hand. ‘Oh, it’s gone!’ she exclaimed; ‘that dog has got it! Oh, take it away from him!’

True enough, Skipper had made off with the bag, and now was to be seen at the other end of the lawn, shaking it, and trying to tear it to pieces.

‘Bring it here, sir!’ said Neville; and Skipper obeyed: but, as he laid it at his master’s feet, he could not resist giving it a final shake, which broke the string, and sent the contents of the bag rolling in different directions over the smooth-shaven lawn.

‘Why, here’s riches!’ exclaimed Colonel Mervyn. ‘What a little miser it is!’

All of the gentlemen good-naturedly helped to collect the scattered treasure.

‘And what is it all for?’ Colonel Mervyn had Molly’s thimble perched on his forefinger as he spoke, and another of the gentlemen was examining the photograph of Betty’s mother curiously through his eye-glass.

‘It’s for Neville,’ Nora answered; ‘to buy a new watch instead of the one he’s lost.’

The Colonel looked puzzled. ‘Are you so sorry, then, that he has lost his watch?’

‘Oh, no!’ Nora burst out; ‘it’s not that. I don’t care for that, but it’s to get Mike Warren out of prison. Poor Mike, who’s so ill, and never took the watch.’

She broke down here, and covered up her face and sobbed: and Neville impatiently turned on his heel, and stalked off to the drawing-room.

There had been much talk at dinner about the watch, and a good deal of what was said had not been very pleasant to him, and he began to wish himself out of the matter altogether.

But Nora sobbed out her story to Colonel Mervyn, and the other gentlemen followed Neville into the drawing-room. Perhaps Colonel Mervyn smiled now



The Fox. By HARRISON WEIR.

and then under his grey moustache at the simplicity of the idea, but Nora's eyes were too full of tears to see it, and she only heard his kind voice and felt his arm round her.

'You are a very true little friend,' he said at last; 'but don't you see, little maid, that if you were to give Neville Carson twenty new watches, it would not clear Mike Warren's name? But if we have a little patience, and all speak the truth, it will be a bad job if we cannot prove his innocence. I don't think it matters very much to Neville Carson to lose his watch, but I am sure it matters very much to your friend Mike Warren to lose his character. Now, let's put all this money back in the bag, and you must run along home as fast as you can, and it is getting quite dark, and you must tell Betty all about it.'

And then Colonel Mervyn walked with her as far as the Lodge gate, and parted from her with a kiss.

'And do you know, Molly,' Nora said afterwards, 'I rather like being kissed by a grey moustache, though it is prickly.'

(To be continued.)

THE FOX.

THIS animal, so famous in fable, is distinguished from wolves and dogs by a longer and more bushy tail, which reaches to the ground, and is well furnished with long hairs in the form of a cylindrical brush, and by a more pointed muzzle. It emits a very fetid odour; it has a propensity to burrow, and a nocturnal life. It is an unsociable animal, incapable



AFRICA. — Abyssinia.

of thorough taming, but, while young, full of vivacity and playfulness. It is, besides, shy, cautious, proverbial for cunning, and the acuteness of its senses, those of smell and hearing in particular. Its members are exceedingly pliant, the tail flexible, so that it can be rolled round the nose. When overcome it simulates death, like the jackal.

Foxes are found in all parts of the world, and though the general colour is fulvous, species are known varying from clear white to coal black. They feed on small game, oysters, fish, carrion, grapes, and other fruits. They grow to the second year, and live thirteen or fourteen. These animals are renowned for their sagacity, which, it is said, makes them more than a match for twenty of the best-trained dogs. Many anecdotes are related illustrative of this, two or three of which we introduce here.

A fox finding himself hard run by the hounds, at a hunt in Ireland, ran up a stone wall, from which he sprang on the roof of an adjoining cabin, and mounted up to the chimney-top. From that elevated station he looked all around him, as if reconnoitring the coming enemy. A wily old hound approaching, and having gained the roof, was preparing to seize the fox, when he dropped suddenly down the chimney. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening, but dared not pursue the fugitive. Meanwhile the fox, half enrobed in soot, had fallen into the lap of an old woman, who, surrounded by a number of children, was gravely smoking her pipe, not at all expecting the entrance of this abrupt visitor. 'Emiladh devuil!' said the affrighted female, as she threw from her the red and black quadruped. The fox grinned, growled, and showed his fangs; and when the huntsmen, who had secured the door, entered, they found him in quiet possession of the kitchen, the old woman and children having retired, in terror of the invader, to an obscure corner of the room. The fox was taken alive without much difficulty.

INTELLIGENCE OF A CAT.

A YOUNG lady of Boston furnishes the following interesting anecdote, which affords another proof that the cat is quite liberally endowed with the reflective power:—

'Early one morning, before any of the family had arisen, we heard the inside blinds of the drawing-room opening. Thinking that the noise might possibly have been caused by a burglar, who was endeavouring to effect an entrance, we descended to the room; but, after searching, we could find no person there, although the blinds were open. This being repeated for some time, we watched, and at length discovered that the blinds had been opened every morning by the cat. After this she learned to open all the doors by turning the handles or knobs, and when they were bolted, would turn and twist the handle until she attracted our attention. She was also very fond of music, and when I played on the piano would jump on the top of the case and give her whole attention to the piece. When she was alone in the room, and the piano was open, she would walk up and down on the keys for five or ten minutes, seeming to enjoy the music she made.'

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXI.—ABYSSINIA.

THE Abyssinian is usually a handsome man, well made, and nearly black. He is not a thick-lipped negro at all. His hair is not curled by nature, but curled by art, with a wooden stick.

The Abyssinian kingdom is a very old one indeed. The country is very mountainous. It is often deluged with rain. It is infested with a fly, the buzzing of which makes the cattle almost mad. On the tops of the high hills, which enjoy a very healthy climate, the king and princes live. The present king's name is Johannes II., or Kassa. On the sides of the hills are the mass of the people. They trade in ivory, gold-dust, musk, and coffee. The valleys are occupied by Ethiopians—black, naked, wild, haters of the established government, hunters of beasts of prey, serpent and lizard-eaters.

In the rainy season these people live in caves. They worship the moon and stars. Their bows are made of wild fennel, and a bit of every animal's skin they kill is put on the bow. When it is full it is put away, and the favourite bow of all is buried with the dead man. When there is a new king in Abyssinia the loyal people hunt the Ethiopians, and kill large numbers of them, and mutilate them, and carry off the boys and girls for slaves.

There is also another strange people in Abyssinia, called Gallas. They are warrior-shepherds, good horsemen, greased all over with butter, raw-meat eaters, dreadful in battle, moon-worshippers. Others are Nile-worshippers. Bruce saw the high priest of this religion—a venerable old man, with a white beard and eighty-five children.

The mountains of Samen are occupied by the Jews. They still may be heard chanting the old Hebrew Psalms in their synagogues.

The old Abyssinian kings were most despotic. They were almost adored. They lived in tents of surpassing grandeur, and were surrounded by guards. This has passed away in great measure. Their warlike lord-lieutenants have got the real power, and Mr. Salt says, 'The king lives in almost total neglect, with only a few attendants, at Gondar.'

Abyssinia was, from a very early period, a Christian country. Here, from generation to generation, Jesus has been worshipped. The Abyssinians received Christianity as far back as A.D. 330. Three Christians were shipwrecked on the coast. One was murdered; the other two were spared, and raised to responsible posts—one being keeper of the royal household, the other tutor to the young prince. The prince became convinced and converted, and many of his people followed in his steps. These two shipwrecked Christians were thus the means of introducing the true religion. As Major Head says, 'There was no war to bring it in, no priesthood to oppose it, no bloodshed to disgrace it. Its only argument was truth, its only ornament its simplicity, and around our religion, thus shining in its native lustre, men flocked in peaceful humility, and, hand in hand, joined cheerfully in doctrines which gave glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will towards man.'

Abyssinia is the source whence springs 'the Blue Nile,' which was long considered the chief branch of this noble stream; but it is now known that the White Nile, as it is called, is the superior stream. Near the source of the Blue Nile is the great lake Dembea, or the Sea of Tzana, haunted by the hippopotamus.

The residence of the king is, or was, near this lake. Here grow the acacia, the cedar, and the sycamore, in forests. Here are found, in a wild state, the cotton, the coffee, the tamarind, and the caper. The caper-tree is as large as an elm, and its fruit as big as an apricot. Here roam elephants, and almost all the African wild beasts. The hippopotamus lives in its beloved rivers, and on its tough hide the leaden bullets are flattened. Between the fords deep holes occur, and here the unwieldy monster rolls about. The crocodiles here are greenish in hue. The sheep are large and black, and the cattle white and fine-haired.

The old capital is Axum, a most interesting place. The traveller, Bruce, brought a curious history of the country from this ancient town. He found it in a church. The churches are lined with pictures, and thatched with straw. They stand among juniper-trees, which are hardy evergreens, and from whose fruit much gin is made.

Your baggage-carrier sings gaily as he mounts with a light step the rugged mountain-path. 'Some of the views,' says Mr. Salt, 'are the most magnificent that human imagination can conceive.' Sometimes, as you are travelling, clouds will hide the peaks, and thunder will bellow out; and, if you have just crossed the scarcely-running river, mind and make haste to the top of the green hill, for before you can say 'Look! look!' the river will come down in a stream as high as a man. It has been known to sweep away two camels which were in the bed. One of them was found alive afterwards jammed in between two rocks, and the other was found in the branches of a tree.

In one place the wheat is ready to be cut in November; in another, the natives were seen gathering their harvest in May. Mr. Bruce saw, all at once, some people cutting down wheat, and others ploughing, while, in the adjoining field, there was green corn in ear, and, a little further, it was not an inch above the ground.

The country of Abyssinia is remarkable for its hill-forts. These are steep-sided rocks, with a level space at the top. They are of sandstone, worn down, and they look like castles, with just one or two rugged paths leading up to their summits.

When the natives cross the salt plains between the sea and the interior, they always use a sandal made of palm-leaves. Walking on these salt plains is like walking on a rough sheet of ice. In some places it is three feet thick. It is cut out in bricks, and as it goes into the inland, it is taxed. You may buy a good mule in some parts far from the coast for three bricks of salt.

In the south of the country you find good horses and excellent riders. The hyena creeps into the towns, and the people are foolish enough to leave it alone, savage as it is, from some superstitious notion. The zebra, too, appears in the south; but the ostrich

is not common. Black ants, nearly an inch long, will eat your carpets, no doubt to encourage trade, as carpets are made in the country. The people also make saddles, and tan hides to perfection, and have a few manufactures in iron.

Travellers tell strange stories. Mr. Bruce tells us when a gentleman gives a dinner-party, he has a bullock brought to his door. Its feet are tied, and it is partly skinned, while alive, and solid pieces of beef are cut out of its flanks. The prodigious noise which the poor animal makes is a sort of dinner-bell to call the company to their meal.

Besides the Blue and White Nile, there is a third stream called the Black Nile, which rises also in Abyssinia. This is the most eastern branch. Soon after receiving the Black Nile, the grand old river makes a huge bend like the letter S. After running due north, as if it wished to reach the sea as quickly as possible, it suddenly changes its mind, and runs south-west, as if it had a mind to pour all its white, blue, and black waters into the thirsty lap of Negroland, instead of giving its treasures to the sea; but, changing its mind once more, it takes Nature's advice, and, after leaving a lot of soft Abyssinian mud (all coming from the Blue stream), and enriching Egypt with untold wealth, it pours its waters into the Mediterranean, where Black, Blue, and White might tell, if they could, strange stories of their birth and bringing up.

A CLEVER DOG.

A YOUNG lady living in Shropshire owns a very handsome brown fox-terrier, named Minto. Minto is a great pet with every one, and though she is a very gentle creature to those she knows, she is fierce at beggars or strangers who dare to set foot on her master's premises.

One day Minto's mistress was much distressed, as she had lost a gold locket which she wore and valued. She remembered having crossed a field in her father's grounds in the morning, where the grass was growing for hay. After hunting everywhere else for her locket, she thought struck her that she might have dropped it in the long grass. She set off at once for the field, followed by her faithful companion, Minto.

She used to chatter to the dog in the same way as she would to a human being. In her distress she turned round rather sharply to the dog, who was close at heel, and said,—

'Minto, can't you find my locket?'

Minto looked at her for a moment, then suddenly left her side and ran on in front in the narrow pathway, with her nose on the ground, sniffing. Presently the animal came to a tuft of coarse grass. She suddenly stopped, thrust her nose in amongst the grass, and then threw her head up and gave a long, low howl. Her mistress did not notice her at first, but at last she noticed the dog's strange behaviour. On going up to the spot she saw Minto standing, looking very proud, with the gold locket lying at her feet!

But for Minto she could not have found it, for it had fallen into the midst of the long grass.

L. G. M. B.



A Clever Dog. By HARRISON WEIR.



"Betty brought him into the house, and shut the door."

N. or M.

(Continued from page 220.)

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN the next few days Dr. Carlyon went in every morning to see Mike Warren, and every morning and evening prayed for him publicly in little Bydown Church (and who knows how often privately?), for he was indeed afflicted and distressed in mind, body, and estate, so ill that it very soon became evident he could not be brought up before the magistrates on the day first named, and that the case would have to be remanded again. This also put off Molly and Nora's return home, for they were bound to appear as witnesses, and though they were longing to go home they could not have borne to go while Mike lay so ill in Northbury Jail with his innocence still unproved.

Every morning they used to walk across the downs with Dr. Carlyon, and wait for him on the slope of the hill till he came back, watching eagerly for the first sight of his face to try and read in it if Mike were better before he was near enough to tell them.

But every day the Doctor came back with a graver, sadder face, and with no brighter news of poor Mike, who lay tossing in high fever, wandering and delirious, or sunk in weakness and exhaustion. Sometimes he seemed to know the little Doctor, and to be pleased to see him; but, mostly, there was no recognition in his strained bright eyes that wandered so restlessly along the barred window and white-washed walls, as if the spirit were beating against the bars of its bodily prison struggling to get free.

In all his constant talk there was no word of the watch; but one morning, when Dr. Carlyon came in, the guard said he thought he was coming to it at last, for he had heard him say several times, 'It is all gold, pure gold;' and he said it again as Dr. Carlyon stood by his side.

'Where is it, Mike?' he asked; 'where is it?' but Mike only answered, 'Across the sea;' and they thought he was wandering again.

He was quieter now, and Dr. Carlyon tried reading to him, and with the words 'pure gold' in his mind, opened his Bible at the account of the heavenly Jerusalem, the city of 'pure gold like unto clear glass.'

He hardly thought that Mike was conscious of his reading, and only hoped that the sound of his voice might soothe him, as it did sometimes; and much less did he imagine that the boy was listening to and understanding what he read, till he stopped and saw the bright eyes intently fixed on him, and heard the dry lips say, 'Again.'

He read it through again, and then Mike said 'Thank you,' and Dr. Carlyon came away, feeling more comforted about him.

When he told Molly and Nora what had happened they were able to throw a light on the matter, and they told him how they had been reading to Mike about Peru and the golden cities out there, and how the Eldorado across the sea had caught Mike's fancy, and even penetrated into Elizabeth's little clouded mind, and how he had talked so much about it, and

planned how he might cross the sea and reach the golden city.

'God grant he may!' said Dr. Carlyon; but he was thinking of another sea and a better city.

That evening, just as it was getting dusk, and Betty was lighting Dr. Carlyon's lamp to take into the study, Neville Carson came to the Vicarage. He had not been to read with the Doctor since his accident, and he had not cared to come into Bydown at all since Mike had been in prison, for the feeling against him was very strong; and, now that it was believed that Mike was going to die, every man, woman, and child in Bydown were inclined to point to Neville as the cause of his death. Neville did not fully realise the feeling against him; but he knew that he was not popular, and kept away as much as he could; but this evening he came down to the Vicarage about some books that had been ordered from London, and had not come.

It was three days since Nora had seen him at the Hall, when Colonel Mervyn was so kind and comforting; and he was so far from Molly and Nora's thoughts, that when he came to the door they did not recognise him in the first minute; but, when they did, they jumped up and ran out of the other door as if he had been a mad dog, Molly's ball of wool dragging behind and twisting round the legs of the chairs and table as if on purpose to complicate the situation.

'Hullo!' Neville said; 'I'm not going to bite you; you needn't be off in such a hurry. I want Dr. Carlyon. Is he at home?'

Betty heard what he said, and had the lamp in her hand ready to bring in, but she made no answer, and set the lamp down again and stayed in the kitchen; so Neville had to grope his way across the dark room to Dr. Carlyon's door, and find out for himself that he was at home.

It was too dark to read in the study, and Dr. Carlyon knew that Betty did not like to be hurried about the lamp; but those quiet twilight hours could always be made good use of, and poor Mike Warren had always his share of the Doctor's thoughts at such times.

He received Neville Carson very kindly as usual; and if ever Neville appeared to advantage, it certainly was with the little Doctor; pretence was so useless, and assumption so entirely thrown away in his company, that it was not worth while to be anything but natural.

There was no need to stand on his dignity or study appearances, Dr. Carlyon was too blind to be impressed in any way, and in his simple humility seemed set apart, and somehow above competition.

While Neville sat and talked to the Doctor in the dark little study, Betty went down on an errand to the village; and Molly and Nora, who knew from experience how prolonged those evening visits to the village always were, though Betty always protested she would not be gone a couple of minutes, did not expect her back for ever so long, and kept in the kitchen so as to be out of the way when Neville left.

But Betty came back sooner than they expected, and in such a strange, excited, upset condition, that it quite frightened them.

'Is young Carson gone?' was her first question.

'Well, there! I did think as he'd be off by now! Whatever do he want stopping about here when it's dark, and he've been so ill?'

Molly and Nora could not feel much anxiety about his health, though they did wish him gone, and they wondered at Betty's nervous wish to get rid of him.

'Couldn't you just go in, Miss Molly, and say it's getting late, and he'd best be off?'

But Molly refused.

'Couldn't you say as the Doctor's wanted particler, Miss Nora?'

'But he's not,' said matter-of-fact Nora. 'Bother Neville Carson! Come and show me how to turn the heel of my sock, Betty.'

But Betty was all in a fidget, and could not sit down or keep still for two minutes together, but kept jumping up and going to the back door, and peering out into the darkness, or to the study-door to listen to the low hum of voices inside.

At last she took up the lamp. 'I can't abear it!' she said. 'I've not spoke to him since poor Mike was took; but I can't sit here without a word of warning.'

And Betty knocked at the study door, and took the lamp in, and set it on the table.

'Thank you, Betty,' said the Doctor.

She was making all sorts of mysterious signs to Neville, but his eyes were dazzled with the sudden light, and he did not notice till she put her hand on his shoulder.

'Master Neville,' she said, 'you'd best be home as quick as you can, and over the hill, not through the village.'

He drew his shoulder away from her hand haughtily, and went on with the sentence she had interrupted.

'Master Neville——' she said again. If she had said 'Mr. Carson,' he might have listened, but it wounded his dignity to be addressed like that, so he took no notice, and Betty came out, not at all relieved in her mind.

'Betty,' Nora said, 'I thought I heard some one outside; and, when I went to the door, I am sure I heard whispering in the lane.'

Betty sat down and rocked herself backwards and forwards in her chair. 'Mussy on us!' she groaned.

'Whatever will come of it? Goodness knows!'

'What is it, Betty? What's the matter?'

'Matter, Miss Molly! They'll pretty near murder him, and all through me. I wish my tongue had been cut out afore ever I breathed the word as he was here; but I never dreamed as they'd take it up so violent. You know how they feels about poor Mike, much as we do for that matter; but men be so unreasonable when they're put out, and a drop of drink along with it. There was a lot of them down at the Red Lion; they'd been hay-making all day, and Farmer Holloway don't stint the beer, he don't; and Bob Giles was in one of his tantrums, along of having notice to quit his cottage,—and serve him right, I say,—a drinking, worthless chap as ever breathed; but anyhow, he were going on against the gentry, saying as they'd no right to what God's given them, and honest folk ought to have their share, which wouldn't make no odds to him as

isn't any more honest than he's sober; and then he brings up poor Mike Warren's name, and flies out about Neville Carson; and the men was ready enough to sing to that tune, I'll warrant; and just as they was all in a fury, some one comes in and says I'd told him young Carson was here with the parson, as I *did* just mention it by the way to Mrs. Jones, and then they all ups and says they'll pay him out. I run as fast as ever I could, hoping to get him clear off, and no harm done; but there they be out in the lane waiting for him to come out, and when folk's blood is up mischief's sure to follow. Oh, deary, deary! What is to be done?'

Molly and Nora looked at one another aghast, and even as they looked a sound in the lane told them that Betty was right, and that there was a gathering there; and when they went out at the back door, and a little way towards the gate, it was still more evident. What could be done?

'Oh, Betty! what will they do to him?'

'Goodness knows!' Betty's apron was over her face, and she had given herself over to despair. 'Just to think of his poor mother, a widder woman, though she be a lady, and thought to have lost him not a fortnight agone!'

But if anything was to be done it must be done at once, for at that moment the study door opened, and they heard Neville saying 'Good-night' to the Doctor.

Molly and Nora, on the impulse of the moment, ran, one to Dr. Carlyon, and the other after Neville Carson, while Betty rushed out of the door and round the house, and stood in the path between Neville and the fate that awaited him at the gate.

Nora seized him by the arm. 'Stop!' she gasped. 'You must not go. Come back.'

Her voice, trembling and weak as it was, had been heard in the lane, and there was a stir there, and a hand on the gate as if the men might be coming into the Vicarage garden even to drag him out; and Nora began pulling Neville with all her might towards the house, and Betty, putting both her strong hands on his shoulders, literally ran him back in spite of all his dignity.

'What do you mean?' he said, angrily. 'Leave me alone, can't you?'

But Betty had brought him into the house and shut the door, and stood with her back to it and her arms crossed, and an expression on her face that meant, 'You must pass over my dead body if you mean to go this way.'

'Do you know,' she said, 'that more than half Bydown's outside, and they'll pretty well kill you if you go out.'

'They're angry with you about poor Mike,' Nora explained; 'and they've been drinking, poor things!'

Just then Dr. Carlyon and Molly came out of the study. Molly had been explaining the state of affairs to him. He brought out the lamp and set it on the table, and by its light Neville's face looked very pale and frightened. He had never a very stout heart, and it was enough to make a braver one quail to hear the murmur outside, which, now that the men knew their presence was discovered, swelled ominously.

(To be continued.)



A DOG'S GRATITUDE.

THE following is a wonderful instance of a dog's gratitude and instinct:—A Dalmatian dog, who lives at Worthing, suffered from cataract in his eyes, and was cured by a veterinary surgeon living at Findon, who is in the habit of coming to Worthing twice a-week, always on the same days and at the same time. The dog having been visited more than once, knew the days and time; and ever since he was cured he has gone two or three miles along the road

to meet the surgeon, and will not leave him all the time he is in the town. No one can persuade him to forget his benefactor, whatever the weather may be.

GUTTA - PERCHA.

IN Borneo and Malacca there abounds a tree, the name of which is *Isonandra percha*, having a trunk which is sometimes five or six feet in diameter. Its wood is of no value, but when an incision is made



through the bark and into the heart of the tree there flows from it a milky fluid, which soon becomes solid. This is the gutta-percha which we all know about. Although first brought to Europe as early as 1822, its value was not recognised until twenty years later. When softened by heat it easily takes an impression, and hence it is used to make beautiful mouldings, picture-frames, and other ornamental objects. Gutta-percha is a non-conductor of electricity, and is not affected by water. It is largely used as a coating for wires in the ocean cables of the Electric Telegraph. Tubes, bands and straps for machinery, cords, belts, rollers for cotton-spinning machinery, and many other useful articles, are now made from it. A. R. B.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

By HARRY CASTLEMON.

CHAPTER I.—‘HARK BACK!’

LOOK out thar, Dannie! Don’t run over a feller!’

Dan Evans, who was trudging along the dusty road, with his eyes fastened thoughtfully on the ground, and his mind so wholly given up to meditation that he did not know what was going on around him, stopped suddenly when these words fell upon his ear, and looked up to find himself confronted by a horseman, who had checked his nag just in time to prevent the animal from stepping on the boy. He was a small planter in the neighbourhood, and Dan was well acquainted with him.

'You're gettin' to be sich rich folk up to your house that you look fur everybody to get outen your way, I reckon; don't you?' continued the planter, with a good-natured smile.

'Rich!' repeated Dan, flushing angrily, as he drew his tattered coat about him. He did not know what the planter meant, and thought he was making sport of his poverty. 'I can't help it kase I don't wear good clothes like Don and Bert, kin I? I work monstrous hard —'

'And get well paid fur it, too, I tell you,' interrupted the horseman. 'I'd be glad of a chance to 'arn that much money myself. You needn't wear sich clothes as them no longer, kase Dave an' you is pardners, most likely, an' he'll do what's right by you.'

'Dave!' echoed Dan, who now began to listen more eagerly.

'Yes. He's a powerful smart boy, Dave is, an' I'm glad to see him so lucky. He took home a wad of greenbacks this arternoon as big as that,' said the planter, pushing back his sleeve and showing his brawny wrist.

Dan fairly gasped for breath. He backed toward a log by the roadside and seated himself upon it, letting his rifle fall out of his hands in his excitement.

'Yes,' continued the planter, who seemed to be a little surprised at Dan's behaviour; 'them quails reached that man up North all right, an' to-day the money come—a hundred an' ninety-two dollars an' a half.'

Dan gasped again, and, taking off his hat, drew his coat-sleeve across his forehead.

'Yes. Silas Jones, he took twenty-eight dollars outen it fur freight an' give Dave the balance—a trifle over a hundred an' sixty-four dollars. I was in the store at the time, an' it did me good to see Dave take them thar greenbacks an' walk out.'

'Whar—whar's the money now?' Dan managed to ask at last.

'Why, he took it home with him, I reckon. What else should he do with it? Now, Dannie, don't you get on a high hoss an' say that you won't look at us common folk any more.'

With this parting advice the planter rode off, leaving Dan sitting on his log, lost in wonder. It was a long time before he recovered himself, and when he did, he jumped to his feet as if he had just thought of something that ought to have been attended to long ago, caught up his rifle and disappeared in the woods.

This incident happened on the same day on which Silas Jones paid David for the quails he had shipped by the steamer *Emma Deane*. As soon as David had received the reward of his labours he made all haste to reach home. He found his mother there, but before he said a word to her about his good fortune he walked around the cabin two or three times and looked sharply in every direction, to make sure that his brother Dan was nowhere in the vicinity; and having satisfied himself on this point, he went in and laid the roll of greenbacks in his mother's lap.

David had reason to feel proud, for he had earned the money in spite of many obstacles. In the first place, there was Dan, who, when he learned that his

brother was in a fair way to earn a handsome sum of money by trapping quails and shipping them to a man in the North, who had advertised for them, determined to share in the proceeds of his work, and offered to go into partnership with him; but David would not consent, and this made Dan his enemy. Dan declared that not a quail should be caught in those fields. He would hunt up his brother's traps, and if there were any birds in them he would wring their necks, and then he would smash the traps.

Godfrey Evans, Dan's father and David's, was in deep disgrace. He had robbed Clarence Gordon of twenty dollars on the highway, and for fear that he would be arrested and punished for it, he took to the woods and stayed there. He lived on a little island in the bayou, about two miles from the settlement, which had been his hiding-place during the war when the Union forces were raiding that part of Mississippi. Here he lived in a miserable brush lean-to, with no companion but his rifle, until his hiding-place was accidentally discovered by Dan during one of his rambles in the woods.

Of course Godfrey was anxious to know what had been going on in the settlement since he left, and among other things Dan told him that David was going to make himself rich by catching quails, but that he (Dan) had resolved to put a stop to it by breaking his traps. After hearing a statement of the case, Godfrey told his hopeful son that if he wished to be revenged upon David for his refusal to go into partnership with him, there was a better way than that. It was not to their interest to interfere with the boy trapper in any manner. Let him go on and catch the birds, and when his work was done and he had received the money for it, then it would be time for them to act. They would take the money themselves and divide it equally between them. Godfrey did not say what he intended to do with his share when he got it, but he drew the most glowing pictures of the comforts and luxuries with which Dan could provide himself when he received the money that would fall to his lot. Dan wanted to live just as Don and Bert Gordon lived. He wanted a spotted pony, a breech-loading shot-gun, a jointed fish-pole, and a sail-boat; and in order to insure his earnest assistance in the scheme he proposed, Godfrey held out the idea that for seventy-five dollars (they expected that David would receive one hundred and fifty dollars for his birds, and that would give them just seventy-five dollars apiece, if the money were equally divided) all these things could be purchased, and besides something would be left to be invested in good clothes.

Dan was delighted with his father's plans, and from that hour was as much interested in David's success as David was himself. It chanced, too, that he was able to defeat a plot which, if carried into execution, would have worked much injury to the boy trapper. It turned out that there were two other persons in the settlement whom David had reason to fear. They were Lester Brigham and Bob Owens; and as they did not expect to share in the money after David earned it, they were determined that he should not earn any at all. They were disappointed applicants for the very contract that had been given to David. When they read the

advertisement in the *Rod and Gun*, calling for fifty dozen live quails, they lost no time in replying to it; but they were just three days too late, the wide-awake Don Gordon having already secured the order for David Evans.

When Bob and Lester found this out they were very angry. Bob wanted a breech-loader as much as Dan did. Almost every boy in the settlement with whom he associated owned one, and seventy-five dollars would put him in possession of one, too. He had long been on the look-out for a chance to earn that amount of money, and when it was almost within his grasp it was snatched from him by that meddlesome Don Gordon and handed over to that ragamuffin Dave Evans. This was the way Bob and his friend looked at the matter, and after they had talked it over they came to the conclusion that David had no business with so much money, and that he should not have it. They wrote to the man who had advertised for the quails, telling him that the person to whom he had given the order was not reliable and could not furnish him with the birds.

The first thing they did was to try to frighten David by threatening him with the terrors of a law which did not exist. Lester told him that if he trapped quails and sent them out of the state he would render himself liable to fine and imprisonment; but David knew better, and positively refused to give up his chances of earning an honest dollar, although Lester threatened to beat him with his riding-whip if he did not. Being defeated at this point, the conspirators tried another plan. They drew up a constitution and bye-laws for the government of a Sportsmen's Club, and Lester started out to obtain signers to it. He first called upon Don and Bert Gordon, for he knew that if he could secure their names, he could secure Fred and Joe Packard's, too, and, through the influence of these four, every young sportsman in the settlement could be brought into the club. But Don and Bert did not like Lester, and neither did they like the object for which the club was to be organized. They saw plainly that Bob and Lester were trying to form a combination against David Evans, and as they could not assist in any such business as that they declined to put down their names.

Highly enraged over their second failure, Bob and Lester prepared to take vengeance on the brothers, which they did that very night by setting fire to their shooting-box, which was located on the shore of the lake. Then, being determined that they would not give up until David had been driven from the field, they decided upon another plan, which was to set their own traps, which they had made in expectation of receiving the order, capture as many birds as they could, and at the same time watch David's traps and steal every quail they found in them. But this plan failed also. The quails would not get into their traps and they could not find any of David's. The reason was because they looked on Godfrey's plantation for them, and David's traps were all set in General Gordon's fields.

The conspirators did not know that Don and Bert were assisting David in his work, but they found it out one morning by accident. They saw the three boys in the act of transferring their captured quails

from a trap to a large coop they had placed in a waggon, and following the waggon as it left the field, they saw that when the captives were removed from the coop they were put into one of the General's unoccupied negro cabins. After comparing notes they made up their minds that the cabin was almost full of birds, and that if they could only force an entrance into it, they would be well repaid for their trouble. They could steal some of them, and those they could not carry away they could liberate. They made the attempt that same night, and were sorry enough for it afterward. Dan Evans was on the watch, and he defeated their designs very neatly by directing the attention of Don's hounds to them. The fierce animals forced the young robbers to take refuge on the top of the cabin, and there they remained until the General came down and released them in the morning.

While these incidents, which we have so hurriedly described, were taking place in the settlement, some others that have a connexion with our story were transpiring a little way out of it. The most important of these was the discovery of Godfrey's hiding-place by Don and his brother, who went up the bayou duck-hunting. It happened on the same day that Dan discovered it, and led to a good many incidents, some of which we have yet to describe. The most amusing, perhaps, was the stratagem to which Godfrey resorted to drive Don and Bert away from the island.

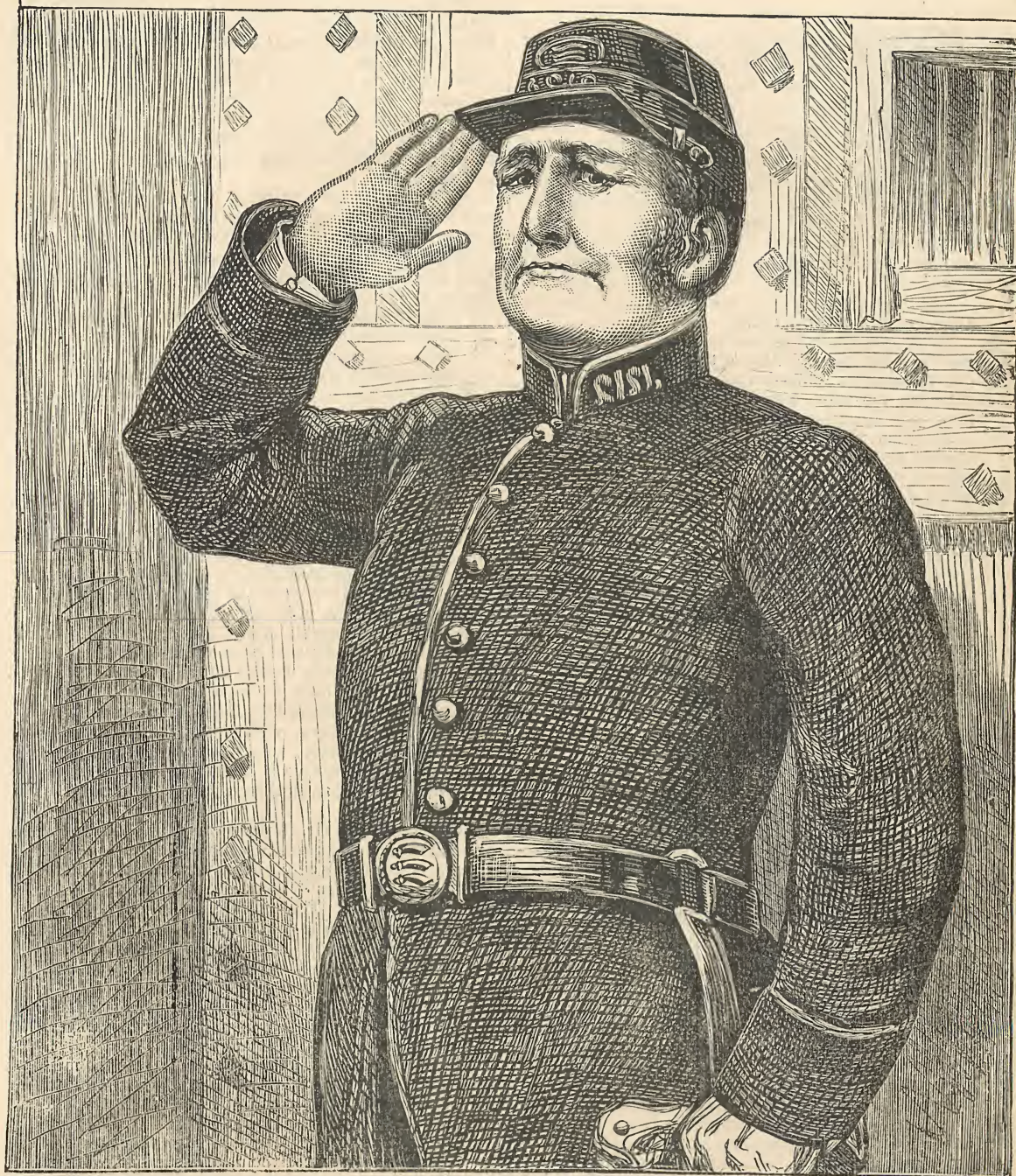
The brothers landed to take a few minutes' rest after their long pull, and the first thing Don discovered was his canoe, which he valued highly, and which had been stolen from him a few days before. The thief was Godfrey Evans, who made use of the canoe in passing from the mainland to his hiding-place on the island. The fresh footprints, which were plainly visible in the soft mud, showed that there was somebody besides themselves on the island, and they resolved to find out who he was. While they were advancing along a narrow path leading toward the interior, Godfrey, who with Dan was concealed in the cane at the other end of the path, imitated the growl of some wild animal so perfectly that Don and Bert, who were armed only with their light breech-loaders, made all haste to reach their boat and push off into the stream. Perhaps the remembrance of the scenes that had once been enacted in that same cane-brake added to their terror. The place was known as Bruin's Island, from the fact that a savage old bear had once made his den there, and had been killed only after a severe fight, during which he had wounded two men and destroyed a number of dogs.

Don and Bert really believed that another bear had taken possession of the island, and they resolved to dislodge him; so they secured the services of David Evans and his rusty single-barrel shot-gun, and the next morning returned to the island, accompanied by two good dogs, and armed with weapons better adapted to hunting such large game than their little fowling-pieces were, Don being armed with his trusty rifle, and Bert with his father's heavy duck gun. They wanted to shoot the bear if they could, and if they failed in that, they came provided with tools and bait with which to set a trap that would catch him alive.

(To be continued.)



Don and Bert making haste to reach their boat.



The tall Guard saluting the little Doctor.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 227.)

BETTY, undo the door, if you please,' said Dr. Carlyon.

Betty as a rule obeyed without question; but now it was more than she was capable of.

'You'll never go for to go out to them,' she said; 'they don't know what they're at, they're so fierce like. You may get a stone shied at you before they sees who it be. Let

Master Neville bide here; I'll make him up a bed in no time, and he can go home in the morning all right.'

But Dr. Carlyon shook his head. 'I must trouble you to undo the door, Betty.'

'You're never going out without so much as a stick in your hand? Here's this big un behind the door, 'twould be somat if they turned on ye.'

'Open the door, Betty. Have I loved them so long that I cannot trust them now?'

And then Betty without another word took down the bar and stood back, and the little Doctor went out while Neville drew back to the study door, and seized the stick that the Doctor had despised.

There was, indeed, more than half Bydown outside; the lane was thronged from end to end, and if only a few of them meant mischief, the others were not there to prevent it; and there were women there too, pushing forward, anxious to see all that was doing, and making no effort to speak gentler counsels.

There was a murmur of 'Here he comes!' as the Vicarage door opened, and then there was silence; for there was no mistaking the little figure that stood out black against the light from the door, a figure well known in Bydown through many years of storm and sunshine, at christenings, weddings, funerals, at the schools, by the dying bed, with any who were sick, or sorrowful, or sinful,—the little ould parson.

Hands grasped sticks less firmly, stones dropped quietly back into the road, and several of the foremost fell back, not caring to be seen by the Doctor, and the fringes of the little crowd began to thin off, some of the women remembering that the children at home in bed might wake and that there was supper to be seen to.

Dr. Carlyon came down to the gate, and peered over it through the darkness at the collected people.

'Good evening, friends,' he said. 'Peace be unto you.' The words his Master said to His disciples.

Peace had not been their intention when they came; but the very word seemed to have a soothing power, and even those who had been foremost in urging the others to anger and revenge did not find anything to say just now. There was an awkward silence, and several slipped away, glad to get out of it; and, at last, one of those standing near said,—

'Why you've not got ne'er a hat on neither, sir, and there's nothing as gives cold as sure as that do; and night air too, though it be summer time, however. Make so bould if you'd put on mine, 'twould, maybe, save ye being laid up. There, don't'ee think for me

neither, I'll put my hankercher round my head as is often my ways.'

It was Bob Giles, the ringleader himself, who offered his hat, and Dr. Carlyon at once accepted it, though there was a decided opinion among the other men that 'Bob Giles were making too free, and that he didn't ought to take upon hisself that way.'

But the Doctor said, 'Thank you, Giles; I am much obliged. I am going with your young Squire, Mr. Carson, as far as Bydown Hall, but I will let you have your hat the first thing to-morrow. Good-night, and thank you.'

Then he went back to fetch Neville; but Neville was thoroughly frightened and cowed, and could hardly be persuaded to come out of the study.

'Mary and Nora are coming too,' said Dr. Carlyon; 'and I would not let them go if there were any danger. Put on your hats, my dears.'

So Molly and Nora, with many inward misgivings, but much outward bravery, put on their hats, and, Dr. Carlyon going out first, still with Bob Giles's hat on, they followed with Neville between them.

The crowd had mostly dispersed, but there were a few men still in the lane who made way for them to pass, and answered the Doctor's 'good-night,' and Neville with his escort passed unmolested through the village and along the road to Bydown Park.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE next day was Sunday, and Dr. Carlyon did not go over to Northbury till the afternoon. He had come home the day before much more hopeful about Mike; the boy's interest in the chapter he had read, and his taking more notice of what was said to him, seemed very favourable signs; but that afternoon, when he joined Molly and Nora on the hill-side, the hope had been entirely dashed to the ground. Mike had been raving ever since—the guard told Dr. Carlyon—of the Golden City, mixing up scraps from the conquest of Peru, wild adventure, bloodshed, treachery, and cruelty, with verses from the Revelation of the Heavenly City, where there is no more death or sorrow, where nothing that defileth or maketh a lie shall enter.

So he was, when Dr. Carlyon was there, struggling with the fierce, unnatural strength of fever to break away from the man's detaining hand, to reach the gate which seemed to him so near, and which shall not be shut at all by day. The only thing that quieted him for a time was hearing that chapter read, and though the guard had done it himself several times, he was almost afraid to let the Doctor do it, as it only seemed to feed the feverish fancy of the boy's brain.

'Where is the lad's mother?' Dr. Jones asked, and Dr. Carlyon promised to tell her of his danger, and bring her over the next morning.

But when Farmer Holloway's gig was at the mill door all ready to take her, and Molly prepared to drive, at the very last moment Mrs. Warren would not go. Perhaps she was really too ill; she had given way to her nerves and fancies so long that now she really could not control them, and she had worked herself up into a state of hysterical excitement at the idea of seeing Mike in prison, and of all the Bydown folks, and Northbury too, pointing at her as the mother of a thief; and even the thought of

going in at the great jail door, with its bolts and bars that she had often seen from the outside and looked at with awe, added to her terror, so that when Dr. Carlyon came to fetch her, he found her sobbing on the sofa, and could get nothing out of her but tears.

It was in vain that he told her how seriously Dr. Jones thought of Mike's case, and that perhaps to-morrow might be too late to see him, speaking more plainly to her than he had even done to his own heart. It was no good, and he came out, feeling less patient and forbearing to the woman than he had ever done before, though his manner was still gentle and kind.

Elizabeth was standing at the door as he came out, and he stopped to pat her head, and she put her hand in his and walked down the path to the gate with him, and watched him as he climbed up into the gig by Molly's side, and then she stretched out her arms and said, 'Me too! me too!'

'We will take her,' Dr. Carlyon said; 'we will take her to see Michael. She is his sister,' and he got down again and lifted Elizabeth up into the gig.

As they went through the village, the people smiled to see the child in her pink sun-bonnet between Molly and Dr. Carlyon.

'If there isn't Mrs. Warren's 'Lizabeth! Well a never! Where be going to, 'Lizabeth?'

And the child answered back with the same serious look as ever, 'To Mike—to the Golden City.'

Nora could not consent to stop behind in Bydown while Molly drove into Northbury, especially as the Doctor had half promised that they might go in and see Mike; so she had set off directly after breakfast, walking, and had been overtaken by Colonel Mervyn driving a fast-trotting thoroughbred in a high dog-cart. He was on his way to the magistrates' meeting at Northbury, and had driven round by Bydown. He recognised his little friend of the week before and stopped to pick her up, and Nora soon found herself perched up by his side, telling him all that had happened about poor Mike, and how Neville Carson had narrowly escaped rough treatment at the hands of the Bydown people.

He was very much interested, and rather amused, at the idea of Neville Carson, with all his fine, manly airs and show-off manners, being indebted to Dr. Carlyon and two little girls for protection against the crowd, and he was very sorry to hear of Mike's continued and dangerous illness.

He set down Nora outside the jail, as she declined his offer to take her in, for she felt that she required the protection of Molly and the Doctor to go in at that awful gate, and she remained studying the great square-headed nails on the door, and the spikes along the wall till they arrived. She had a long time to wait, for she had set out early and had come in very quickly behind Colonel Mervyn's thoroughbred, and she saw the prison van drive out, taking the prisoners to the court, and she thought that Mike would have been in that gloomy, black van, if he had not been so ill.

She thought Dr. Carlyon would never come, that some accident must have happened to the gig, or that they had come another way, and she had missed them. She got rather frightened, too, at being alone

outside the jail, and thought that perhaps a murderer might escape and come over the wall; and it was a great relief to her mind when she saw Dr. Carlyon and Molly coming with Elizabeth between them. They had put up the horse in Northbury, and walked on to the jail.

Elizabeth was holding a hand of each, and there was an eager, animated look on her face which was very unusual in her.

'Where is Mrs. Warren?' asked Nora.

'She would not come,' answered Molly.

'She could not come,' amended the Doctor.

The girls felt rather a quaver of fear as the great jail door opened to admit them, and closed again behind them with a resounding clash; and though the tall guard gave the little Doctor a military salute, and treated them with great respect, they felt much in awe of him.

They went up some steps which were holystoned in ornamental patterns, as if anything could remove the grimness of the place, and then the guard opened another great, heavy door, and they came out into a quadrangle, which they crossed, and another iron gate had to be unlocked to admit them to the long, stone passage beyond. If only Mike had not been shut up there it would all have been very interesting to the girls; but the thought of him spoiled it all. They had to stand back once and wait while a gang of prisoners passed, some in striped yellow and black coats like wasps, and others in dull grey; and they looked in at the chapel and saw the half circle of little boxes, tier above tier, in which the prisoners are locked at service time. The guard offered to show them the treadmill, but the Doctor declined, and they went along the passage, and up a flight of steps to the infirmary. Their footsteps made a hollow echo along the stone passages, and every door that was opened for them to pass, clashed and clanged and reverberated, and 'everything,' as Molly said afterwards, 'smelt so horribly clean,' from which one might conclude that she preferred the smell of dirt.

Even though the girls had been eager to come and see Mike, when the moment actually came, and the guard, who had conducted them, opened a door and stood back for them to pass, Molly and Nora drew back nervously, and let Dr. Carlyon and Elizabeth go in first.

Elizabeth seemed to have no fear or dread; but she had followed on, holding the Doctor's hand, through the great prison doors, and along the echoing passages, with the same calm, intent look on her face it had borne all along. Did she still think she was going to the Golden City? If so, it was a gloomy way to such brightness.

She recognised Mike directly, though Molly and Nora could hardly believe that it could be their old playfellow, merry, and mischievous, and gipsy-like, who lay there, propped up with pillows, and his head bound up in damp cloths that made his white, drawn face look more ghastly, with its great burning eyes and hot, parched lips.

(To be continued.)



A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXII.—ZANZIBAR.



to the east of Africa is Zanzibar, or Zanguebar, a long coast line, with an unknown depth of country belonging to it. It has its name from one small island named Zanzibar. Part of the coast is extremely dangerous, but there are some fine harbours. In one place you find yourself in a very labyrinth of islands and rocks. Then, again, you sail by low, swampy shores, overgrown with mangroves. The mangrove is a curious plant. It loves the mud, and grows in dense forests, even at the edge of the sea, and below high-water mark; so that, on the retiring of the tide, the stems are often covered with oysters and other shell-fish. It is a useful tree. The bark tans leather and cures fevers, the wood takes a fine polish, and the pith is used as food.

Then you see cliffs of coral and cocoa-nut groves which mark the locality of villages. On your other side, out at sea, are lines of sand and coral-reefs; and then, as you near the mouth of some big river, you are in an archipelago of low, marshy islands.

North of Zanzibar Island is Pemba Island, or the Green Island. It is a most lonely-looking spot. It is a perfect granary; so is Zanzibar. Sugar, in great quantities, is raised here; and here they make the round shields of rhinoceros-hide which the Imaum of Muscat puts in the hands of his guards. This Imaum, or Sultan, is a great prince. He lives at Muscat, on the Persian Gulf, and exercises a widespread authority.

Zanzibar is a well-watered country, and the heat is great. The climate is not favourable to Europeans. Many die of coast fever, as it is called. A portion of the coast about the town of Mombas has been placed under British protection.

The Gallas, a fine race, have long ages ago invaded Africa, and many of them are to be seen in Zanzibar. They are probably Asiatics, and are very like the Tartars in their habits. They are black rambles, big and athletic, armed with bows and arrows, fierce and faithless. About Mombas, where we have a promising missionary station, is another tribe, more hopeful than the Gallas. These are the Wanyekahs, fairly civilised people. They live in large villages, which are protected by double walls of strong thorn-hedges. They are better dressed and better armed than the Arabs, and they seem to have, at one time, possessed the entire coast of East Africa, which is now chiefly in Ishmaelite hands.

Ruins of old Portuguese castles are scattered about the coast. Those once-venturesome mariners conquered Mozambique, and built a city there. This place stands on a small, narrow, low island of coral. The European houses of stone look curious side by side with the bamboo huts of the natives and their roofs of plaited cocoa-nut leaves. The trade here was once considerable, but it has declined since the Portuguese power in India went down.

It was from Zanzibar that Captains Burton and Speke started to explore the interior of Africa,

and made known to our astonished minds the great African lake region. Some distance below the Equator these brave men saw the great lake Tanganyika, which means 'the meeting of the waters.' It is an immense lake, and its outlet is unknown. Two other splendid lakes lie on the Equator, and seem to bound Zanzibar in that direction. One has been named the Victoria Nyanza, and the other Albert Nyanza. The first is 200 miles in diameter, the other 260 by 60. The Victoria is found to be the reservoir which supplies the White Nile with its waters. For many a long century men had wondered where Father Nile was cradled in his infancy. Emperors sent brave men to explore, philosophers and poets made many guesses; but it was reserved for Englishmen to solve the interesting problem.

From the middle of the northern boundary of the Victoria Nyanza lake the Nile issues with a leap, which is called the Ripon Falls. It then flows on to the Albert Nyanza, and thence murmurs seaward through the African wilderness.

Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., has given us a most interesting account of his journey through Zanzibar, and right away across the great continent. He incurred many of those perils which give a zest to travel. He lost his two friends, Moffat and Dillon, who were killed by the unwholesome climate; he fought his way through mud and sand, through heavy rains and fierce sunshine, among robbers and lion-haunted thickets, up and down bare and slippery sheets of quartz and granite, now deserted, now bullied and threatened, now too ill to walk, but ever pluckily and doggedly bearing on, until he reached the first great sight of his journey, the lake Tanganyika, which he thought was the sky, and the mountains beyond it were clouds. It was sixteen years to the day since Burton first set eyes on that same noble African lake.

EXPENSIVE DRESS.

EVEN in our days there are some who think there is cause to preach a crusade against extravagance in dress. But how simple the male attire of to-day is in comparison with that of bygone times!

It is on record, that the Duke of Buckingham had one suit so covered with diamonds and precious stones that its value was then fixed at 80,000*l*. Nor was this all. A great feather ornamented his cap; and this, too, had diamonds fastened on here and there. To this we must add, that his sword-belt, and even his spurs, were plentifully adorned in the same way. The Duke had twenty-seven suits; many of which were fit to match the one described.

After this, we are not surprised to learn, that Buckingham often had on his clothes diamonds fastened on so loosely that they fell to the ground if he moved briskly; and it was, of course, beneath him to receive them back when offered.

As an equal to this fine suit, we must go to a pair of shoes worn by Sir Walter Raleigh. These were covered in the same way with precious stones, and their value is put at 6600*l*.—a large sum to carry on one's feet! But Raleigh's suit of armour, made of solid silver, and ornamented with rubies, pearls, and even diamonds, must be held to surpass even the shoes. A. R. B.



AFRICA. — Zanzibar.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 231.)



It is proper to state that there was a bear, which divided his time about equally between the island and the main shore. But it was not a bear which the hounds scented; it was Godfrey Evans, who waited until both dogs and hunters were hidden from view by the cane, and then stepped into the bayou and struck out for the main land. The boys, how-

ever, firmly believed that the dogs had routed a bear, and they spent the day in building a trap for him, hoping that the next time they visited the island they would find the animal in it.

Now Godfrey had found it necessary to spend some of the money of which he had robbed Clarence Gordon, but he still had fourteen dollars of it left. As his pockets could not be depended upon to hold it, being full of holes, he hid the money in a hollow log, where he thought it would be safe. The sudden appearance of the young hunters and their dogs so greatly excited and alarmed him that he never thought of his treasure when he left the island, nor did he ever think of it again until Dan happened to mention it to him a day or two afterwards. Then Godfrey swam back to his old hiding-place, but the money could not be found. Don and his companions had changed the appearance of things considerably while they were building the trap. Thickets had been cut down, logs rolled out of the way, and Godfrey could not find the place where he had hidden his ill-gotten gains. Of course he was almost beside himself with fury, and for want of a better way of being revenged on the young hunters, he sprung their trap and carried off the lever, rope and bait. He would have been glad to tear the trap in pieces, but it had been built to resist the strength of a full-grown bear, and Godfrey could not move any of the logs. When Don and Bert came up in their boat, to see if the bear had been caught, they found their trap in the condition we have described. They set it again, and how their efforts were rewarded this time we have yet to tell.

Meanwhile the work of trapping the quails went bravely on. Assisted by Don and Bert, who devoted as many hours to the business as David did himself, the boy trapper saw money coming in every day in the shape of scores of little brown birds; and he would have been as happy as any fellow could well be, had it not been for two unpleasant incidents that happened a short time before the attempt was made to rob the cabin. One of these incidents was brought to his notice by his wide-awake enemies, Bob and Lester.

While these two worthies were discussing their prospects one night, shortly after dark, they detected somebody in the act of robbing Mr. Owens' smoke-house. They succeeded in getting near enough to the thief to see that it was Godfrey Evans, and this suggested to them another plan for compelling David to leave off trapping the quails. Instead of reporting the matter to Mr. Owens, as they ought to have

done, they sought an interview with David, and threatened that, in case he did not leave them a clear field, they would have his father arrested for burglary. Of course David had no peace of mind after that; and, as if to add to his troubles, his brother Dan, who had already been the means of swindling Don Gordon out of ten dollars, made an effort to extort ten dollars more from him by stealing his fine young pointer, *Dandy*. But David was able to defeat his scheme, though at serious loss to himself. He visited his father's new hiding-place in the woods, and, finding the pointer there, he succeeded in liberating him and starting him towards home; but in his desperate efforts to escape the punishment with which his angry parent threatened him, he was obliged to swim the bayou, and in so doing he lost his gun. He brought the pointer home, however, and saved Don's ten dollars.

But if David had more than his share of trouble, he also had much good luck. The quails got into his traps almost as fast as he wanted to take them out; and furthermore, General Gordon, who had long had his eye on the boy, was using his influence to secure for him the responsible position of Mail Carrier; but in so doing the General excited the jealousy of one of his neighbours, who envied him his popularity in the settlement, and would have been glad to injure him by any means in his power. This jealous neighbour was Mr. Owens, Bob's father.

At first Mr. Owens did not care who took the old mail-carrier's place, so long as it was not some one who was recommended by General Gordon; but after he had talked with Bob about it, it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing if his own son could have the position instead of that low fellow, Dave Evans. Bob thought so, too, and suddenly made up his mind that nothing could suit him better. More than that, he looked upon the matter as settled already. His father promised that he would do the best he could for him; Lester said that *his* father would furnish the required bonds, if he (Lester) asked him to do so: and Bob thought he needed nothing more. In his estimation, three hundred and sixty dollars a-year (that was what the old carrier received) was a sum of money that he would find it hard work to spend, and the belief that he would soon be in a fair way to earn it was all he had to comfort him when he saw David Evans walking up and down the river bank, with his hands in his pockets, surveying with great satisfaction the long line of coops which contained the captured quails, and which were piled there awaiting the arrival of the *Emma Deane*.

'Just look at him,' said Bob, in great disgust. 'One would think, by the airs he puts on, that he was worth a million dollars.'

'Let's come down here after dark and pitch every coop into the river,' said Lester.

'Why, he will stay here to watch them; won't he?'

'What of that? If he says a word we'll tumble him into the river, too!'

Bob said nothing would please him more. He and his crony rode down to the landing that night about nine o'clock, fully determined to carry out Lester's suggestion; but, to their great surprise and disappointment, they found David and his property well

guarded. A fire was burning brightly on the bank, and just in front of it was pitched a little lawn tent, which sheltered a merry party, consisting of Don and Bert Gordon, and Fred and Joe Packard, who were singing songs and telling stories while waiting for the supper and pot of coffee which David was preparing for them. David looked up when he heard the sound of their horses' feet, and a large, tawny animal arose from his bed on the other side of the fire and growled savagely. Bob and his companion waited to see and hear no more. They had no desire to trouble such fellows as Don Gordon and Fred Packard, either of whom could have whipped them both; and they stood in wholesome fear of that tawny animal behind the fire. It was the hound that had so nearly captured one of them on the night they attempted to break into the cabin in which the quails were confined. Without a word they turned their horses and rode homeward, and David and his property were allowed to rest in peace.

CHAPTER II.—A MIGHTY HUNTER.

THE shame and mortification which Bob and Lester experienced after being detected in their attempt to break into the negro cabin were of short duration. They gradually recovered their courage, and began to mingle again with their associates; and although they saw one or two sly winks exchanged the first time they went to the post-office, no one said anything to them about being treed on the top of the cabin, and they hoped the circumstance was not known. But still they felt guilty, and were much more at their ease when they were alone.

They had much to talk about. Lester could never cease grumbling because David had succeeded in his enterprise, in spite of all their efforts to defeat him; and Bob, who was full of dreams and glorious ideas, was continually talking about the fine things he would purchase when he became mail carrier, and was earning three hundred and sixty dollars a-year. Then he and his friend Lester would see no end of fun. They would have a canoe in the lake and a shooting-box on the shore. They would camp out twice a-year, as Don and Bert did, and they would have a crowd of fellows with them of their own choosing. As soon as Bob had earned money enough to purchase his breech-loader, he would invest in a dozen or two of decoys, and they would show that conceited Don Gordon that some boys were just as fine marksmen as he was, and could bag just as many birds in the course of a week's shooting.

Lester readily fell in with these ideas, and suggested that, as they had no better way of passing the time just then, it might be well to make the canoe at once. Then they could explore the lake from one end to the other, and select a good shooting point whereon to build their house. Bob thought so, too, and with the help of one of his father's negroes, who was handy with the axe, and had shaped more than one dugout, they succeeded, after two days' work, in producing a very neat little canoe, just about large enough to carry two persons and their camp equipage. Having no iron rowlocks, they made two paddles for it; and when they had given it a coat or two of lead-coloured paint, they told each other that it was a much better and handsomer

craft than Don Gordon's. On the same day on which David received his money for the quails, they put the canoe into a waggon, hauled it down to the lake and made it fast to a tree in front of Godfrey Evans' cabin, promising Dan, who happened to be at home, that they would give him a coin or two now and then if he would keep an eye on it, and see that no one ran off with it.

When they reached home they found Mr. Owens, who had just returned from the landing. They knew by the expression on his face that he had some news for them. Bob thought it must be something that related to his own prospects, and eagerly inquired,—

'Have I got the appointment, father? Am I mail carrier now?'

'Oh, it isn't time for that,' was the reply. 'I have not even made my bid yet. I don't know that you ought to have it, Bob. A boy who will let a fellow like Dave Evans carry off a pocketful of money from under his very nose I don't think much of.'

'Has he received it?' asked Lester.

'I should say so. I saw Silas Jones pay him over a hundred and sixty dollars.'

Lester pulled off his hat and threw himself on the porch beside Mr. Owens' chair, while Bob, who was so amazed and angry that he could not speak, stood still and looked at his father.

'See what you boys have lost by not having a little more "get-up" about you—eighty dollars apiece,' continued Mr. Owens. 'Where's your breech-loader now, Bob?'

'I could have bought one for that amount of money, and a jointed fish-pole besides,' said the boy, regretfully. 'I hope Dave will lose every cent of it.'

'He'll look out for that,' answered Mr. Owens, with a laugh. 'He has worked so hard for it that he'll not let it slip through his fingers very easily.'

'He never would have got it if it hadn't been for Don and Bert,' said Bob, spitefully. 'But I don't care—I'll beat them all yet. Just wait till I get to be mail carrier, and I'll show them a thing or two. Don't you think I am sure to get it, father?'

'I think your chances are as good as anybody's. I haven't had an opportunity to speak to any one about it yet, but I must be up and doing to-morrow, for the General is busy all the time. He intends to get the contract himself and hire Dave to do the work; and that is the way I shall have to do with you, if I get it. The General was talking about it to-day in the store. He didn't say a word to me—I suppose he thought I could neither help nor hinder him—but I walked up in front of him and told him very plainly that David was the son of a thief, and not fit to be trusted with such a valuable thing as the mail. You ought to have seen the General open his eyes. When I told him that Godfrey had robbed my smoke-house, he said David wasn't to blame for that. He couldn't help what his father did. I made no reply, for I didn't want to let him know that I am working against him. If I can get the bonds, I think the rest will be easy enough.'

'I'll speak to my father about it to-morrow night,' said Lester. 'Bob and I are going up the lake in the morning, and as soon as we get back I'll go home and fix the bond business.'

(To be continued.)



Mr. Owens talking to Bob and Lester.



"Verbs."

VERBS.

THOSE Numbers and Cases have left many traces,
Have left many marks on my shoulder and palm;
And many a tinger have Plural and Sing'lar,
Vocative, Genitive, sent up my arm:
How many a frown have I had from old Brown,
When I wasn't well up in his favourite noun!

But Robinson major he laid a big wager,
The further I travelled the worse it would be;
That the hearing of verbs the old Doctor disturbs,
More than Acus, a needle, or Genu, a knee;
That a blunder in one of his favourite tenses,
As a red rag a bull, drives him out of his senses.

Ah! sorrow did come as I tackled old Sum,
And those vile conjugations of Amo and Co.;
The Supine and Gerund! they have but one errand,
Which is, to cause trouble wherever they go:
Past-perfect, Imperfect, one can't understand 'em,
When I should say Amarem, I bawl out Amandum.

From Amor to Amantur Smith rides in a cahter,
While Brown grins with pleasure and lunches on snuff:
Essemus, Eramus, Smith knows them all, famous—
But Smith, after all, 'is no end of a muff:
Gets 'ducks' at the wicket, cuts 'crabs' with his oar:
Now I can't do my verbs, but I'm head of the score.

Sure as I am called Jim, I must learn Rectus sim,
Rectus essem, as well, two whole tenses, right through;
Catches, I never miss 'em, but Rectus fuisssem
Will slip from my brain-pan, whatever I do:
Rectus sim, fuerim, Recti sint, Recti essent,
I must know you to-morrow, or—something unpleasant!
G. S. O.

N. or M.

(Continued from page 235.)



MIKE was silent now, though the guard said he had been talking incessantly all night, and his eyes were fixed on the window with its heavy cross-bar. He turned his eyes for a minute as they came in, but there was no recognition in them till Elizabeth took hold of his hand, and said, 'Mike! Mike!' and then he looked at her, and smiled.

'Why, Elizabeth!' he said, 'wherever have you been? I was near going without you.'

'Me too, Mike; me too!'

'You, too? Do you want to go with poor Mike?' She had climbed upon the bed, and sat holding one of his hands tightly.

'Come,' she said, giving him a gentle little pull.

'All right, we'll go together to the Golden City. Ay! it's true enough all that we were reading that day; the parson read much the same out of the Bible, and that must be true; and we'll go, Elizabeth, you and me together.'

He was getting excited, and the guard interfered.

'Ay, ay, lad! you shall go sure enough, but you must get well first. Take the child away, sir,' he

said aside to the Doctor, 'or we shall have a scene, though he's pretty near past it now.'

But the spirit and energy that had sounded in Mike's last words were only momentary, and he sank back exhausted, and took no notice as Dr. Carlyon lifted Elizabeth off the bed, promising that she should come again, and that Mike would not go anywhere without her. The child did not resist or cry, but she stood quite still at the foot of the bed while the Doctor said some prayers, while Molly and Nora could not restrain their sobs, though they tried their utmost to do so. But Mike did not seem to notice them, or feel the burning tears that fell on his wasted hand as they bid him 'Good-bye;' but when Elizabeth was lifted up to kiss his cheek, he murmured, 'You too, Elizabeth; you too;' and the little one went away contentedly, looking with surprise at Molly and Nora's fast-falling tears, as if she had already a part in the City where tears are wiped away for ever, and did not understand their grief.

But, nevertheless, the excitement and strain on mind and body told on the child, and during the drive back she fell into a heavy, exhausted sleep, with her head on Dr. Carlyon's arm; and, when they reached the mill, she was carried in and laid sleeping on the sofa, and slept there all the afternoon, so that, when the bell rang for evening prayer, for the first time for many a day, the little, pink sun-bonnet was not there ready to take its place by the Doctor's side in church.

Neither were the girls very much inclined to go, for their heads were aching with crying, and it was a hot, sultry afternoon, and they felt more inclined to lie on the mossy bank down by the stream in the shadow of the bushes and think of Mike in drowsy sadness.

'I wish Dr. Carlyon would forget it just this once!' sighed Molly; but even as she spoke they heard the latch of the Vicarage gate click, and saw through the trees the little, black figure on its accustomed way to the church, and they jumped up at once to run and join him.

After all, they were glad that the Doctor had not forgotten the service, glad they had not yielded to the temptation of dozing down by the stream. The church was cooler than even under the trees, and there was something quieting and comforting in the very atmosphere there, and the sound of the little parson's cracked, old voice, and it was pleasant to hear Mike's name.

It seemed strange without Elizabeth, and Molly's eyes often turned to the corner close by Dr. Carlyon, where the little, pink sun-bonnet was always to be seen at the week-day services, except when she followed the Doctor to the lectern. Perhaps it was her absence that drew Molly's attention to that corner in between the chancel arch and the oak seat where Dr. Carlyon sat.

There was a mat put there for the child to sit on, and just beyond this mat there was something bright that kept on catching Molly's eye, and glittered in a ray of sunshine that struck across the church from the west window. What could it be? Molly wondered idly, but I do not think her curiosity would have been great enough to lead her to examine further if the Doctor had not discovered at the church-

yard gate that he had left his spectacles behind on the desk and Molly had not gone back to fetch them.

So no one but the robin was present when she knelt down on Elizabeth's mat, and looked into the niche behind the chancel-pillar, where she had seen something glittering in the sunshine; and no one but the robin heard the sudden cry she gave as she started back, and then bent eagerly forward again, looking and looking as if she could hardly believe her own eyes.

Seeing is believing, people say, which is not true, for sight is not faith; but Molly rubbed her eyes, and thought she must be dreaming, because it seemed to her that she saw Neville Carson's watch and chain lying in the niche, and it had been the seal which glittered in the sunshine and caught her eye.

Yes, there it was; the watch which had made so much trouble, and for the theft of which Mike was in prison waiting his trial; and there, most likely, it had been all the time they had been searching, and longing, and breaking their hearts about it.

How had it come there? Why Elizabeth, of course, and they had never even thought of her. It was she who had found the watch first on the island; she had seen where it was hidden, and had often been present when they had taken it out to look at it. And then, no doubt, from some sudden whim, she had taken it, and with the strange craftiness which often goes with weakness of brain, she had hidden it away, and then, perhaps, had forgotten it, certainly had never connected it with all the trouble and anxieties of the past weeks. And every day, morning and evening, the watch had lain close to Dr. Carlyon, perhaps the hem of his surplice had touched it, while he prayed with all his heart for Mike Warren, and that his innocence might be proved.

There were other things besides the watch in that corner: it must have been the place where the child hoarded her treasures; there was a doll which Molly had given her, with a broken leg, scraps of tinsel, from the cards on which pearl buttons are sewn, some gilt dress-buttons, a sparkling pebble, a bunch of withered dandelions, and a new halfpenny.

Molly's hands trembled as she took up the watch, for perhaps after all it might be a fairy delusion which might vanish at a touch; and she carried it quite reverently along the churchyard path, and up the lane to the Vicarage.

No doubt she should have left it where she found it, and called in other witnesses to see where it was, but it did not occur to her mind or to Dr. Carlyon's either.

Tea was ready when she reached the Vicarage and Betty and Nora standing in the porch, wondering what had become of her; and they saw at once that something had happened, and that she was carrying something very carefully with her frock wrapped round it.

'Oh! Miss Molly, you've never been and gone and broke Master's spectacles, and he hasn't got another pair!'

'Oh, Molly, is it the robin? I thought he was looking rather fat just now as if he was ill!'

But Molly made no answer, but passed by and opened the study door without knocking.

'Thank you, Mary,' the Doctor said, stretching out his hand for the spectacles; but instead of what he

expected she put the watch and chain into his hand, and then, quite overcome by the excitement and agitation of the day, she burst out into a passion of tears.

CHAPTER XXXI.

'Mike will be out of prison to-day,' the girls told each other when they woke the next morning; 'if only he is well enough to come, he will be at home this evening. It will make him better, nearly well, just to hear that the watch is found and everything explained, and when he is once out of that horrid place, he will soon be all right again.'

Dr. Carlyon had gone the evening before to Bydown Hall to tell Neville Carson what had happened and to place the watch in his hands. I think Neville was as glad as any one that the mystery was solved, and as anxious to set everything right, and have Mike set at liberty, and he would have set off at once to Northbury if it had not been by that time too late to do any good. But in the morning his dog-cart was in waiting for Dr. Carlyon by half-past nine. He did not come himself, as his late reception at Bydown was still unpleasantly vivid in his memory, and he thought he would wait till Mike was at home again before he ventured among those fierce-looking men and indignant women. He made up his mind that he would do Mike some good turn, give him some handsome present or help to start him in life, and that would put things right with the Bydown people.

Some of the Doctor's words, and perhaps still more his silence, had touched Neville's conscience, and made him decidedly uncomfortable; and all that night he was tossing restlessly on his bed, planning how best he might make it up to Mike, and resolved that no money should be spared at any rate.

So he sent the dog-cart to fetch Dr. Carlyon, and waited for him at the lodge-gate, and had some time to wait too, for, as I have said, the dog-cart arrived at the Vicarage at half-past nine, and it had to wait till after the service.

Molly and Nora were sadly impatient of the delay in starting, and Molly even went so far as to ask the Doctor if he would not leave the service just this once for Mike's sake, but Dr. Carlyon shook his head.

(To be continued.)

A KING AND HIS ARCHITECT.

PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS, of Alexandria, built at enormous cost a beautiful tower of white marble, on the top of which fires were always burning, as a guide to sailors entering the bay. Upon the tower this inscription was to stand:—

'King Ptolemy to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of sailors.'

But the architect, Sostratus, thinking that the honour was rather his own than the king's, cut his own name upon the stone, filled the space with mortar, and over it placed the above inscription.

In course of time the mortar decayed and fell away. Then appeared these words:—

'Sostratus, the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to the gods, the saviours, for the benefit of sailors.'

A. R. B.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXIII.—KAFFRARIA.



THE northern boundary of this country is a lofty mountain range. Among the jagged spires and pinnacles of these hills dwell the Basutos, and from them also spring the Orange and Tugela rivers. Then on the east is the beautiful meadow-land of Natal—a vast plain, with scores of gleaming rivers in its grass-covered valleys. In this district the Zulu chief Chaka began, in 1814, a remarkable career of conquest. He invented a new mode of fighting. 'Wait,' said he to his soldiers, 'until you can see the white of your enemy's eye, and then strike hard.' Chaka was killed by some of his own people; but before he died he said, 'You think to rule the land after I am gone. Not so. A white man comes from the south who will be your master.'

About forty-five years ago the Dutchmen pushed into what is known as the Orange Free State. Many of them were slaughtered by the treacherous Moshesh, successor of Chaka, and yet the sturdy Dutchmen managed to win a great battle and check the Zulu power for a while.

The Dutchmen then quarrelled with the English in Natal, but Sir H. Smith, the conqueror of Aliwal, taught them to respect us.

Many a hard rub have we English had in South Africa. Most of us have forgotten that unhappy foggy day in December, 1852, when the small English army under Cathcart were foiled by a lot of shaggy ponies and naked black riders. A staff-officer saw in the mist the helmets of the Lancers. Riding up he found himself surrounded by Basutos, dressed up in cavalry uniform! The poor fellow was killed on the spot. The wily foe next day sent cattle as presents to the beaten general. The following lines of Pringle's we quote as descriptive of South Africa:—

'Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side,
Away, away, from the dwellings of men,
By the wild deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the Oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeeste graze,
And the gemsbok and eland unheeded recline,
By the skirts of grey forest o'ergrown with wild vine,
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared by the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will,
In the "vley" where the wild ass is drinking his fill.'

South Africa has been much affected by the discovery of diamonds. In the most desert part of the Orange Free State a herd-boy one day caught the gleam of a pebble that shone like a star. Here is now the city of Kimberley. There is, says Major Butler, the diamond-pit here. The mouth of it is twelve acres in size. Here are wheels, and pulleys, and ropes, and buckets, and black men above and

black men below, in mighty crowds. The buckets are filled with blue clay, in which the diamonds are, and when full they are hoisted aloft and carried away. In seven years' time ten millions' worth of diamonds were unearthed; and Major Butler thinks the emerald and ruby may ere long eclipse the diamond in value.

Not much at present comes from South Africa to benefit the race of man. Wine and wool and hides, ostrich feathers and diamonds—these seem all. The Dutch farmers are not very industrious. They get their corn from Australia and their potatoes from England. But if the Dutchman does not love work, he is, or was, very hospitable. Unfortunately, the find of diamonds has filled the country with rascals. The Dutchman is a fearless rider and a dead shot.

The Kaffirs are falling back into the heart of Africa before the white man. There are white settlers now 1100 miles from the Cape. The Cape was formerly called the 'Cape of Tempests,' but the name was changed to Cabo de Bon Esperança—the Cape of Good Hope. Natal derives its name from the fact of its having been discovered by the Portuguese on Christmas Day (*Dies natalis*), 1497.

Cape Town has a very motley population. It looks like a Dutch town. Table Mountain, a grand object like a colossal altar, rises behind the town.

It was at Port Elizabeth that the noble Livingstone first started on his memorable travels. Moving beyond the frontier of the colony, he stayed long among the natives, and gained a perfect knowledge of their habits. He learned from a native smith how to weld iron, and became, in fact, a 'Jack of all trades.' He was the discoverer of the broad blue waters and well-wooded shores of Lake Nganie, a sheet bounded only by the horizon. Being ill-treated by the rude Boers he sent his wife and children to England, and devoted his days to exploration. He traversed Africa to the west, coming out at St. Paul de Loando. He then crossed it to the east, coming out on the Mozambique coast. He returned to England, and was welcomed with enthusiasm. But he went back to Africa, and died there, 'a worn-out skeleton in the midst of a never-ending marsh.' 'As he sank,' says Major Butler, 'the banner he had so long borne was seized by the young sailor Cameron, who bore it by lake and swamp across the unknown continent, until at last, 3000 miles from the starting-point, he heard the hollow roar of the Atlantic billows beating on the sands of Benguela.'

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 239.)

BOB passed a sleepless night. He grew angry every time he thought of David's success, and jubilant and cheerful when he recalled his father's encouraging words.

The two boys arose the next morning at an early hour, and as soon as they had eaten breakfast and Mrs. Owens had put up a substantial lunch for them, they shouldered their guns and set out for the lake. Bob carried his father's muzzle-loading rifle, while Lester was armed with the heavy deer-gun with



AFRICA. — Kaffraria.

which he had bowled over so many bears and panthers in the wilds of northern Michigan. Lester delighted to talk of the wonderful exploits he had performed, but he could never be prevailed upon to give an exhibition of his skill.

They found Godfrey's cabin deserted by the family (if they had known what had happened there the night before their delight would have been unbounded), but the canoe was where they left it, and they knew where to look to find the paddles.

'Yes, sir, this rifle holds a high place in my estimation,' said Lester, continuing the conversation in which he and Bob had been engaged as they came along the road. 'It has saved my life more than once, as you know. The last bear I shot charged within five feet of me before I dropped him. I put four bullets into him in as many seconds.'

'I'll tell you what else I've done with this rifle,' continued Lester, who found as much pleasure in dwelling upon his imaginary exploits as Bob did in talking about his future prospects. 'Once when I was walking through the woods I shot a grey squirrel out of the very top of the tallest shell-bark hickory I ever saw. It fell about four feet and lodged on a little branch, which, from the ground, looked no larger than a knitting-needle. What do you think of that?'

'I think you are a splendid marksman,' replied Bob. 'Why don't you go to some of the shooting-matches about here? You would be certain to carry off some of the prizes. Let's see you take the head off that fellow,' he added, pointing toward the shore.

Lester looked in the direction indicated by his friend's finger, and saw a quail sitting on a fallen log, close by the water's edge, evidently keeping watch over the rest of the flock, which were disporting themselves in the dusty road. As Bob spoke the bird uttered a note of warning, and the flock hurried away into the bushes, but the sentinel kept his place on the log.

'Knock him over,' said Bob. 'He'll make a capital good dinner for us if we don't find any ducks.'

'I—I am all out of practice,' replied Lester. 'I've seen the day that I could do it with my eyes shut.'

'I can do it with my eyes open,' said Bob.

He drew in his paddle as he spoke, picked up his father's rifle, and, resting his elbow on his knee, drew a bead on the bird's head and pulled the trigger. Bob was really a fine marksman, and the effect of his shot made Lester open his eyes in astonishment. The bird looked so small that it seemed useless to shoot at its head, but Bob made a centre shot. Lester had never seen anything like it. Bob had never before fired a rifle in his presence (he always used a shot-gun), and the reason was because Lester boasted so loudly of his own skill that Bob was afraid of being beaten.

They paddled ashore after the bird, and when they pushed out into the lake again Lester had nothing more to say about hunting and shooting. He even showed a desire to abandon the trip up the lake and go home.

'I don't feel very well this morning,' said he, 'and I think we had better go back.'

'Oh, no,' replied Bob. 'You can lie down in the

bow of the canoe, and I'll do the paddling. Does your head ache?'

'Dreadfully, and I thought perhaps it would be well to speak to father about those bonds of yours. We don't want to be beaten again, you know.'

'Of course not, but if you speak to him to-night it will answer every purpose. If my father had been in any hurry he would have told you so. I have a plan to propose that will wake you up and put life into you. You remember that when you went over to get Don to join our Sportsmen's Club, he told you that he and Bert had been frightened off Bruin's Island by a bear, don't you? And you told him that perhaps you would go up there some day and shoot him?'

'Ah! yes, I think I remember some such conversation. But I don't feel like it to-day. Some other time I'll go up there with you, and if we find any bears there, I'll show you how to hunt them.'

It was not at all probable that Lester or any other boy in the settlement could have taught Bob anything about bear-hunting. He had ridden to the hounds almost ever since he was large enough to sit on horse-back. Many an old bear had Bob seen 'stretched' by the dogs, and the rifle he then carried had been the death of more of them than Lester could have counted on the fingers of both hands.

'It is strange that you never come out to any of our hunts,' said Bob. 'You have often been invited.'

'I know it, but I can't see any fun in it,' answered Lester, who knew that if he ever appeared among the hunters they would soon find out that he was a very poor horseman. 'It is easy enough to kill a bear when you have a score or two of dogs to hold him for you; but I'd like to see one of you fellows walk into the woods and meet one alone, as I have. There's where the fun comes in.'

'I should think so,' answered Bob, as, with one sweep of his paddle, he brought the canoe to a standstill in the mouth of the bayou that led to Bruin's Island. 'What do you say? Shall we go up?'

'Not to-day; my head aches too badly.'

'I was all over that island this last summer,' continued Bob; 'you know one can wade out to it when the bayou is low; and I didn't see any bear sign. More than that, I know there hasn't been a bear near the island for years; but if we should go up there and find one, and you should shoot him, I don't know of anything that would make Don Gordon feel more ashamed of himself.'

Lester was quick to catch at the idea thus thrown out. If there was no prospect of finding a bear on the island he had no objections to going there, or, rather, he wanted to go there. He could fearlessly explore the island and rely upon Bob to sound his praises in the settlement, and tell what a brave fellow he was and what a coward Don was.

'I don't think Don showed much pluck in running away before he saw the bear,' said Lester.

'Of course he didn't,' replied Bob.

'Are you sure there was no bear there?'

'I know it. Bears don't come on that island any more.'

'Well, let's go up and see. If there is one there, I'll make you a present of his skin.'

This was enough for Bob, who, with one sweep of his paddle, turned the canoe's head up the bayou.

Somewhat to his surprise, his companion, who had been lying in the bow, holding both hands to his head, and acting altogether as if he felt very badly, straightened up and assisted him in propelling their little craft. He recovered from his illness immediately, when he found that he could win a reputation, and at the same time run no risk of being called upon to exhibit the skill and courage of which he had so often boasted.

As they moved up the bayou, the ducks, which now began to arrive in great numbers, being driven from their far Northern homes by the approach of winter, arose from the water in numerous flocks; and after Bob had made two 'pot shots' at them, aiming at the birds as they sat on the water, and missing both times, Lester mustered up courage enough to try his deer gun on a flock which swam out from a point a short distance in advance of them. Taking a quick aim at the birds, he managed, by the merest accident, to bag three of them—the ball passing through the head of one of the ducks, through the neck of another and through the body of a third. But the fact was they sat so closely together on the water that he could scarcely have missed them if he had tried.

'Well, I declare!' exclaimed Bob. 'Did you shoot at their heads?'

Lester was so greatly astonished at the result of his shot that he could not reply at once. With mouth and eyes wide open, he gazed at the three ducks lying dead upon the water.

'Oh, you needn't try to look so surprised,' exclaimed Bob. 'I have always been afraid of you, and now I am satisfied that you can beat me. You are the best shot among the boys in this settlement.'

'Well, you needn't say so before folk,' replied Lester, as soon as he had somewhat recovered himself.

'Yes, I will,' returned Bob. 'I have heard some of the fellows say that they didn't believe you ever killed any game in your life, and now I can tell them differently. Can you do it again?'

'I am afraid not,' answered Lester, with an air which said he could if he felt like it.

'I believe you can. The fellows around here have no business with you.'

Lester was entirely satisfied with this. He had won a reputation as a marksman, and he had won it very easily. Many a reputation has been made in the same way—by accident.

'I have got my hand in now,' said he, 'and I wouldn't turn my back on a grizzly.'

'There's no bear on the island,' replied Bob, 'but I wish there was, for I would like to see you shoot him.'

Although Lester was very proud of, and greatly encouraged by the chance shot he had just made, he could not echo his friend's wish; and if he had had the faintest suspicion that there was a bear within half a mile of him, he could not have been hired to remain in the bayou. He knew nothing whatever of the habits of the animal, but Bob did, and his positive assurance that bears never 'came' on the island now was the only thing that induced Lester to consent to visit it. Still his heart beat much faster than usual when they rounded the bend and came within sight of the leaning sycamore behind which Godfrey Evans had been partially concealed when Dan first discovered him. In a few minutes more Bob drove the

bow of the canoe so deeply into the mud that the current could not carry it away, and the two boys jumped out on the bank.

'Don Gordon went over to Coldwater a year ago and brought back a bearskin which he showed to every body, with the story that 'he killed the bear who wore it,' said Bob, who never grew tired of saying hard things about the boy he hated. 'I don't believe it and never did. He has told all around the settlement that he was driven off this island by a bear a few days ago, and that he set a trap for him. I don't believe that either; but we'll just take a look around to satisfy ourselves, and then we'll go back to the settlement and tell the truth about the matter. It is my opinion that Don is trying to make himself famous by telling big yarns; and if we can prove it, it will make him take a back seat, and it will put a feather in our caps besides. Now there used to be a path somewhere about here that led to Godfrey Evans' camp, and I think I can find it.'

Having examined the cap on his rifle, Bob led the way along the beach and Lester fell back, quite willing that his friend should go on in advance; for when he came to look into the dense, dark thicket which covered the interior of the island, his courage began to fail him.

Bob discovered the path in a very few minutes, and, greatly to his surprise, saw that it was not overgrown with reeds and briars, as he had expected to find it, and as it was the last time he saw it. On the contrary it was broad and well-beaten, for Godfrey, while he was hiding there, had often passed over it, and in order to facilitate his progress had broken down the briars and cane on each side. Bob's face grew pale and his hands began to tremble. He looked closely at the bushes and told himself that they had been borne down by some heavy animal; but he said nothing, for he was afraid that if he opened his mouth his courage would all leave him, and he did not want to show himself a coward in the presence of so mighty a hunter as his friend Lester. Believing that he had one at his back who would stand by him, no matter how much trouble he might get into, he grasped his rifle with a firmer hold, drew back the hammer and advanced slowly along the path.

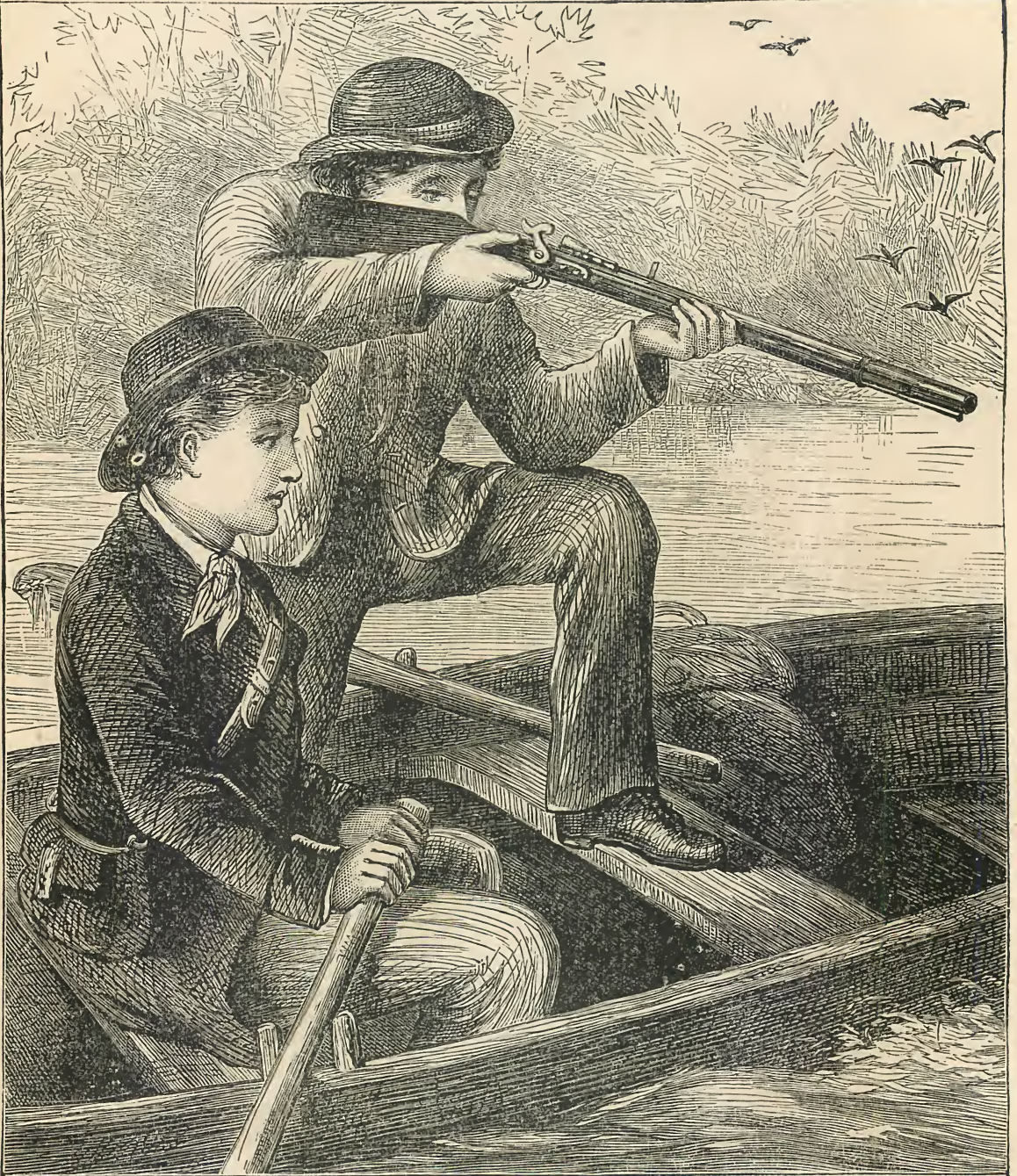
'What made you cock your gun?' asked Lester, in a startled whisper. 'And why do you move so slowly and cautiously?'

The answer almost froze the blood in Lester's veins.

'Do you see that?' replied Bob, in the same startled whisper, pointing to a footprint in the mud which looked as though it might have been made by a bare-footed man. 'Do you see these broken bushes? Do you see that smaller track there?' he added, a moment later, in accents of great alarm. 'We are in a dangerous neighbourhood. There have been two bears along here—an old one and a cub. Yes they are, and there's one of 'em now!'

As Bob said this, there was a sudden commotion in the cane in front of them, accompanied by a hoarse growl. Bob beat a hasty retreat on the instant, jumping behind his companion before the latter could prevent it, and Lester found himself standing face to face with the first bear he had ever seen outside of a menagerie.

(To be continued.)



"Bob made a centre shot."



Elizabeth stretched out her arms and cried, "The golden city!"



N. or M.

(Continued from page 243.)

WE have more reason than usual for giving thanks, Mary,' he said; 'and for Mike's sake.'

Elizabeth was there, looking just the same as ever, standing close by the Doctor's side, close to the place where the watch had been hidden so long, but without any appearance of missing it or wondering what had become of it.

After Dr. Carlyon was gone the girls questioned her. 'Why did not you tell us, Elizabeth, where the watch was? Did not you know that we were looking for it? and that it was for that that poor Mike was taken away?'

But the child only looked from one to the other with great appealing eyes, like a dumb animal that only half understands the words that are spoken, and they could get nothing out of her. The intelligence that had seemed to brighten in her the day before now seemed to have died down again, even to less than its former dim state.

But Molly and Nora were too happy and full of hope to waste their time over poor little Elizabeth. Every one in the village was anxious to hear from Molly's own lips how she had found the watch, and how Dr. Carlyon had gone to bring Mike home; so the girls went from one cottage to another, telling the good news nearly all the morning.

Then, too, there were preparations to be made for his return. It would never do for Mike to see the fernery so weedy, and the rabbit-shed needed much tidying up before it was fit to be seen. They wanted to restore the old lumber-room at the mill to the state it was in before Mike first went away, and to take back the rabbits and jackdaw he had entrusted to them, and they had quite set their hearts on an arch over the mill door and the word 'Welcome' done in flowers. But Betty advised them to wait at any rate till the Doctor came back from Northbury to hear how Mike was.

'But suppose the Doctor was to bring Mike back with him,' suggested Nora.

'That takes a deal of supposing,' sighed Betty.

The girls got quite vexed with her because she did not feel as sure as they did that Mike would get well directly he heard how the secret had been cleared up, and they were still more vexed with Mrs. Warren, who would not get a room ready for Mike's return, but who shed tears, and declared she always knew her boy was innocent when all the world was against him, which Molly and Nora felt was doing the world injustice.

The excitement of expecting Mike quite put out of their heads what would otherwise have been a most exciting event—that Brian was coming down that evening. It was so long since they had seen him, and there would be so much to tell him and show him, and so much for him to tell; but they hardly thought of it at all till Dr. Carlyon came back from Northbury without Mike, and then they turned to

the thought of Brian for some consolation in their disappointment.

The Doctor was very sad when he came in. Mike was too ill to be moved, too ill to understand that he was cleared and might go free, too ill even to know that he was in prison on the charge of theft.

The Doctor could not find it in his heart to say all he feared to the two girls when they came so eagerly and hopefully to meet him, but they had learned to read a good deal in his kind, ugly, old face, and their eager questions very soon died into silence at what they read there.

He told them how overcome Neville Carson had been at the sight of Mike, and how deep and sincere his sorrow seemed to be.

'You must be very kind to him, little girls, when —'

'When Mike is better,' quickly finished Molly; 'yes, indeed, we will.'

Brian was to come by an evening train, and Dr. Carlyon had promised to go and see Mike again, so after dinner he and the two girls walked over the downs together, and he left them at the old place on the crest of the hill, overlooking Northbury, from whence they could see the trains coming up to the station for many a mile.

He said he would leave a message at the station that Brian should come up when he arrived, and join them on the hill, and then they should wait for him till he came back from the prison.

It had been a very hot day, regular proper hay-making weather, and the girls could see the work still going on in several directions, building up the great fragrant ricks, or loading the big yellow waggons.

There was not much hay left now to carry, as there had been such fine weather for taking it up that the farmers had made short work of it, and most of the big meadows round Northbury had been shorn, and turned from rippling bronze to bare, bright green, and delivered over to the enjoyment of the cattle. The trees had lost their spring variety, and were in full, rich, summer splendour, and the scent of the lime-tree blossoms came up to where the girls sat as if to try and lure the bees from their old friend, the thyme. Up overhead the sky was clear and cloudless, but in the west was a bank of cloud which, as the sun sank lower and lower, turned from masses of soft snow to shining gold, while a soft, rosy flush spread all over the sky from west to east.

It was a beautiful sight, and the girls watched while that golden cloud brightened, and formed itself into towers, and domes, and minarets, a very golden city in the glory of the sunset, and both thought of Mike.

At that same moment Elizabeth was standing by the river side among the tall rushes, looking at the sunset and at the bright reflection in the smooth water at her feet, and as she looked she stretched out her arms and cried, 'The Golden City! Me too, Mike; me too!'

Mike, too, saw the sunset, for the infirmary window looked to the west, and his head was raised on 'the little, ould parson's shoulder, and his dim eyes were fixed on the bright sky behind the bars, which stood out in a straight, black cross against the golden light as if to teach the great lesson that the way to glory is only by the Cross.

It was more than an hour after this when Molly and Nora saw two figures climbing the hill towards them, Dr. Carlyon and Brian together. They had seen more than one train come into the station, and had wondered each time if Brian had come. The sunset had faded quite away, though a deep orange lingered still round the horizon, and the bank of clouds was rich, dark purple, and one or two stars had begun to show in the blue overhead.

They went a little way down the hill to meet Brian, but though it was so long since they had seen him, it was at Dr. Carlyon that they both looked first to see how Mike was, and it was only when they saw he was smiling, and did not look so sad as when he went away, that they turned to Brian, and flew at him, and hung round his neck and kissed him as if they would make up for all the months he had been out of kissing reach, and looked him over to see if he were altered, and found out, with a mixture of horror and delight, that he had a soft down on his upper lip that might some day develop into a moustache, even into a grey moustache like Colonel Mervyn's.

But Brian was so quiet and made so little response that the girls turned again to Dr. Carlyon with a sudden fear that there might after all be bad news about poor Mike; but still he smiled as he told them that Mike was poor Mike no longer, that he was well and free, for that at the sunset a light had shined in the prison, as it did long ago for Peter at Jerusalem, and the angel of the Lord had come and bidden the boy 'Arise up quickly,' and had delivered him from his earthly prison.

Molly and Nora listened without crying. Dr. Carlyon had told them much more sadly and sorrowfully of his illness and suffering than of his death, and they walked home very quietly, each holding one of Brian's hands, and Molly one of the little Doctor's.

Neither Dr. Carlyon nor Brian said much, and the night was so still and solemn that it seemed almost profane to break the silence, like talking in church.

Molly and Nora found out afterwards that all the way home they had both been watching one bright star that had come into sight while the Doctor told them of Mike's death, and for many an evening after that they looked out for it, and called it Mike's star, and loved it for his sake.

(Concluded in our next.)

A WORD ON BEING POLITE.

OUR life is made up of little things. This being so, let us not despise little acts of kindness, the preference of others to ourselves, and the seeking to make others happy. In these more than in outward acts of ceremony does true politeness consist.

Sir Philip Sydney showed us this, when, as he lay dying on the battle-field, he sent away the cup of water untasted to a soldier lying near, with the words, 'This man's necessity is greater than mine.'

Sometimes one sees a boy who seems to fancy that to be polite is beneath him, that manners may be all very well for girls, but are not meant for his noble self.

But let all such remember that politeness is necessary to true manliness and nobility of character.

Sometimes, too, one sees young people who behave with great propriety in company, but are sadly rude and overbearing at home.

Now good manners are of little use, if only exhibited on show days. There is no truth in them then. They are shams. Those who so behave play the hypocrite.

Do let us be genuine and thorough. After all, a mere surface goodness rarely deceives men and *never* deceives God. True politeness pays.

So said an officer who during a hot engagement bowed his thanks to a friend, and so escaped death from a cannon-ball, which decapitated the man behind him.

If there is any pleasure in making others happy, then this is a pleasure which may often be tasted by those who base their politeness on the highest principles.

A. R. B.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXIV.—MADAGASCAR.



IN this interesting island, which is twice as big as France, and shaped like a fish or a laurel leaf, there are not, or were not until lately, any vehicles at all. Every person, and all sorts of goods, are conveyed on men's shoulders, slung in boxes or bags at either end of a thick cane. Food is plentiful and cheap. The people are polite. Parts of the shore are bold and rocky, and other parts are low and swampy, with large sheets of stagnant water, called lagoons, in which grow gigantic sea-weeds. One district of this evil coast is called 'the land of death.' St. Mary's island is known as 'the dead island' of the Dutch, and 'the graveyard' of the French. King Radama used to say, when threatened by invaders, he had two generals: General Hayo, meaning the forest, and General Tayo, meaning the coast fever; and in their hands he would leave any invading army.

There is a fine mountain range running throughout the length of this island. Antananarivo is the chief city. It stands in a central position, very high up, and is a large place. Its long name means 'the city of a thousand towns.' The royal palace, called the silver house, is magnificent. It is placed at the extreme point of the hill. The English bishop was lately presented to the queen, who sat on a throne, wearing her crown. He offered her Bibles and Prayer-books, and they were graciously accepted.

Antananarivo is the seat of the life of Madagascar. It is the great heart of the country, sending out life, action, and thought in every direction.

The climate is not so hot as might be expected from the position of the island. The lofty elevation of the interior, and the cool sea-breezes render the heat bearable. The land is generally fertile, and will produce almost every kind of tree and vegetable. Rice is the usual crop. Here also is the plant which yields arrowroot, and here is another plant, which provides dresses from the fibres of its leaves. Silk is made in abundance, and the silkworms are very large.

The Hovahs, who seem to have come, like the New Zealanders, from Polynesia, are the dominant race. They dwell in the best parts of the island, and they are, like Englishmen, very fond of beef. They are an ingenious people, and excel in iron work. The bulk of them are idolaters. The idols are kept by honourable men, who every now and then pour castor oil on them, and sometimes take them out for a walk.

The Hovahs had a great king, great in mind though small in body, about fifty years ago. He was a sort of Peter the Great; a most enlightened ruler. His name was Radama. He sent people to England to be taught, and for a certain sum of money he consented to abolish slavery.

The Christian Missionary, who seems to have before him a future of great promise in this interesting island, tells us the natives are grateful, and, when they have once received the truth, they hold it fast.

Some little boys brought their teacher eggs with their own names written on the shells in red ink. Mr. Chiswell tells us of a school-boy, named Zavaloho, or 'long head.' He was very black; had thick, curly hair, and teeth as white as ivory or pearls. Every one in Madagascar washes his teeth after each meal. The boy learned his A, B, D (there is no C in the language), and he became a Christian. Perhaps you would like to look upon a specimen of Malagasy language. A text was put up in a church for Easter. In English it was, 'The Lord is risen indeed.' In Malagasy it appeared thus: '*Efa nit sangana marm-tokoa ny Tompo.*'

The people wear no hats nor boots. A white, or striped robe, called a lamba, is thrown over every shoulder, from the sovereign to the beggar. The royal lamba is of fine scarlet cloth. No one else may wear a red lamba. The hair of the women is done up in little knots. When, however, the king or queen dies, the people have to shave their heads, and they must weep twice a-day. But few tears are shed on this occasion. In this time of mourning, all must sleep on the floor, and never swing their arms when they walk.

There is a tree in Madagascar called the traveller's tree, because it provides an abundant supply of water in the dryest season. The water comes from the stalk of the leaf when it is pierced. The leaf is sometimes as big as a dining-table. But the tree has not more than two dozen leaves. How unlike the elm, which has been known to contain seven millions!

The natives worship sometimes a serpent, in which they think the soul of an ancestor lives, and sometimes the dreadful crocodile. But for all that they don't respect crocodile's eggs, for they boil and eat them. The houses have steep roofs. Inside, they are furnished with red and yellow rush mats. At an early hour every morning, the master gets up first (a good plan), and calls the family to arise.

When King Radama died, he was followed by one of his wives—a wicked woman. She restored the slave-trade, and, after a while, forbade the Christian Religion. After reigning six years, she condemned to death all who had become Christians, unless they returned to idolatry. Some were firm, and met at night to pray and sing in 'dens and caves of the earth.'

The persecution went on for many years. Some

were hurled from a high rock, and dashed to death. Some were burned. But, do what she would, the queen could not stamp out Christianity. Her only son, whom she dearly loved, was a believer, and he used to say that the thoughts of the persecution were like 'tearing out his heart.'

The queen died twenty years ago, and the good prince became king; but he was murdered, and his widow then ascended the throne. She was succeeded, in 1868, by another queen, a Christian; and since that time the religion of Christ has prospered in Madagascar, as we trust it ever may.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 247.)

CHAPTER III.—LESTER SHOWS HIS COURAGE.



HE young hunters had advanced nearly to the end of the path and were now standing within a few feet of the clearing in which Godfrey had built his lean-to, and which had been torn down in order to make room for Don Gordon's bear-trap. There were several large trees growing beside the path, and Bob quickly sprang behind one of them, leaving Lester standing alone within twenty yards of one of the largest bears that had ever been seen in that part of the country. Without an instant's hesitation Bob raised his rifle and pointed it at the breast of the animal, which had reared itself upon its hind legs, but the muzzle of the weapon waved about in the most alarming manner, and he could not hold it still to save his life. He found that there was a vast difference between facing a bear when he had twenty fierce dogs and as many armed horsemen to back him, and confronting the same animal on foot with but a single companion to depend on. After a moment's reflection he lowered his rifle, for he knew that it would be folly to fire and wound the bear. He thought the safest plan would be to rely upon the superior skill and courage of his companion.

'Go for her!' said Bob, in a scarcely audible whisper. 'Shoot her in the eye if you can; if not, take her under the fore-leg.'

Bob kept his eyes fastened upon the bear, expecting every instant to see her fall stone dead beneath Lester's deadly aim; but the animal stood erect, closely regarding the intruders, and finally opening her mouth and showing a frightful array of teeth; she uttered another angry growl and moved slowly along the path. Then Bob looked toward his companion, wondering why he did not shoot. One glance showed him the reason. The hunter who had shot bears and panthers in Michigan, as ordinary hunters shoot squirrels, was overcome with terror. He stood in the middle of the path, holding fast to the stock of his rifle, the muzzle of which he had allowed to fall until it was buried in the mud. His face was as pale as death, and his eyes, which were fastened upon the savage beast before him, seemed to have grown to twice their usual size.



AFRICA. — Madagascar.

'Shoot! shoot!' cried Bob, in great dismay. 'She'll be right on top of us in a minute more.'

But Lester was past shooting or doing anything else. His fear had taken away all his strength, and even the knowledge that his life was in danger could not arouse him. Bob saw that something must be done at once. With trembling hands he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and drawing a hasty bead on the bear's breast, pulled the trigger. Without waiting to see the effect of his shot he threw down his gun, made one or two quick jumps backward and placing his hands upon a small sapling ascended it with the greatest agility.

A very few seconds sufficed to place him in the topmost branches, and when he found that he could go no higher he stopped and looked down to see what was going on below. The bear was just scrambling to her feet and the sight made Bob's heart bound with excitement and triumph, for then he knew that his bullet had not been thrown away. It had knocked the animal over; but the celerity of her movements and the hoarse growls she uttered proved that it had not reached a vital part, but had only made a wound severe enough to drive her almost frantic with rage. She dropped on all-fours and came down the path at the top of her speed, and there was Lester standing as motionless as ever. Bob might have thought he was waiting for the animal to approach within five feet of him so that he could make that famous shot he had so often talked about, had he not seen his friend's pale face and noted the position in which he held his rifle.

'Run! run!' gasped Bob, who fully expected to see his companion pulled down and torn to pieces before his eyes. 'Take to a tree—a sapling, and then you will be safe, for it is too small for the bear to climb!'

These words, and the sight of the fearful peril to which he was exposed, had the effect of arousing Lester from his lethargy. He let his rifle fall, and with even more agility than Bob had exhibited but a few seconds before, laid hold of a sapling and climbed it like a squirrel. He was none too quick in his movements, for the bear, clumsy as she looked, ran with surprising swiftness, and was at the foot of the sapling before Lester was fairly out of reach. Rising quickly on her hind feet she thrust one of her paws up into the branches, and the loud scream of terror Lester uttered frightened Bob so badly that he came near tumbling out of his perch. As soon as he had taken a firmer hold of the branches he turned to look at his friend, and was greatly relieved to see that he had nothing to fear.

Lester realised his peril now, and was full of life and action. Seizing a branch above his head he drew up his feet and so escaped the savage clutch which the bear made at him. It was a narrow escape, and Lester's terror was so great that it was all he could do to climb still higher among the branches, and put himself in a place of safety. The slender sapling swayed and rocked as he worked his way upward, and Lester could not yet believe that the danger was over.

'O, Bob! Bob! what shall I do?' he managed to ask, as he clung to his frail support and looked down at the bear's ugly paw, which was now and then

thrust up among the branches, altogether too close to his feet for comfort.

'Crawl up as high as you can and hold fast,' was the reply. 'The bear can't hurt you now.'

'But how am I ever going to get home?' whined Lester.

'I don't know. We'll talk about that by-and-by. All we have to do now is to keep out of her reach. Why didn't you shoot her as you used to shoot those bears up in Michigan?'

Before Lester had time to reply the attention of himself and companion was called to two new actors who suddenly appeared on the scene. One of them they would have recognised, if they had not been too badly frightened to recognise anything. It was one of Don Gordon's hounds. He and his mate rushed straight at the bear, and in a second more a most terrific battle was in progress. The snarls and growls of the combatants made Lester's blood run cold. A moment later Don's voice was heard encouraging the dogs.

'Hi! hi! there,' he shouted. 'Take him, you rascals! Pull him down!'

The sharp report of a rifle followed his words, and the next thing Lester knew he was plunging headlong through the branches. The sapling in which he had taken refuge received a sudden and violent shock, as if some mighty body had been thrown against it, and Lester, whose extreme terror had rendered him almost helpless, lost his hold and fell to the ground. He caught frantically at the frail twigs as he passed through them, but they did not check his rapid descent, and he landed with a concussion that at almost any other time would have rendered him senseless. But he did not mind his injuries now in the least. He jumped up the instant he touched the ground, and looked about him with the utmost consternation. There were three enraged brutes near him which were making the leaves fly in every direction as they rushed fiercely at one another, but his frightened eyes cheated him into believing that there were four times as many. Just as he gained his feet he saw twelve bears knock twelve dogs down with one stroke of their paws, and then these twelve bears turned and made at him with open mouths. He gave himself up for lost; but at that instant a roar like that of a cannon sounded close to his ear, and the twelve bears sank to the ground all in a heap. So did Lester who could endure the strain no longer. As he fell he saw twelve Don Gordons rush up with heavy double-barrel shot-guns in their hands, and each selecting his bear poured another charge of buckshot into the animal's head. But there was only one bear there—at least there was only one engaged in the fight—and only one Don Gordon.

The last time we saw Don was on the day David shipped his captured quails up the river on the *Emma Deane*. He and his brother had laboured faithfully to help their humble friend to fulfil his contract, and when this work was done they were ready to accompany their father on a trip to Coldwater, which had long been talked of, and which the general had good-naturedly postponed in order that Don and Bert might assist David in making his enterprise successful. They intended to be absent a week or more. The general went on business, and Don and Bert to visit a

young friend whom they had often entertained at their own house, and whose horses and hounds were the envy of all the boys in the country for miles around. They made the journey on horseback and were accompanied by their hounds. Don was armed with his trusty rifle, with which he hoped to make great havoc among the deer and bears that were so abundant in the county in which their friend Bob Harrington lived, while Bert carried his light fowling-piece.

Bob Harrington was a young Nimrod—not such a one as Lester Brigham, but one whose exploits had been witnessed by all the men and boys in the settlement in which he lived. His rifle was the truest, his hounds were the staunchest, and his horse was the fleetest, and could take his fences the easiest of any in the county, not even excepting those of Mr. Harrington, Bob's father, who had been a hunter all his life. Bob never boasted that he would stand still and allow a bear to approach within five feet of him before he would shoot him, for he knew that that would be a harder test than his courage could endure; but he was not afraid to walk up and finish any bear his dogs had hold of, and nearly every hunter in the neighbourhood had seen him do it. The magnificent pair of antlers on which Don and Bert were accustomed to hang their gloves and riding-whips, and which were fastened to the wall of their room over their writing-table, as well as the soft bearskin that served as a rug by the side of their bed, were presents from their friend Bob, and were only two out of a score or more of such articles which he had sent to his acquaintances all over the state. The animals that once wore these antlers and skins had all been brought low by Bob's own unerring rifle.

With such a hunter for a companion during a week's shooting, the boys expected to learn something, especially Don, who told himself that before the visit was ended Master Bob would find that there was at least one boy in Mississippi who was not afraid to follow where he dared lead. And he made his resolution good. While Bert, with Bob's setter for a companion, was roaming about over Mr. Harrington's extensive plantation, making double shots on quail, woodcock and snipe, and Mrs. Harrington and the General were seated in their easy-chairs by the huge old-fashioned fire-place, talking over their business matters, Don and Bob were riding to the hounds, braving all sorts of weather, and bringing in so many trophies of their skill that the General and his host were astonished. No dinner in that house was considered complete without its wild turkey or saddle of venison; and as for such game as quails and woodcock, the family feasted on them until they were tired of them.

Don was given ample opportunity to test his skill with the rifle, and exhibit his nerve in trying situations, and he finally became so accustomed to walking up and shooting a bear when the dogs had him 'stretched' that he thought no more of it than he did of bringing a squirrel out of the top of a hickory or stopping a woodcock on the wing. When the visit was ended and he returned to his home, he had more than one bearskin strapped behind his saddle, and, better than that, he carried with him a confi-

dence in his own powers which often did him good service.

The boys reached home one night after dark (it was the night of the same day on which David Evans received the money for his quails), and after relating to their mother and sisters as much of the week's history as they could crowd into two hours' conversation, they went upstairs and tumbled into bed. They were tired, of course, but still they had energy enough left to plan a campaign for the next day.

'We mustn't forget our bear-trap on the island,' said Bert, as he settled himself snugly between the sheets.

'That's so,' answered Don. 'We'll go up there the first thing in the morning. If a bear is going to get into that trap at all, he has had plenty of time to do it. Whoever awakes first after daylight must arouse the other. I say, Bert! if I had had as much experience a few weeks ago as I have now, we couldn't have been driven off the island until we had found out what it was that uttered those horrid growls. I feel ashamed of myself when I think it was nobody but Godfrey Evans.'

'But we didn't know it at the time,' said Bert.

'Of course not. If we had we should have made him show himself. Just let him try that trick again if he dares.'

As it happened, neither one of the boys awoke at daylight. They were locked in a dreamless slumber until they were aroused by the ringing of the breakfast-bell. They dressed themselves with all haste, and with many exclamations of regret hurried downstairs. They were not so impatient but that they could take time to eat a hearty meal; but still they finished their breakfast before the rest of the family did, and asking to be excused, ran off to get ready for their trip to the island. Don went upstairs after the guns and ammunition (he brought down his father's heavy double-barrel for Bert's use), and his brother went to the shop after the oars belonging to the canoe, and to call the two hounds which had accompanied them on their former expedition up the bayou. As they did not intend to be absent more than three or four hours no lunch was provided for them.

The brothers met again at the jetty below the summer-house, where they found the canoe riding safely at its moorings. She was quickly loaded and pushed from the shore, and after an hour's easy rowing the young hunters found themselves within sight of Bruin's Island. As they approached it, Bert, who was steering, began to believe that if Godfrey Evans had not returned and taken up his abode in his old quarters, they would certainly find somebody or something else there, for the hounds, which up to this moment had been curled up in the bow, now arose to their feet, and after looking all about as if taking their bearings, turned their noses toward the island and eagerly sniffed the air. Did they remember their former experience there, or did the breeze, which was blowing straight down the bayou, bring some taint to their sensitive nostrils? Bert, who closely watched their movements, could not tell until he saw the long hair on the back of Carlo's neck begin to stand erect. Then the question was answered.

(To be continued.)



“‘Shoot! shoot!’ cried Bob, in great dismay.”



Elizabeth carried home to the Old Mill.

N. or M.

(Concluded from page 251.)

CHAPTER XXXII.



“Mrs. Warren’s ‘Lizbeth up here?’

It was one of the miller’s men who asked the question as he came into the Vicarage garden next morning, where Brian and his two sisters were sitting in the porch, the girls pouring out long stories of Mike and all his kindness and cleverness, and all they had done together. Their tears had come in plenty by that time; indeed, Betty set them flowing as soon as they reached the Vicarage by her vehement grief when she heard the news of Mike’s death, which Dr. Carlyon had told as nothing so very sad, viewing death, as he did, only as the gate of life immortal, and they had rolled down mostly ever since except when they were asleep.

Seen Elizabeth? Dr. Carlyon had gone down to the mill as soon as they reached Bydown the evening before to break to Mrs. Warren the tidings of the death of her son, and to comfort her as well as he could, for no grief is so difficult to console as a selfish grief. He had not seen the little girl there, and hardly thought of her, concluding she was in bed.

Next morning the child had been missing from her place in church, and Molly and Nora had wondered at it; but Brian imagined that Mrs. Warren was one of those who would keep shut up closely in the house, with drawn-down blinds and closed shutters, and let no one go out into the sunshine or to seek comfort in God’s house till the funeral was over and the proper amount of crape provided, and he pitied the poor little child who was made to observe laws of foolish propriety that she could not understand. He pitied, too, Dr. Carlyon, whose hand felt more than once unconsciously for the head of the child, that had been so constantly at his side at morning and evening prayer that he had become as accustomed to it as to the oak carving on the pulpit or the stained glass in the east window.

“Be Mrs. Warren’s ‘Lizbeth up here?’

“No, she has not been here this morning.”

“Be she down to church? They be digging young Mike’s grave, so maybe she be watching.”

Brian had hoped the little girls had not noticed the sound of the spade from the churchyard, but they had, and had guessed what was being done; so the man’s words were not so great a shock, and they only shivered and turned a little pale as he spoke.

“We haven’t seen her this morning,” Molly said; “she wasn’t at service. Isn’t she at home?”

“No, she bain’t. Her mother was so took to about poor Mike as she never give a thought to the little lass as was used to come in when she’d a mind to, and put herself to bed, and this morning, when they came to look, she weren’t nowheres, and her bed has not been slept in.”

“Where can she be?”

“Ah, that’s what we don’t know; whether she heerd tell about young Mike, and was frightened,

and runned off, or whether she be trying to get to him again over to Northbury, as the parson took her over the other day. We wouldn’t like no harm to come to the little maid, though she be but simple like, and not as bright as some. We’ve got used to her like about the mill, and we’d miss her terrible, that we should; and the horses they knows her, bless you! and they’ve been turning their heads and fidgeting all the morning to know what’s come of her; and them pigeons is in a reglar taking.”

“She can’t have gone far,” said Brian; “perhaps one of the neighbours is taking care of her.”

“We’ve been and sent all over the place, and can’t hear a word on her. The last as see her was Giles, as he come across the meadows from the Hall about sunset yesterday; he see her by the river with her pinny full of flowers, and he hollered to her to come along, but she took no notice.”

“By the river?” Brian asked doubtfully, and the man saw his fear and took it up quickly. “Oh, we’re not afraid of that neither; she’s been used to the water from a babby, and goes across the mill-stream on a plank as steady as if ‘twere the turnpike road; and she’s not daring and mischiefful like some brats. She don’t say much, but she knows what she’s about.”

“Let’s go and find her,” the girls said; and Brian went with them.

“Very likely she has gone to Northbury to try and see him, as she was once taken over there,” said Brian.

“Perhaps she went across to the island to Rat Hall and could not get back again,” suggested Molly; and this did not seem unlikely when they got to the willow bridge, for they found it still more broken, and it was as much as they could do to get across.

But Elizabeth was nowhere to be seen, and the sight of the place brought back so many memories to the girls’ minds that they quite forgot they were looking for the little girl, and could hardly tear themselves away, for they must show Brian how it had all been, where Rat Hall stood, and where the hole in the tree was where the watch was hidden, and from whence it disappeared; they showed him, too, where they had found Mike lying in the shadow of the trees, where they might never have seen him if he had not sobbed.

And then they took Brian on to where the punt had been, and the place where Mike had sunk it in the river: but while they were telling him about it and pointing out the end that was visible among the waving water-weeds, Brian’s eye was caught by something in the branches of a willow that overhung and swept the water, something rising and falling softly with the flow of the stream, something that was not flower nor weed nor branch, something pink and white like a child’s print pinafore.

He pushed aside some branches to see more clearly, and the girls noticed the movement and looked too, and both at the same moment gave a cry, “Oh, Brian, it’s Elizabeth’s pinafore!”

Her pinafore! God grant it is nothing more!

In a minute they had pushed and broken through the branches, and were close to the willow, and Brian stretched out his long arm and laid hold of the child’s pinafore and drew it towards him, hoping even against hope that it would come easily with no weight

behind it. But that hope was vain. It was Elizabeth herself that he lifted tenderly out of the water, or rather it was the fair young body in which the child's simple soul had passed the few short years of her life.

They say drowned people sometimes look terrible and dreadful, especially those who have been long in the water; but as Brian parted the wet hair from the forehead there was nothing shocking in the dead face, the lips of which were parted in a smile that they rarely, if ever, bore in life.

'She is not dead, Brian?'

'She will get all right again, won't she?'

'Neville looked quite as bad as that when Mike got him out of the water.'

'Oh, Brian, let us run and call them from the mill.'

But Brian shook his head. 'We will take her back, Molly, to her poor mother. But I am afraid nothing can be done, she has been in the water too long.'

So they carried her home to the old mill, and found indeed, as Brian thought, it was too late to call her back to life; and few could wish it when they saw the smiling young face that seemed to have found a brightness in death that she had not in life, perhaps a ray from the brightness of the golden city where she and Mike had gone together.

Molly and Nora had never seen death before, for it had never entered their happy home since their mother died, and that was before they could remember, and now it came before them in a very gentle and beautiful form.

The tall white lilies by the Vicarage porch were just opening their great, pure flowers, and when Molly and Nora went down to the mill in the afternoon they carried a great sheaf of them to lay round the child on her little bed, and one they put under her crossed hands on her breast—a very sceptre of purity.

The soft summer breeze fluttered the white curtain that was drawn across the open window, and outside the casement Elizabeth's white pigeons cooed softly, and beyond sounded the low rush of the river and the turning of the great mill-wheel. One of the miller's men was up there, a great, rough fellow, who, report said, was too often at the Red Lion. He was standing by the bed, twisting his dusty hat round and round, and looking with dim eyes at the child's face. That man could no more express his feelings in words than one of his great cart-horses, or the little sharp terrier at his heels; but when he drew the rough back of his hand across his eyes, and went shambling clumsily away, there was a world of honest sorrow in his heart, and a wish, moreover, which was almost a resolve, to be a better man; and the Doctor guessed at some of it, and held out his hand, which was wrung in such a grip as made it numb and powerless for some minutes.

There was many a visitor in that little bedroom in the old mill while the child lay there among the lilies, as white and waxen and pure as the flowers themselves. But it was not for long, for the next day the little coffin was carried out, and followed Mike's to the little churchyard, round which the hills watch so lovingly, and brother and sister were laid together in the same grave.

It was all done so quickly, there was no time for all the parade and outward show of mourning that Mrs. Warren would have wished, and the lack of which she bitterly deplored. The miller's men carried young Mike and little Elizabeth to their rest; and if there were no mourning-coaches and waving plumes, there was such a following as might have gratified the noblest in the land. To be sure there were not many black gowns or crape hat-bands, but there were loving hearts and tearful eyes which to some minds are better.

There were no near kinsmen to follow as chief mourners, and though any man in the village would have given his arm to Mrs. Warren for poor Mike's sake and the little maid, they were all rather shy of doing it, not knowing what might happen if hysterics came on; so Dr. Carlyon asked Brian to take care of the poor woman, which he agreed to do. But just as they were leaving the mill some one else came forward and took his place, and Brian gladly fell back. He did not know who it was, but Molly and Nora recognised Neville Carson in a moment, and so did the Bydown people who were there; and there was a hesitation and a low murmur, as if they resented his presence, and Mrs. Warren drew away from him, and began sobbing ominously. Neville was in deep mourning, and his face was white and his eyes red, and he looked round appealingly, and then took Mrs. Warren's hand, and laid it on his arm, saying,—

'Dr. Carlyon said I might.'

'There, let be then,' said one of the men, 'if the parson wishes it. Move on, do ye, and don't let us have no words.'

So Neville Carson followed Mike Warren to his grave, and in that grave was buried, too, all the ill-feeling to the young Squire in Bydown; and as he left the churchyard when all was over, many a hard hand was stretched out to grasp his, touched by the sight of his great grief and the tender courtesy he showed to Mike's mother.

'And there,' Betty said, 'I don't believe that woman will ever want for a friend as long as Neville Carson lives; and for the matter of that, none of us but has a friend as long as we've our little ould parson, as is more by a deal than we deserves.'

Molly and Nora left little Bydown next day with Brian, bidding good-bye to Dr. Carlyon at the churchyard gate, where they had met him on their first arrival; but now there was a grave newly turfed and covered with flowers that was not there when they came. Their eyes were very dim with tears as they looked their last on Mike's grave and at the little, solitary black figure beside it, that had no longer the little pink sun-bonnet by his side.

Dr. Carlyon missed Molly and Nora very much, and Mike, too; but, most of all, he missed little Elizabeth; and her, I think, he will miss from her place at his side in church, and stretch out his hand sometimes to feel for her head till he himself is missing from his place, and Bydown has its 'little ould parson' no more.





Camp coming out of his hiding-place.

THE DOG AND THE BAKER.

THE wisest dog,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'I ever had, was what is called the Bulldog Terrier. I taught him to understand a great many words, in-somuch that I am positive that the communication betwixt the canine species and ourselves might be greatly enlarged. Camp once bit the baker who was bringing bread to the family. I beat him, and explained the enormity of his offence; after which, to the last moment of his life, he never heard the least allusion to the story, in whatever

voice or tone it was mentioned, without getting up and retiring into the darkest corner of the room, with great appearance of distress. Then, if you said, "The baker was well paid," or, "The baker was not hurt, after all," Camp came forth from his hiding-place, capered, barked, and rejoiced. When he was unable, towards the end of his life, to attend me when on horseback, he used to watch for my return, and the servant used to tell him his "master was coming down the hill, or through the moor," and although he did not use any gesture to explain his meaning, Camp was never known to mistake him, but either went out at the front to go up the hill, or at the back to get down to the moorside. He certainly had a singular knowledge of spoken language.'



THE WAVES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

ROLL on, roll on, you restless waves,
 That toss about and roar;
 Why do you all run back again
 When you have reached the shore?

Roll on, roll on, you noisy waves,
 Roll higher up the strand;
 How is it that you cannot pass
 That line of yellow sand?

Make haste, or else the tide will turn;
 Make haste, you noisy sea;
 Roll quite across the bank, and then
 Far on across the lea.

'We do not dare,' the waves reply.
 'That line of yellow sand
 Is laid along the shore to bound
 The waters and the land;'

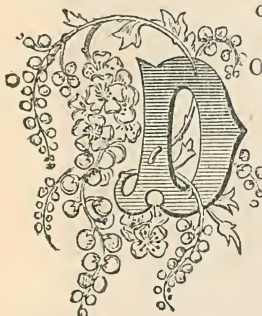
And all should keep to time and place,
And all should keep to rule,
Both waves upon the sandy shore,
And merry boys at school.'

Aunt Effie's Rhymes.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 255.)

CHAPTER IV.—DON SHOWS HIS COURAGE.



DON, the hounds say there's something on the island,' said Bert.

Don ceased rowing, faced about, and looked at his favourites, whose actions he had learned to read like a book. They were beginning to be very uneasy.

'Yes,' said Don, his countenance brightening, and his eye lighting up

with excitement; 'there's something there. I hope it is a bear, for if it should turn out to be nobody but Godfrey Evans I should be provoked. You needn't be afraid,' he added, with a hasty glance at his brother's sober face. 'If it is a bear he can't take us unawares while the dogs are with us. They'll find him, and show us where he is.'

'I couldn't shoot him if I should see him,' said Bert, drawing a long breath. 'You know that while we were over on Coldwater all my shooting was done on small game. I never saw a wild bear in my life.'

'You needn't shoot him. In fact, I'd rather you wouldn't try; for if you were in the least excited you might shoot the dogs, and I wouldn't have them hurt for all the bears in Mississippi. You know that all those hunters in Africa have after-riders—men who keep close behind them, and hand them a second gun if they need it. You can do the same by me. If I fail to make a dead shot with my rifle, be ready to give me your double-barrel. There are buckshot enough in it to kill any bear I ever saw. Keep close at my heels, and the bear shan't hurt you, unless he kills or disables me first,' added Don, who took pride in the fact that he was able to act as protector to his weak and timid brother.

'But I don't want him to hurt you, either,' said Bert.

'I don't intend that he shall. I am not as much afraid of those fellows as I was a few weeks ago, for I have learned that a quick eye and steady hand are all that are needed to bring one safely through.'

Don laid out all his strength on the oars again, and the canoe rapidly approached the island; but before it had gone many yards the report of a rifle rang out on the air, being followed a moment later by a rustling in the cane, which the boys knew was not made by the breeze, and then by loud and rapidly-spoken words which the young hunters could not understand. The words were uttered by Bob Owens, who was calling upon his companion to save himself by flight. Then there was a loud shout of terror,

followed by more rustling in the cane, and by repeated cries from some one who was evidently in great distress, or threatened by some terrible danger. The hounds bayed loudly in response, Bert's cheek blanched, and Don rested on his oars and looked first at the island and then at his brother in great astonishment. His inactivity, however, lasted but for a moment. The voices and cries of distress continued to come from the island, and Don, with the remark that there was some one there who was in need of assistance, bent to the oars with redoubled energy.

The canoe moved swiftly along the shore of the island until it reached a point opposite the path leading to the little clearing in which the bear-trap was located, and then Bert turned it toward the shore, and Don with a few strong pulls drove the bow deep into the mud. The hounds, hardly waiting for the boat to become stationary, sprang ashore, and were out of sight in an instant. Don, shouting directions to his favourites, followed as fast as he was able, and Bert, with his double-barrel on his shoulder, kept close to his brother's side, wondering all the while at the courage he exhibited in doing so. But one never knows how much nerve he has until he is put to the test. Perhaps that pale, quiet friend of yours, who looks as though he had scarcely strength enough to lift his heavy satchelful of books, and who always turns and walks meekly away whenever the great, hulking bully of the school says a harsh word to him, would, if placed in a situation of extreme danger, stand his ground, and show the greatest coolness and courage, while that same bully would run for his life.

The young hunters ran swiftly along the path, but before they had made many steps they heard a great crashing in the cane, accompanied by a chorus of snarls and growls that were enough to frighten almost any one. But they did not frighten Don now. He had heard such sounds so often of late that they did not affect his nerves any more than the baying of his own hounds would have done. He ran on faster than ever, and a few more steps brought him round an abrupt bend in the path. There he stopped, greatly astonished at what he saw—a battle between his hounds and a bear. It was not the battle that astonished him, but the size of the animal with which his favourites were contending. It was the largest he had ever seen in all his hunting. It was almost as large as the one which had slaughtered so many dogs in that same canebrake a few years before. She was standing on her hind feet, striking viciously at the dogs, which, altogether too wise to close with so huge an antagonist, were bounding about her, biting her first in one place and then in another, and keeping her spinning around like a top.

Don took in the situation at a glance, and then his rifle slowly and steadily arose to his shoulder, the sight covering the bear's neck. He fired at the proper moment, and the animal fell to the ground, being assisted in her fall by the hounds, which, encouraged by the presence of their master, seized her at the same instant, and pulled her with great violence against the nearest sapling. The result was not a little bewildering to Don and his brother. A loud cry of alarm sounded among the branches over

their heads, and they looked up just in time to see some heavy body descending through the air. It struck the ground, from which it seemed to bound like a ball, and when it came to an upright position, as it did a moment later, Don saw that it was Lester Brigham, and not a bear, as he had at first supposed. His astonishment was so great that for a moment he could neither move nor speak; but Bert could and did, for he saw that the boy was in danger.

'Look out, Lester! Run for your life!' he cried.

Aroused by the exclamation, Don turned his eyes from Lester to the bear, and saw that the animal had regained her feet, and having knocked down one of the hounds, was rushing upon Lester with open mouth. Don was frightened now, for he believed that something dreadful was about to happen; but his nerve did not fail him, nor did he hesitate an instant. Dropping his empty rifle, and seizing the double-barrel which Bert promptly handed him, already cocked, he drew the weapon to his shoulder, and by a hasty snap-shot saved Lester's life. The bear and her intended victim both dropped at the report, the one mortally wounded, and the other in a dead faint. So closely together did they fall that the bear, in her death struggle, tore Lester's clothing with her claws. Bert at once dashed forward to drag him out of danger, while Don ended the battle by firing another charge of buckshot into the animal's head. Lester could now say that he had been within five feet of a bear, and tell nothing but the truth.

'Well, this beats anything I ever heard of!' said Don, as soon as he had made sure that the bear was dead. 'How do you suppose Lester got here? I didn't see any boat on the beach, did you?'

'No,' answered Bert; 'I was too badly frightened to see anything.'

'But there's a boat there all the same,' said a voice.

Don and Bert looked wonderingly at each other. 'Who's that?' demanded the latter, after a moment's hesitation.

'Bob Owens!'

The rustling among the branches which accompanied these words told the brothers where to look to find the speaker. They walked toward the foot of a neighbouring sapling, and, looking upward, saw Bob Owens coming down. His pale face and trembling hands showed that he, as well as Lester, had sustained something of a fright.

'Why, Bob, what in the world brought you here?' exclaimed Bert.

'I came up to find the bear that drove you and Don off the island a few days ago,' replied Bob. 'I found her, too,' he added, suddenly pausing in his descent as an angry growl fell upon his ear. It was uttered by one of the hounds, which recognised in Bob the robber who had been compelled to take refuge on the roof of the negro cabin. He looked up at the boy and showed him the teeth he had come so near using on him that night.

'Bose, behave yourself!' exclaimed Don, sharply. 'Come down, Bob, and tell us all about it.'

Before Bob could comply, a wild, shrill cry, which, during her life, would have excited the old bear almost to frenzy, sounded from the direction of the

clearing, which was a few rods deeper in the cane. The boys all knew what it was. Bob uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and began to mount among the branches of the sapling again, while Bert put fresh cartridges into his old double-barrel, and Don ran back after his rifle, which he began to reload with all haste. While he was thus engaged his eye fell upon Lester's prostrate form.

'I say, Bob!' he exclaimed, 'you had better come down and see to your friend here.'

'What's the matter with him?' asked Bob, from his perch.

'He has fainted. He was frightened by the bear, and perhaps injured by his fall from the tree. I don't blame him for being frightened. I don't suppose he ever saw a bear before in his life.'

'Ha!' exclaimed Bob; 'he says he has shot more of them than you ever saw.'

Don did not believe that Lester told the truth when he said this; but he could not stop to argue the point just then, for his mind was too fully occupied with thoughts of what was yet to come. He patched the ball very carefully, and as he drew the ramrod to drive it home he said,—

'Come down here, and take care of him, Bob. Throw some water in his face, and I think he will come out all right. You will find a cup in our boat.'

'I guess not,' replied Bob. 'I've no business down there. Don't you know that that was the cry of a cub we heard just now?'

'Of course I do. But what of it?'

'Don't you know that if the old one is anywhere around you are in danger down there?'

'I don't think the old one will trouble us. She's dead.'

'But suppose the father of the family should be in the neighbourhood? Take to a tree, quick!' exclaimed Bob, as the cub once more set up his shrill cry. 'Bring your rifle up with you, and if the other old one comes round you can shoot him easy enough.'

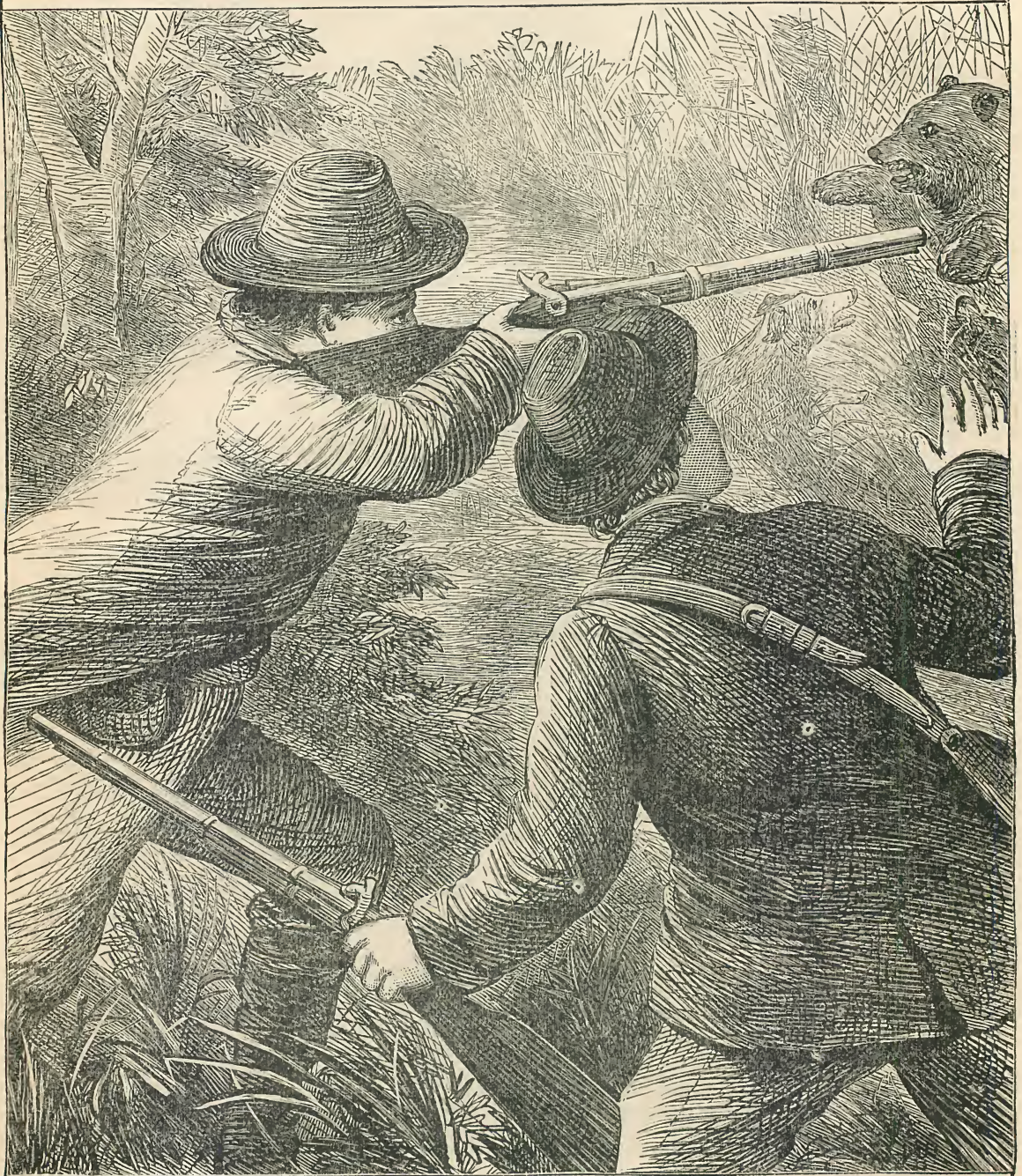
'That's not my way of doing business,' replied Don, somewhat surprised at the proposition. 'Why, Bob, I thought you had hunted bears all your life!'

'So I have; but I always had a good horse under me, and plenty of dogs to back me up. You'll never again catch me on foot round where one of these animals is. I've had enough of it to-day.'

The loud baying of the hounds, which had dashed down the path as soon as the cry of the cub fell upon their ears, now echoed through the woods, and Don, having by this time loaded his rifle, ran toward the clearing, leaving Bob to help his friend Lester, or not, just as he pleased. Bert, in his capacity of gun-bearer, kept close behind his brother as he ran.

A few rapid steps brought the hunters to the edge of the clearing, and there they stopped to reconnoitre the ground before going farther. They did not want to run into the clutches of another old bear if they could help it. The hounds were standing on their hind legs, with their fore feet resting against the body of a small tree, looking up into the branches and baying loudly. Don looked, too, and saw a young bear, about the size of a Newfoundland dog, perched in the fork.

(To be continued.)



Don fired at the proper moment.



Bob Owens giving Lester Brigham a cup of water.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 263.)



"H, Bert!" exclaimed Don, "why didn't we think to bring an axe with us? It wouldn't be any trouble at all to cut the tree down and take that fellow alive."

Before Bert could say anything in reply, the hounds suddenly left the tree, and, dashing across the clearing, threw themselves against the trap, towards which Don had

not before thought to look, and thrusting their noses between the logs made desperate efforts to reach something on the inside; while whatever it was on the inside ran about and squalled as if greatly alarmed. Then Don saw that the top of the trap was down. He ran quickly to it, and looking between the logs saw, crouching in the furthest corner, the mate to the young bear in the tree. The huge animal he had shot in the path was the mother of the two cubs.

"We've got two of them!" he exclaimed, in great glee. "Are we not in luck? Don't you remember father told us that if we could trap a cub Silas Jones would give us twenty dollars for him? We'll have forty dollars to give David. We don't need the money and he does."

"Of course he does!" replied Bert. "We'll leave the dogs here and go home and get help."

"That's the idea. We shall need plenty of it, too, for that bear is pretty heavy, and it will take a strong force to drag her to the bayou and put her into the boat. Here, boys," he added, calling to his dogs and placing his hand on the tree in which the young bear had taken refuge; "keep your eyes on him, and don't let him come down."

The hounds understood him, and seemed quite willing to remain and watch the game. They had passed many a night in the woods guarding a coon-tree, and we know how faithfully they and the rest of Don's pack watched Lester and Bob while they were on the top of the negro cabin. All they had to do was to "keep their eyes" on the bear in the tree; the one in the trap could not possibly escape.

Don now shouldered his rifle and retraced his steps along the path, followed by his faithful gunbearer. When they reached the scene of fight they found Lester Brigham sitting up with his back supported against a tree, and Bob Owens kneeling beside him in the act of handing him a cup of water.

After the brothers ran toward the clearing Bob waited and listened, expecting every instant to hear the sounds of another desperate struggle; but as nothing but the baying of the hounds came to his ears, he made up his mind that there were no more old bears about, and finally mustered up courage enough to go to the assistance of his companion, as Don had suggested. He made his way to the ground, and stopping long enough to take a good look at the huge animal which had been the cause of so much alarm to him, he ran up the path to see how Lester

was getting on. The latter was beginning to show some signs of returning animation, and the cup of water that Bob dashed into his face brought all his faculties back to him. He opened his eyes, and seemed instantly to recall all the exciting incidents that had so recently occurred. He jumped to his feet with a cry of alarm, but was so weak that if Bob had not caught him in his arms he would have fallen to the ground. Bob propped him up against a tree, and, after assuring him that the bear was dead, hurried off to the bayou after another cup of water. "How do you feel, Lester?" asked Don, with some anxiety.

"All done up," was the scarcely audible reply. "I feel as if every bone in my body was broken. I'll tell you what it is: if I had been in practice, as I was when I took my last hunt in Michigan, you wouldn't have had a chance to shoot that bear. I've killed dozens of them; but this one came upon me so suddenly that I couldn't do anything."

"I guess you are all right," thought Don, with a sly glance at his brother. "As long as a boy can tell falsehoods there's not much the matter with him." Then aloud he asked: "Can we be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh, no," replied Lester, who wanted nothing to do with the boys he had wronged. "I shall be able to walk in a few minutes, and Bob will take care of me."

"Very well; then we will go home. We must have help to get this old bear into a boat, and besides, there are two cubs back there in the clearing that we want to capture alive. They are worth twenty dollars apiece, and the money belongs to Dave Evans."

"Dave Evans!" sneered Lester, as soon as the brothers were out of sight in the cane. "There's nobody in this settlement but Dave Evans."

"Twenty dollars apiece!" said Bob, pulling off his hat and dashing it spitefully on the ground. "That makes forty dollars, which added to a hundred and sixty makes two hundred dollars. Wouldn't I have a breech-loader if I had that amount of money in my pocket? But I haven't got a cent, and here's this miserable fellow rich already. I wish I dared go back there and shoot those cubs. I would if the hounds were not there. I'd shoot the dogs, too, if I thought Don wouldn't suspect me."

Meanwhile Don was laying out all his strength on the oars, and the canoe was moving rapidly down the bayou. When it reached the lake, and was passing Godfrey's cabin, Don and his brother, who had not seen the boy-trapper since their return, and consequently knew nothing of his good fortune, looked all around for him, intending, if they saw him, to tell him that he had some valuable property up in the woods which was waiting to be secured.

"I don't see anything of him," said Bert, and we are in too great a hurry to stop and hunt him up."

"Never mind," said Don; "he'll come round as soon as he finds out that we are at home. Now, Bert, if you will make the canoe fast and put our guns in the sail-boat, and get her all ready for the start, I'll run up to the house and ask father if he will let a couple of darkies go with us after those bears. We don't want any lunch, do we?"

No, Bert didn't want any. There was too much sport in prospect, and he couldn't eat a mouthful until it was all over.

When the canoe reached the wharf Don sprang out, and Bert was preparing to make her fast at her usual moorings, when they heard a loud shout, and looking toward the road saw David Evans running along the beach. 'I'll wait until I hear how he succeeded with his quails,' said Don.

'And won't he be surprised when he learns that he will have forty dollars more in his pocket to-night!' said Bert. 'David ought to be very happy and contented now, for he is getting on nicely.'

'Well, he doesn't act to me like a very happy boy this morning,' said Don, in a low tone, as David came nearer. 'There's something the matter with him. He doesn't usually hang his head that way.'

Bert, having made the canoe fast to the tree, straightened up, and when he had taken a good look at David, told himself that his brother was right. There was something the matter with him. While he was wondering what new misfortune had fallen to the lot of the boy-trapper Don called out,—

'We've just been talking about you, Dave. How goes the battle?'

David tried to answer, but could not utter a word. Don, believing that it was because he was out of breath after his rapid run, continued,—

'You've had plenty of time to hear from those quails, and I suppose you've got a pocketful of money now, haven't you?'

David had by this time approached so close to the brothers that they could see that his face was very pale, and that his eyes were red and swollen with weeping. He stepped upon the shore end of the jetty, and throwing himself down upon it, covered his face with his hands and rocked back and forth, sobbing violently. Don and his brother looked at each other in great surprise, and at length the former managed to ask,—

'What's the matter?'

'Oh, Don!' cried David.

'Well, I can't make anything of that reply,' exclaimed the boy. 'Tell me what's the matter with you. Hasn't your money come?'

'Oh, yes, it came,' sobbed David.

These words, and the tone in which they were spoken, let Don into the secret of his friend's trouble. Impatient to know the worst at once, he walked up and caught David by the arm.

'Out with it,' said he. 'Where's your money now?'

'I worked so hard for it,' cried David, 'and mother needed it so much! but now it's gone—all gone! I've lost every red cent of it!'

Bert drew a long breath, and seated himself in the canoe with an air which said that his last misfortune was altogether too much for him to stand up under, while Don pushed back his sleeves, placed his hands on his hips, and looked down at the weeping boy.

CHAPTER V.—GODFREY VISITS THE CABIN.

'MORE'N a hundred and sixty-four dollars, an' it made a wad as big as that thar!' said Dan Evans, looking at his wrist as he hurried through the woods. He opened his eyes and fairly gasped for

breath as he thought of it. His ideas of money, as we know, were not very clear, and he was of the opinion that a roll of greenbacks as large as one could conveniently grasp in his hand must be utterly inexhaustible.

Dan talked to himself while he was running through the woods towards his father's camp, after his interview with the planter which we have recorded in the first chapter. His astonishment was almost unbounded. How glad he was now that he had followed his father's instructions, and let David's traps alone; and how amazed and delighted Godfrey would be when he heard the news!

Dan knew just where to go to find his father. He was still occupying his old camp—the one he made after Don Gordon's hounds drove him off the island—and thither Dan hurried with all the speed he could command. But still he could not go half fast enough to suit him. It seemed to him that the astounding information he had just received would work some dreadful injury to him if he did not communicate it to his father at once. The nearer he approached the camp the faster he ran; and when, at last, he burst into the presence of his father, who was stretched out beside a blazing fire, he was so nearly exhausted that he could scarcely speak; but, after a good many questions and a few threats from the impatient Godfrey, he managed to repeat the substance of his conversation with the planter. His father listened with mouth and eyes wide open, and when, at last, he began to comprehend the matter, he jumped to his feet, and danced about like one demented.

'Whoop!' cried Godfrey. 'Yer a good boy, Dannie. Ye're not like that mean, sneakin' Dave, who goes off an' 'arns a pocketful of greenbacks, and gives 'em all to his mammy and none to his dad; but ye've stuck by me an' been a dootiful son, and now ye'll see what I'll do by ye!'

'What be ye goin' to do, dad?' asked Dan.

'I'm goin' to have them thar greenbacks afore I sleep this night,' was Godfrey's decided reply. 'The money's mine. It don't b'long to Dave. I'm his dad, an' can take his 'arnin's till he's twenty-one years old, an' nobody can't say nothing to me.'

'If it hadn't been for me ye wouldn't a-knowed nothing 'bout this money, dad,' said Dan, 'an' I don't want ye to forgit it. Ye said ye'd give me half, I reckon: didn't ye, dad?'

'I did; and what I say I stand to.'

Godfrey's excitement had not abated, and neither had Dan's. They built air-castles and laid plans for the future until the afternoon began to draw to a close, and then Godfrey announced that it was time to prepare for business. He covered up the fire, threw on his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, and, taking his long rifle on his shoulder, led the way through the woods towards his cabin, closely followed by Dan, whose bright dreams grew still brighter as the time for their fulfilment drew nearer.

As they approached the cabin they heard the sound of an axe, and, when they came near enough to peer through the bushes they saw David in the yard chopping wood. When his task was finished he put the axe away, and began carrying the wood into the cabin, and while he worked he whistled

merrily. He was happy, as he had reason to be. When the last stick of wood had been deposited by the side of the fire-place, and David had walked two or three times around the cabin, and looked sharply in every direction to make sure that Dan was not loitering about ready to play his old game of eaves-dropping, the boy-trapper went in and closed and fastened the door.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXV.—CONGO.



HE western coast-line of Africa makes a great bend inwards near the Equator. This is the Gulf of Guinea. Africa's second largest river, the Niger, which, like the Nile, was long shrouded in mystery, pours out its waters into this gulf. The Niger rises in the Congo mountains, flows by Timbuctoo, and, after making a great

bend, enters the sea near Bonny.

Some Liverpool merchants sent out two steamers to explore the Niger some fifty years ago. The expedition was most unfortunate. Out of forty men, nine only survived to tell the tale of their sufferings. Mud-banks and rotting vegetation cause the coasts of Africa to be highly dangerous to life. The name of Guinea, which was given to the old gold coin worth one pound one shilling, was so given because the first guineas were made of gold from that part of the coast which is called the 'Gold Coast.'

About the Bight of Benin is the kingdom of Dahomey. Here cruelty reigns supreme, and men's lives are sacrificed by thousands every year to glut the savage taste of the king. He is said to have a hundred wives, and an army of fighting women. The king has now, however, in his neighbourhood, missionaries who can teach him a more excellent way.

From the Equator to Cape Negro is Lower Guinea, which the Portuguese claim as their 'find.' It is certain the Portuguese sailor, Diego Cam, was the first European who reached Congo. Here the Portuguese have misused their advantages, as, indeed, other nations long did, by slave-dealing. St. Paul de Loando is their chief city. It seems strange to call a city by the name of St. Paul and yet to have a wicked slave-market in it. What would St. Paul have said to such a market? What would he have called those who bought little black boys and girls who had been torn from their homes, and sent them away to be hopeless slaves, to be bullied, whipped, branded, and worked to death?

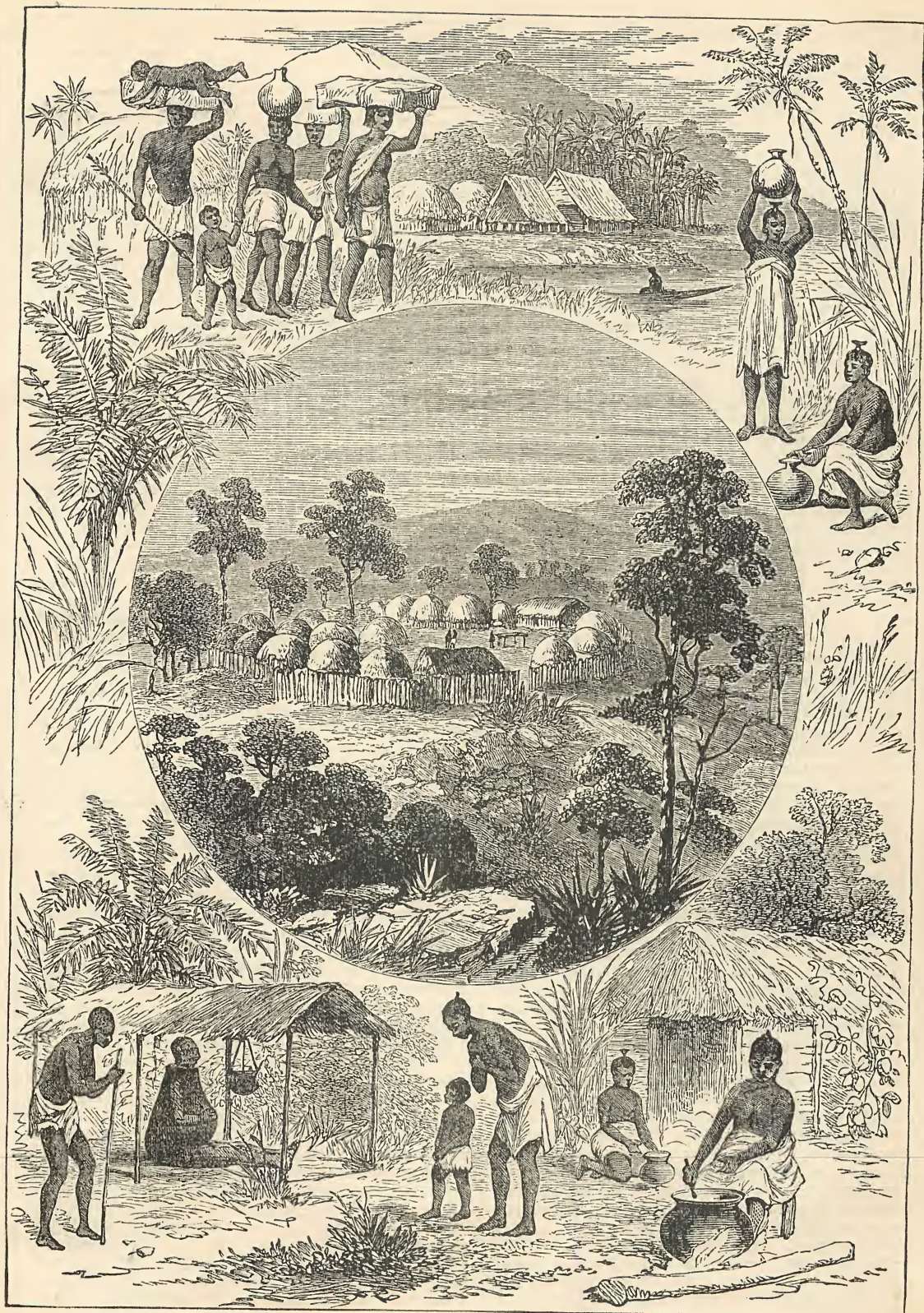
Soon after Diego Cam reached Congo, the black king and many of his people became Christians; and great efforts were made to convert the natives. The missionaries are said to have had astonishing success.

San Salvador—that is, Saint Saviour—is an island town, with a cathedral and ten churches, a bishop, a college, and a convent.

Goldsmith tells us, that when a captain of a slave-ship wished for slaves he used to send word to some petty king, who at once made war on his weaker neighbours, and took prisoners and sold them. Sometimes, too, a large party of well-armed kidnappers would march through the country, and snap up any poor wretch whom ill fate threw in their way. When the slaves were brought to the ship the captain stowed them away. The space a man had was just the space a man has in his coffin, and no more. You could not walk among them without treading on them. Many died every night from suffocation. When the slave-vessel reached the West Indies, people who wished for slaves went on board and bought them. Those who were not purchased by private dealers were sold at a public auction. When England was putting down the slave-trade the great William Pitt said, 'I trust this traffic has received its condemnation, that its sentence is sealed: that this curse of mankind, this greatest blot on our national character, is about to be removed, and that mankind is now likely to be delivered from the greatest practical evil that ever afflicted the human race.'

The Congo is a fine, deep river, and it brings an immense mass of water into the sea. The Congoese are superior to many of the African tribes. They cultivate the land, and have an established Government. At the same time they go naked, are timid, and unwarlike, and idle. They work in iron; and the first King of Congo was a blacksmith. They are not, however, very ingenious. The husband and wife share their duties thus:—She finds the house and the clothes (a very small matter), he prunes the trees and gets the palm-wine; she gets the food and waits on her spouse while he dines and sups. Which has the hardest job?

The Congo country is a great place for the hippopotamus. A hippopotamus hunt is an exciting scene. Listen. A snorting and a grunting, a splashing and a blowing and a bellowing in the river. This is the first act of the drama. Then come the hunters armed with their harpoons, and attended with canoe-bearers. As you look down on the stream, you see what seems to be a bluish sort of rock. Then you notice other bluish rocks. Then a rock sinks, and a new rock comes up. These are not rocks, but the 'hips of hippopotami.' A raft is launched, and on it stands a crew of valiant blacks. It is steered to the herd, and, at the proper moment, a harpoon is hurled into some monster's back or side. He dives to the bottom, but, dive as he may, he cannot shake out the barbed spear. A canoe quickly carries the harpoon-line to the shore, where it is coiled round and round a tree. Other canoes now are off to the scene of action, and the harpoons fall thick and fast on the doomed behemoth as often as he comes up. His track is now crimsoned with his blood. But let the hunters beware, for he sometimes takes his fearful revenge. With one snap of his horrible mouth he can cut a man's body in two. At length he is spent, and he dies. He is good to eat, and his skin makes good whips for the backs of naughty boys!



AFRICA. — Congo.

OFF TO THE WRECK.

The Cockswain's Story.



NEWs had been brought to Ramsgate, as you know, sir, that a large ship was ashore on the Long Sand, and Captain Braine, the harbour-master, ordered the tug and lifeboat to go off to her assistance. It was blowing a heavy gale of wind, though it came much harder some hours afterwards; and the moment we were clear of the pier we felt the sea. Our boat is considered a very fine one. I know there is no better on the coasts, and there are only two in Great Britain bigger. She was presented to the town by the people of Bradford, and is called after that place. But it is ridiculous to talk of bigness when it means only forty-two feet long, and when a sea is raging round you heavy enough to swamp a line-of-battle ship. I had my eye on the tug—named the *Vulcan*, sir—when she met the first of the seas. We were towing head to wind, and the water was flowing over the boat in torrents. Every man of us was well drenched, in spite of our overalls, by the time we had brought the Ramsgate Sands a-beam; but there were a good many miles to be gone over before we should fetch the Knock Lightship, and so you see, sir, it was much too early for us to take notice that things were not over and above comfortable. We got out the sail-cover—a piece of tarpaulin—to make a shelter of, and rigged it up against the mast; but it hadn't been up two minutes when a heavy sea hit and washed it right aft; so there was nothing to do but to hold on to the thwarts and shake ourselves when the water came over. I never remember a colder wind. I don't say this because I happened to be out in it. Old Tom Cooper, one of the best boatmen in all England, sir, who made one of our crew, agreed with me that it was more like a flaying machine than a natural gale of wind. The feel of it in the face was like being gnawed by a dog. I only wonder it didn't freeze the tears it fetched out of our eyes. We were heading N.E., and the wind was blowing from N.E. The North Foreland had been a bit of shelter, like; but when we had got clear of that, and the ocean lay ahead of us, the seas were furious—they seemed miles long, sir, like an Atlantic sea, and it was enough to make a man hold his breath to watch how the tug wallowed and tumbled into them.

'Somewhere abreast of the Elbow Buoy a smack that was running ported her helm to speak us. Her skipper had just time to yell out, "A vessel on the Long Sand!" and we to wave our hands, when she was astern and out of sight in a haze of spray. Presently a collier named the *Fanny*, with her foretopgallant yard gone, passed us. She was cracking on to bring the news of the wreck to Ramsgate, and was making a heavy sputter under her topsails and foresail. They raised a cheer, for they knew our errand, and then, like the smack, in a minute she was astern and gone.

'By half-past four o'clock in the afternoon it was drawing on dusk, and about that hour we sighted the revolving light of the Kentish Knock Lightship, and

a little after five we were pretty close to her. She is a big red-hulled boat, with the words *Kentish Knock* written in long white letters on her sides, and, dark as it was, we could see her flung up, and rushing down fit to roll her over and over; and the way she pitched and went out of sight, and then ran up on the black heights of water, gave me a better notion of the fearfulness of that sea than I had got by watching the tug or noticing our own lively dancing. The tug hailed her first, and two men looking over her side answered; but what they said didn't reach us in the lifeboat.

"I sung out, "Have you seen the ship?"

"And one of the men bawled back, "Yes."

"How does she bear?"

"Nor'-west by north."

"Have you seen anything go to her?"

'The answer I caught was, "A boat." Some of our men said the answer was, "A lifeboat;" but most of us only heard, "A boat."

'The tug was now towing ahead, and we went past the lightship, but ten minutes after Tom Friend sings out, "They're burning a light aboard her!" and looking astern I saw they had fired a red signal light, that was blazing over the bulwark in a long shower of sparks. The tug put her helm down to return, and we were brought broadside to the sea. Then we felt the power of those waves, sir. It looked a wonder that we were not rolled over and drowned, every man of us. We held on with our teeth clenched, and twice the boat was filled, and the water up to our throats.

"Bitter cold work, Charlie," says old Tom Cooper to me; "but," says he, "it's colder for the poor fellows aboard the wreck, if they're alive to feel it."

'The thought of them made our own sufferings small, and we kept looking and looking into the darkness around. There was no sign of the wreck, and staring over the edge of the boat, with the spray and the darkness, was like trying to see through the bottom of a well. So we began to talk the matter over, and Tom Cooper says,—

"We had better stop here and wait for daylight."

"I'm for stopping," says Steve Goldsmith; and Bob Penny says, "We're here to fetch the wreck, and fetch it we will, if we wait a week."

"Right," says I; and all hands being agreed—without any fuss, sir, though I dare say most of our hearts were at home and our wishes alongside our hearths and the warm fires in them—we all of us put our hands to our mouths and made one great cry of "*Vulcan* ahoy!" The tug dropped astern.

"What do you want?" sings out the skipper, when he gets within speaking distance.

"There's nothing to be seen of the vessel, and so we had better lie to for the night," I answered.

"Very good," he says; and then the steamer, without another word from her crew, and the water tumbling over her bows like cliffs, resumed her station ahead, her paddles revolving just fast enough to keep her from dropping astern.

'All that we had to do now was to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Our tow-rope veered us out a long way, too far astern of the tug for her to help us as a breakwater, and the manner in which we were flung towards the sky with half our keel out of

water and then dropped into a hollow—like falling from the top of a house, sir—while the heads of the seas blew into and tumbled over us all the time, made us all reckon that, so far from getting any rest, most of our time would be spent in preventing ourselves from being washed overboard.

‘We all lay in a lump together for warmth, and a fine show we made, I dare say; for a cork jacket, even when a man stands upright, isn’t calculated to improve his figure; and as we all of us had cork jackets on and oilskins, and many of us sea-boots, you may guess what a ruffle of legs and arms we showed, and what a run heap of odds and ends we looked as we sprawled in the bottom of the boat upon one another. However, we hadn’t come out to enjoy ourselves; nothing was said, and so we lay in a heap, hugging one another for warmth, until the morning broke.

‘The first man to look to leeward was old Tom’s son—young Tom Cooper—and in a moment he bawled out “There she is!” The morning had only just broke, and the light was grey and dim, and down in the west it still seemed to be night; the air was full of spray, and scarcely were we a-top of a sea than we were rushing like an arrow into the hollow again, so that young Tom must have had eyes like a hawk to have seen her. Yet the moment he sung out and pointed, all hands cried out, “There she is!” But what was it, sir? Only a mast about three miles off—just one single mast sticking up out of the white water, as thin and faint as a spider’s line. Yet that was the ship we had been waiting all night to see. Aye, there she was; but, sir, the fearful sea that was raging between her and us! It might have shook even a man who wanted to die to look at it, if he didn’t know what the *Bradford* can go through. I ran my eye over the men’s faces.

“Let slip the tow-rope,” bawled Dick Goldsmith.

“Up foresail,” I shouted; and two minutes after we had sighted that mast we were dead before the wind, our storm foresail taut as a drum-skin, our boat’s stem heading full for the broken seas and the lonely stranded vessel in the midst of them. It was well that there was something in front of us to keep our eyes that way, and that none of us thought of looking astern, or the sight of the high and frightful seas which raged after us might have played Old Harry with weak nerves. Some of them came with such force that they leapt right over the boat, and the air was dark with water flying a dozen yards high over us in broad, solid sheets, which fell with a roar like the explosion of a gun ten and a dozen fathoms ahead.

‘But we took no notice of these seas even when we were in the thick of the broken waters, and all the hands holding on to the thwarts for dear life. Every thought was upon the mast that was growing bigger and clearer, and sometimes when a sea hove us high we could just see the hull, with the water as white as milk flowing over it. The mast was what they call “bright,” that is, scraped and varnished; and we knew that if there was anything living aboard that doomed ship we should find it on that mast; and we strained our eyes with all our might, but could see nothing that looked like a man. But on a sudden I caught sight of a length of canvas streaming out of

the top, and all of us seeing it, we raised a shout, and a few minutes after we saw the men. They were all dressed in yellow oilskins, and the mast being of that colour was the reason why we did not see them sooner. They looked a whole mob of people, and one of us roared out,—

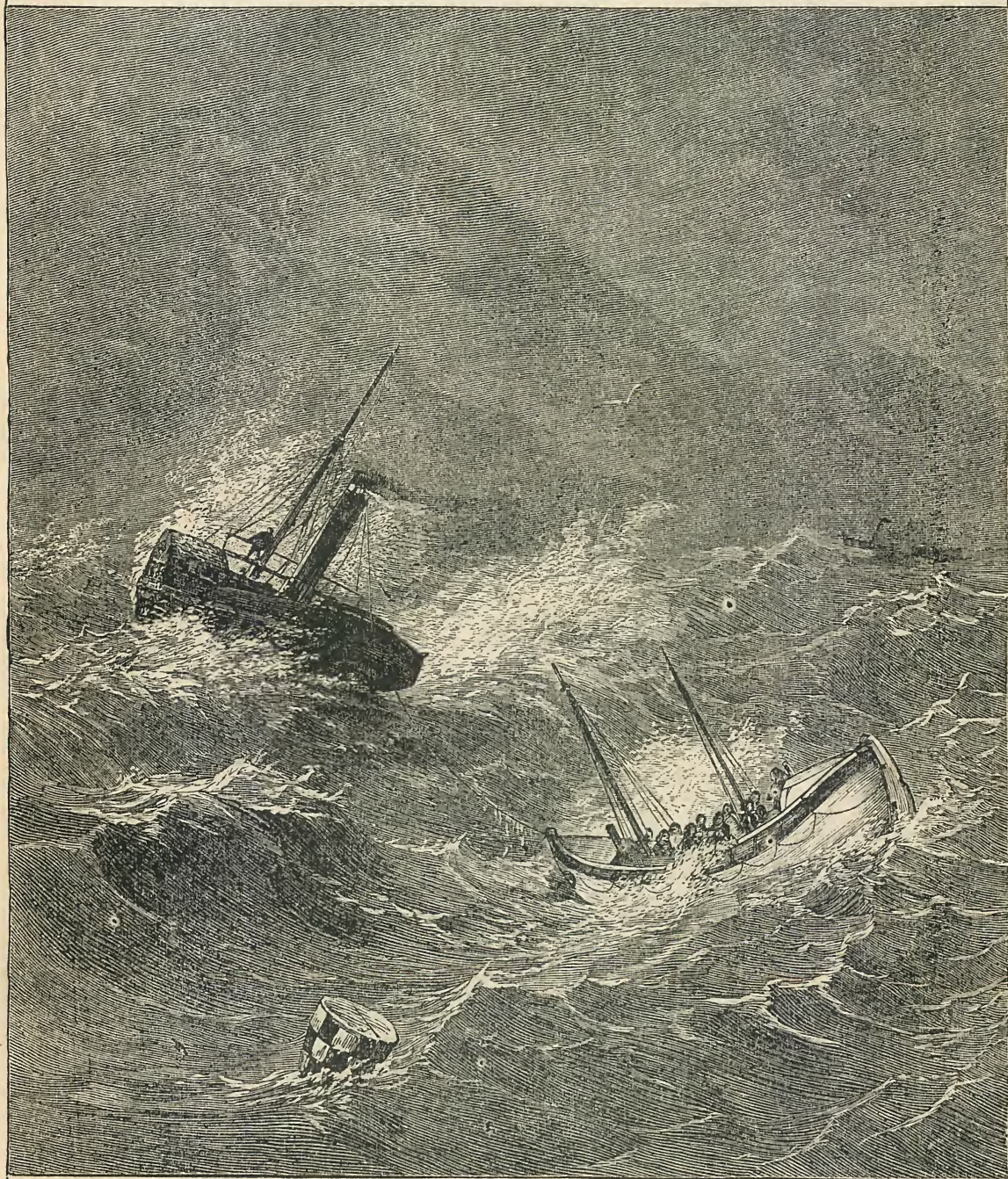
“All hands are there, men!” and I answered, “Aye, the whole ship’s company, and we’ll have them all!” for though, as we afterwards knew, there were only eleven of them, yet, as I have said, they looked a great number huddled together in that top, and I made sure the whole ship’s company were there. By this time we were pretty close to the ship, and a fearful wreck she looked, with her mainmast and mizenmast gone, and her bulwarks washed away, and great lumps of timber and planking ripping out of her, and going overboard with every pour of the seas.

‘We let go our anchor fifteen fathoms to windward of her, and as we did so we saw the poor fellows unlash themselves and dropping one by one over the top into the lee rigging. As we veered out cable and drove down under her stern, I shouted to the men on the wreck to bend a piece of wood on to a line and throw it overboard for us to lay hold of. They did this, but they had to get aft first, and I feared for the poor, half-perished creatures again and again as I saw them scrambling along the lee rail, stopping and holding on as the mountainous seas swept over the hull, and then creeping a bit further aft in the pause.

‘There looked to be a whole score of dead bodies knocking about among the spars. It stunned me for a moment, for I had thought all hands were in the foretop, and never dreamt of so many lives having been lost. Seventeen were drowned, and there they were, most of them, and the body of the captain lashed to the head of the mizenmast, so as to look as if he were leaning over it, his head stiff upright, and his eyes watching us, and the stir of the seas made him appear to be struggling to get to us. I thought he was alive, and cried to the men to hand him in: but some one said he was killed when the mizenmast fell, and had been dead four or five hours.

‘This was a dreadful shock: I never remember the like of it. I can’t hardly get those fixed eyes out of my sight, sir, and I lie awake for hours of a night; and so does Tom Cooper, and others of us, seeing those bodies torn by the spars, and bleeding, floating in the water alongside the miserable ship.

‘Well, sir, we saved the eleven men, and I have since heard that all of them are doing well. If I may speak, as cockswain of the lifeboat, I would like to say that all hands concerned in this rescue, them in the tug as well as the crew of the boat, did what might be expected of English sailors—for such they are, whether you call some of them boatmen or not; and I know in my heart, and say it without fear, that from the hour of leaving Ramsgate Harbour to the moment when we sighted the wreck’s mast there was only one thought in all of us, and that was that the Almighty would give us the strength, and direct us how to save the lives of the poor fellows to whose assistance we had been sent.’—*Abridged from the ‘Daily Telegraph.’*



Off to the Wreck.



A Street Flower-Girl.



A STREET FLOWER-GIRL.

OW refreshing it is as we hurry along the busy London streets to come on such a flower-girl as we have in the picture! The whiff of violets, wall-flowers, moss-rosebuds, or sweet-brier, takes us far away from the noise and bustle; and with those wonderful minds of ours we seem to see for a minute banks and lanes, cottage gardens and village children, and the peaceful scenes of country life.

'What does she ask for her flowers?'

'Only a penny a bunch!'

One may well say 'only,' for it has given her real honest labour to get that glowing basket ready for her customers.

'Labour to get flowers!' You think that is nonsense, and that flowers and pleasure must go hand in hand; but wait a minute. God's law for us all is, that we must work in some way or other, and our flower-girl knows this quite as well as many of her elders.

Long before you were awake she was astir and off from the small dark kitchen which is 'home' to her, for it holds father and mother, and Tommy and Jack, and baby, and away along the silent streets to Covent Garden Market. Early in the year *you* would still think it night, but it is morning to her, and sleepy or not, fine or wet, forth she must go, for it is the earliest comer who makes the best bargain and gets the pick of the bright bunches. She has had much to learn so as to carry on her trade successfully—how to buy, how to arrange, how to sell her flowers; while *you* boys and girls have only to think whether you can find a penny or two to buy her pretty wares.

As she hurries along the streets her busy head is thinking how far her small sum of money will go, what flowers will be coming in, and what chances she has of making as much or more than she did yesterday; and she forgets to notice how quiet and grand the streets look, or how the cold grey dawn is getting warm and golden with the rays of the coming sun, or how the sky is becoming tinged with the colours of dawn, softest green and blue, rosy red and gold.

The thrush in that cage she is passing sees it if she does not, and by his outburst of song almost tempts her to stop and listen to him. But hurrying steps behind her remind her that stopping about will not fill her basket, or get her a first pick in the market. Life and stir have been growing with every step the flower-girl has taken since she left home, and now she is in the midst of a great bustle, as if it were mid-day instead of early, very early, morning. Waggon's toppling over with cabbages, horses, hucksters' barrows, carts with men in smock-frocks pressing forward to land their round baskets of creamy broccoli, blue-green marrowfat peas, and yellow kidney potatoes. Cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, all are there in abundance; but our flower girl scarcely notices them; they are daily sights to her, and her business lies out yonder among the flowers.

What a bustle and hubbub it is! Countrywomen fresh and blooming, town girls pale and eager, all

talking, and laughing, and bargaining. The only silent things are the flowers, but how beautiful they are! and where can they all have come from? White, crimson, yellow, blue, all 'a-glowing and a-blowing,' all dewy and fresh, all sweet and pure, all ready for their day's work to give pleasure and happiness. Sharp bargaining is going on, and each is trying to do his or her best for themselves, and from the fray some come forth grumbling and discontented, and some smiling and well pleased.

This is the first step in our flower-girl's day's business; and now comes her second, which is to arrange her goods, and for this she retires beneath the arcing which surrounds the market, and there is busy some time, making up her penny bunches and putting the larger ones in tempting array, hoping they may be purchased for tables or vases. If times have been favourable, she has her penny for the coffee-stall, and if not—and this, alas! is too often the case—she must go without breakfast. She takes the third step in her day's proceedings when most girls and boys are leaving their warm beds, or sitting at their comfortable breakfast-tables. Then, with her basket arranged as attractively as possible, she starts for her long day's sale. Happy for her if she has a recognised stand at some busy centre, such as Oxford Circus, the Mansion House, or one of the Metropolitan Stations, where she has a brisker sale than among her private customers, of which she has some few, according to the days in the week. There is the kind, grey-headed, old gentleman with the gaiters, who always buys three-pennyworth on Friday, for 'my little maid at home,' as he tells her; the cook at the corner of Garden Square, who always has a bunch to stand in a blue jug in her bright, clean kitchen window; and the little golden-haired lady, who watches for the poor flower-girl from her nursery window, and has the basket sent in by a tall footman to pick and choose from. She always smiles and nods, and generally has her doll or some toy to hold up for 'the flower-girl to see.'

But the happiest time for our flower-girl is when, with an empty basket and her earnings safely tied in the corner of her shawl, she finds herself once more at home in the back-kitchen. Tired! Of course she is! but who thinks of such things when they are by themselves, talking over with 'mother' the day's earnings, and, when times are good, having a cup of hot tea?

K. W.

A POET'S NAME.

IN olden time, before the days of Board Schools and Elementary Education Acts, people were not very particular as to how they spelt their names. One result of this carelessness has been a great uncertainty as to how the name of the Bard of Avon should be written. Shakespeare himself has not settled the question for us. At times he signed himself *Shakespere*, but in his last signature to his will it stands *Shakespeare*, and thus it appears in the first folio edition of his plays. The poet's father was for many years a member of the Stratford Corporation. In their books the family name appears spelt in fourteen different forms. The most favoured ways of spelling it were Shaxpeare, Shakxpere, Shakspeyr, and Shakespere.

A. R. B.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 268.)

OW, mother,' said he, 'where shall we hide these greenbacks? A hound on a deer's trail is not sharper than Dan is when he scents money; and if he finds out that I have received my pay he will want me to divide with him, and if I don't do it he'll make such a fuss that we can't stay in the house with him. We have nothing to fear from father now.'

'We must take good care to keep our secret from Dan's knowledge,' said Mrs. Evans. 'I don't see how he is going to find it out. I shan't tell him, and neither will you.'

'Of course not; but there were three or four men in the store when Mr. Jones paid me the money,' said David, taking down a rusty tin box from the rough mantle over the fire-place. 'I don't know who they were, for I was too excited to know any body. If they don't speak of it, no one will know that I have got the money; but I can't afford to run any risks. I must hide it somewhere until Don comes back, and then I'll give it to him to keep for me. It will be safe in his hands. Now, mother, let's see if it is all here. I didn't count it when Silas gave it to me.'

David and his mother had spent the most of the afternoon in talking over their plans, and calculating how long, with the economy they intended to practise, their little fortune would suffice to supply them with clothing and provisions. It was a large sum in David's eyes, but Mrs. Evans knew that it would not last for ever, and she had laboured hard to impress this fact upon the boy's mind.

David turned the contents of the box into his mother's lap, and as they were not accustomed to the handling of money, it took them both nearly a quarter of an hour to straighten out the bills and put the various denominations together, so that they could be easily counted. They were very much interested in their work, and little dreamed that, during the most of the time they were thus engaged, two faces, pale with excitement, were pressed close against one of the cracks in the rear wall of the cabin, and two pairs of eager eyes were watching their every movement.

'One hundred and sixty-four dollars and fifty cents,' said David, as he rolled up the money, replaced it in the tin box, and put the cover on it. 'It is all here, and now what are we going to do with it until Don comes home? Think up a good place to hide it, mother.'

At this moment one of the two eager pairs of eyes was suddenly withdrawn from the crack between the logs: a tall, gaunt figure, moved with quick and noiseless footsteps around the end of the cabin and a strong hand was laid upon the latch. David and his mother stared up in great alarm, and the boy, with a presentiment that his money was in danger, hastily slipped it under the foot of the 'shake-down' in which he slept. Again the door was tried, and a familiar voice exclaimed,—

'Shettin' me outen my own house, be ye? What be ye doin' it fur?'

'It's father,' whispered David, with a sinking at his heart; and while his mother was advancing to undo the fastenings of the door he quickly snatched up his box again, and raising one of the stones which formed the hearth he put the box under it, and stood upon it to force the stone back to its place.

The fastenings being undone the door was thrown open, and the master of the house, pale and haggard, stalked into the room. His wife had seen him look so once before, and that was when he was hiding from the Union soldiers.

'Why, Godfrey!' exclaimed Mrs. Evans; 'I am so glad to see you have come back.'

'Glad, be ye?' cried her husband, turning fiercely upon her, and shaking off the hand she had laid upon his arm. 'I reckon ye be. Here's me been a layin' out all these cold nights, a freezin' and a starvin', an' ye never sent me a blanket to kiver myself up with!'

'Why, father, there's only one blanket in the house!' said Mrs. Evans.

'This is my house, an' so's every thing what's into it.'

'We know it is all yours, father,' said Mrs. Evans. 'You may have the blanket if you want it. I can get along without it.'

'I don't want it! I won't have it!' shouted Godfrey, throwing his arms wildly about his head. 'I'm rich enough to buy more an' better. Dave, hand out them hundred an' sixty dollars, an' be quick about it. You hear me?'

A deep silence followed this demand. Neither David nor his mother could make any reply to it, and while Godfrey was waiting for them to say something, he shook all over as if he had been seized with the ague. His excitement and impatience were so great that he could not hold himself still.

'Dave, whar's them thar greenbacks? Hand 'em out here quicker'n a streak of chain lightning!'

'O Godfrey!' exclaimed Mrs. Evans, recovering her power of speech by a great effort, 'you surely would not rob David of the money that he has worked so hard for! It is his, for he earned it. You have no claim upon it, for you didn't help him.'

'Ole woman!' cried Godfrey, 'Dave's not twenty-one year ole yit. Them thar greenbacks is in this house, kase I seed 'em not more'n a minute ago, an' I'll have 'em!'

'I'll die first,' was the boy's firm reply. 'If you want any money go to work and earn some, as I did. That's the honest way.'

'Honest!' yelled Godfrey, seizing the 'shake-down' and lifting it from the floor. 'That there money is mine, kase yer my son an' I'm yer dad.'

'Don't waste time with the bed-clothes, dad,' cried a voice from the rear of the cabin. 'Shove Dave off'n that rock. Then ye'll find the money.'

Up to this time David had stood motionless on the hearth-stone, revolving in his mind a thousand wild schemes for saving his money. He closely watched every move his father made, hoping that the latter would go to the other end of the cabin and give him an opportunity to raise the stone, seize the box, and rush out into the darkness; but Godfrey, who probably suspected some such design on David's



"David turned the contents of the box into his mother's lap."

part, was careful to keep between him and the door. There was but one hope to which the boy could cling, and that was that his father might not find the money. The box had been pressed into the soft earth, and now David noticed, with no little satisfaction, that the heavy stone was as firmly and evenly settled in its place as it was before he raised it. It is possible that Godfrey might have overlooked this hiding-place in his frantic search, had it not been

for the fact that he had a sharp-eyed ally close at hand.

Godfrey was prompt to act upon the suggestion, and David was as prompt to take the warning. With a wild cry of alarm the boy sprang off the rock, and stooping quickly, made a frantic effort to secure his treasure; but the stone was firmly imbedded in its place, and his fingers seemed to have lost all their strength. His first attempt failed, and before he



"What were ye going to say, sonny?"

could make a second his father seized him by the collar, and with a quick, strong jerk, sent him backward almost to the other end of the cabin. Then fiercely throwing off his wife, who tried to seize him by the arm, Godfrey pulled up the stone, and with a loud shout of triumph seized the box, sprang through the door, and disappeared. He ran round the end of the cabin, where he was joined by Dan, and the two fled as if all the officers of the law in the county

were close at their heels. Like spectres they glided through the woods, never once pausing or saying a word to each other, until they reached the camp. Then they breathed easier.

Godfrey at once proceeded to rake over the coals and mend the fire, and Dan noticed that his hands trembled violently. 'Wal, dad, we done it, didn't we?' said the boy, who was the first to speak.

'Yes, sar, we did; and now I'll take a smoke.'

While Godfrey was filling and lighting his pipe, Dan threw himself on the ground beside the fire and looked steadily into the flames, evidently very much occupied with his own thoughts. He was not as well pleased with the result of their expedition as he had expected to be. He could not imagine how he was going to enjoy his money, now that he had got it. In spite of his firm determination to keep in the background, and let his father do all the work and bear all the blame, he had exposed himself, and now his mother and David knew that he had had as much to do with the robbery as Godfrey himself. Dan was sorry for that, and would have given almost anything to be able to undo the mischief he had done. But, after all, he was the possessor of a larger pile of greenbacks than he had ever expected to own, and in that he found a few grains of consolation.

'Dad,' said he, suddenly, 'we hain't seed that thar money yet, and my eyes is just achin' for a look at it!'

Without saying a word, Godfrey drew the box from his pocket, and Dan arose and took a seat by his side. Godfrey took off the cover, and exposed David's treasure to Dan's gaze; but, when the latter stretched his hand to touch the bills, his father hastily snatched away the box, and held it out of his reach.

'What made ye do that for?' demanded the boy, greatly astonished.

'Ye've been a good boy, Dannie, an' I'm goin' to do well by ye. Ye jest see ef I don't.'

'Ye told me that when we got 'em ye would give me half.'

'Certainly I told ye so, an' I allers stand to what I say.'

'Ye might as well figure it up now, I reckon, mightn't ye? What be ye doin' that for?' cried Dan, when he saw his father replace the cover, and put the box back into his pocket.

'It'll be safe thar, Dannie,' was the reply.

'I want it *now*. Count it out here, I tell ye!' Dan almost shouted.

'By no manner of means,' answered Godfrey.

Dan was thunderstruck. He could scarcely believe that his ears were not deceiving him. He began to think he could see what his father had determined upon. 'Ain't—ain't you goin' to give me my share?' he managed to ask.

'No, I ain't a goin' to give it to ye now. Half of this money is yourn already, but ye'd best let yer poor ole dad take keer on it fur ye, Dannie. What do a boy like yerself know about money?' continued Godfrey. 'I'll keep it in the box with mine, an' then it will be safe.'

Dan's rage was wonderful to behold. Was this the reward he was to receive for his services? He had acted as a faithful scout for his father, and kept him posted in all that was going on in the settlement. More than that he had, as he believed, destroyed all his chances of living at home again, and he had done it all on the strength of his father's promise that, when David's money had been secured, he (Dan) should have half of it for his own. Dan understood by that that the money was to be placed in his own hands, and that he would be allowed to do as he pleased with it; but when he found that his father

put a different construction on their agreement he was almost beside himself with fury. He danced about the camp, clapping his hands, and yelling at the top of his voice; and all the while Godfrey sat smoking, with a most provoking smile on his face, but still keeping a wary eye on the boy's movements, for fear that his rage might lead him to attempt some mischief.

'It's no use to take on that thar way, Dannie,' said his father, as soon as the boy's wild yells had subsided, so that he could make himself heard. 'I don't deny that half the money's your'n, do I?'

'Then, if it is mine, why don't you hand it out here, like a man? I don't want ye to take care on it for me, an' ye shan't.'

Dan suddenly paused, and took his seat on the opposite side of the fire. If it had been daylight, so that his father could see his compressed lips and the glitter in his eye, he might have been more cautious, for he would have known that Dan had determined on some desperate course of action.

'What were ye goin' to say, sonny?' asked Godfrey, with the most exasperating coolness.

'I was goin' to say,' replied Dan, who was hardly able to control himself, 'I'll give ye a week to think on it, an' then, if ye don't give me my share of them hundred and sixty dollars, thar'll be a big fuss in this settlement.'

'What'll ye do, Dannie?'

'I'll do something ye won't like. Ye hear me?'

'Wal, I'll think about it,' answered Godfrey, who knew very well that his son meant all he said.

Dan said nothing more aloud. In sullen silence he arranged a few withered bows for a bed, threw himself down upon them, and with his cap for a pillow, prepared to go to sleep. Godfrey remained by the fire for an hour or two longer, smoking and meditating, and when he became sleepy he stretched himself out where he sat, and almost immediately sank into a heavy slumber.

Toward midnight the fire began to burn low, and Dan, with a snort and a start, sat up on his bed of boughs and looked about him. He stretched his arms and yawned loudly, and, with a great deal more noise than seemed to be necessary, got up and mended the fire, furtively watching his father out of the corner of his eye as he did so. 'He's all right,' muttered Dan, with great satisfaction. 'When he puffs his under lip in and out that thar way, hes fast asleep.'

As these thoughts passed through Dan's mind he suddenly ceased his operations at the fire, and approaching the sleeper with a stealthy step, knelt down beside him and pulled out his jack-knife. He had noticed that it was only after a good deal of hard work that his father was able to push the box containing David's money into his pocket, and that after he got it in it was equally hard to get it out again. Dan had determined to possess that box and its contents, and knowing that he would run a great risk if he attempted to force it out of his father's pocket, he hit upon the easier and safer plan of cutting it out. This he did with one swift, careful stroke with his knife, and Godfrey was none the wiser for it. The box fell out into Dan's hand, and he lost no time in transferring it to his own pocket.

'Thar!' whispered Dan, trembling all over with excitement and apprehension. 'Ye wouldn't give me my ninety dollars, but tried to cheat me. Didn't I say that ye'd find out afore mornin' that ye didn't know me?''

So saying, Dan crossed over to the other side of the fire with noiseless footsteps, picked up his rifle, and crept away into the woods.

(To be continued.)



A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXVI.—MOROCCO.

MOROCCO is in the corner of Africa, like a naughty boy. A big boy, bigger than France, is he. A spotty boy, spotty with hills, and crimes too, we fear. A boy who ought to be well up in geography, for he has an atlas, nay, two—a greater and a lesser Atlas. These Atlases are mountains, often covered with snow. The climate is not so hot as might be expected. The air is cooled by the mountain-breezes.

Olives and almonds grow abundantly. Beautiful are the horses, and unequalled is the white fleece of the sheep. Many other valuable animals are born in Morocco; and there is a plentiful supply of metals. Copper mines have been worked here for ages.

Some of the inhabitants of Morocco are nearly as white as we are, and seem to be of German origin; others are more like the Portuguese. The Moors form the most numerous class. They are the rulers of the country. There are also some pure Arabs here, living in tents, just as they do in Arabia, and wandering at their will. Besides these, there are Jews and Negroes. The latter are found, in general, so brave and faithful that the Emperor has made Life Guards of them. The first imperial Negro guard came from the Niger in 1672. These soldiers, however, have sometimes become strong enough to lord it over the Emperor. The Jews came from Spain, being driven out by a foolish king. They are here, as elsewhere, a monied class. They are badly treated.

Much cloth is made in Morocco. At a city called Fez—a large, old, busy place—the Fez cap (as it is called) is made. Every Turk wears this sort of head-dress. Here is the tomb of a great saint, and if a murderer reaches it he is safe. Here, too, they manufacture that red leather, from the skins of goats, in which handsome books are often bound. It is made wonderfully soft by means of the juice of a certain plant, and the red dye comes from an insect.

Ceuta is a Spanish town. Tangier and Salée were once noted for their pirates. The Salée rovers were a terror to the crews of merchant-men, even in our English waters. Upon Salée a blight seems to have fallen, for it is in ruins; but there is hardly one Musulman city where everything is not decaying.

From Tangier you can see, on a clear day, the famous battle-plain of Trafalgar. It is also within easy reach of Gibraltar. From the castle the view is grand.

Tangier once belonged to the English Crown. It was given up, because it was not worth the cost of keeping.

Morocco is the chief city. It is 800 years old. Imagine a strong wall, and with towers here and there, and extending six miles round about. Inside, imagine narrow streets, large gardens, open spaces, arches, gates, one-story houses, flat roofs to walk on, great aqueducts, fountains, a big palace, mosques with fine Arabic steeples, bazaars, and a large, though dwindling, population.

The houses are often built of mud, the floors are made of tiles laid in patterns; there are no glass windows, no fireplaces, and no furniture, except a few mats. The Moor thinks 'man wants but little here below.' Even the Emperor disdains our tables, chairs, sofas, pictures, clocks, what-nots, music-stands, looking-glasses, book-cases, china bowls and plates, and the thousands of little ornaments which English people buy to adorn their drawing-rooms with. His rooms are only furnished with a mat, a carpet, and some cushions. Perhaps he is wiser than we. He claims to be descended from the Prophet, and gives himself many grand titles, as 'Prince of the Believers,' and the like.

A little Moor goes to school at six. Sometimes a boy remains at school until he can say the whole of the Koran. You see how the Moors respect their Bible. Many English boys cannot say one chapter of our Holy Book from memory.

Caravans set out continually into the interior of Africa. One goes to Timbuctoo, another to Egypt, a third is bound to the sacred city of Mecca. A caravan when it starts often has 150 people and 1000 camels, and when it enters the desert it is generally joined by other caravans, so that there is a great company.

The Moghrebins (as the Morocco people are called) are very tasteful and industrious, and they carry their beautiful things across the waste to Timbuctoo and elsewhere, and they barter them for raw materials gathered in the wilds, such as ivory from elephants, horns from the rhinoceros, feathers from the ostrich, gum-arabic, indigo, and, alas! slaves. From the far east come Indian silks and muslins, Persian rose-oil, and spices. England receives wax (for the moghrebins are great bee-keepers), hides of cattle, gum-arabic, ostrich feathers, and dates; and England sends back her cotton goods, iron, steel, knives, nails, and a host of other things.

Morocco is not a pleasant place to live in. The Emperor is a tyrant, the land is badly governed by ignorant and brutal officers, and your olive-coloured, fine-featured Moor, is a fierce fellow. The mountain tribes own no law but might; and if you are wrecked, expect no mercy from the savages on the coast any more than from the wild hyena. They say a shipwreck is a blessing sent them by Allah, and they believe a lighthouse is a wicked interference with his purposes!

In times of disturbance the Moor, who is generally quiet, shows his cruel and barbarous nature by inflicting horrible tortures on all who come under his lash. The old cry then is heard, as it ever will be, probably, while Mahomet's bigotry remains a power in the world,—

'Christians on the hook,
Jews on the spit!'



AFRICA.—Morocco.



Jake and Cuff following Don.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 279.)

CHAPTER VI.—BOB IS
ASTONISHED.

DAVE,' said Don, kindly, 'brace up now and be a man. Don't take it so much to heart.'

'It is easy enough to say "brace up,"' sobbed David, 'but how would you feel if you were in my place?'

'I don't know, for you have not yet told me just what is the matter. Now

let us hear the whole story from the beginning,' said Don, seating himself on the wharf beside the weeping boy.

David wiped away his tears, choked down his sobs by an effort, and proceeded to give a very disconnected account of the incidents that had happened at the cabin the night before. Don's cheek flushed while he listened. If David had asked him now how he would feel if he were in the same situation, he would have received a prompt and decided reply. Don felt as if he would like to break Godfrey's head, and Dan's too.

'Mother and I never slept a wink last night,' continued David. 'We did not even go to bed. We could only talk and cry. Mother says we can't do anything about it, for father has the right to take all my earnings.'

'Whew!' whistled Don. 'That's a fact.' He had not thought of it, however, until that moment. He had been telling himself that if there were officers enough in the county to find Godfrey, he should be arrested at once; but now he saw that there were difficulties in the way.

'And another bad thing about it is that I owe Silas Jones a grocery bill, and haven't a cent to pay it with,' added David. 'I ought to have paid him when he gave me the money, but I did not think of it. I was too impatient to get home and show mother the roll of greenbacks you had helped me to earn.'

'And we'll help you earn more this very day,' said Don, cheerfully. 'Don't let that bill trouble you. I have ten dollars of your money in my hands, you know, and there are forty dollars more waiting for you up there in the woods.'

David could only look his surprise.

'You know you have an interest in that bear-trap on Bruin's Island,' continued Don. 'Bert and I have just been up there and found three bears—an old one and two cubs. We shot the old one, and will take her as our share of the spoils, and you shall have the cubs. Silas Jones will give you twenty dollars apiece for them. We're going back after them as soon as we get some help. Do you feel like going with us? Perhaps it would 'liven you up a little.'

'I'm afraid it wouldn't,' said David, beginning to cry again. 'You have been very kind to me, but my bad luck is too much for all of us. I haven't the heart to do anything.'

'Well, I don't suppose you have,' said Don, in a

sympathising tone. 'Go home and make your mind as easy as possible, and we will see what can be done for you. There! good-bye.'

David being thus abruptly dismissed, staggered to his feet and walked away, while Don, after lingering long enough to flourish his fists and make other demonstrations indicative of a desire to pound somebody, ran off toward the house, leaving his brother to make the sail-boat ready for her trip up the bayou.

'Why, Don,' exclaimed the General, as the boy burst panting and almost breathless into the library, where his father sat busy with his papers, 'what has happened? You seem to be very much excited about something.'

'Oh, father!' cried Don, 'here's a fearful mess! Dave Evans received a hundred and sixty-four dollars and a half, clear of all expenses, for his quails, and last night his father came home and stole every cent of it!'

The General laid down his pen and turned his chair round so that he could face Don. 'How did Godfrey find out that David had the money?' he asked.

'Dan must have told him, for he was there looking through a crack between the logs; but how Dan found it out is a mystery. Dave was going to give the money to me as soon as I came home. Godfrey must have acted like a brute. He threw Dave clear across the room, and pushed his mother about in a way that was perfectly shameful.'

'It is very unfortunate,' said the General, referring as much to the condition of Godfrey and his family as to the loss of David's money.

'And the worst of it is that David has no redress,' continued Don. 'He is a minor, and that lazy Godfrey can take every cent he earns.'

'That would be true under certain circumstances,' replied the General with a smile; 'but suppose you and I could show to Judge Packard's satisfaction that Godfrey is not a proper person to have charge of a family, and that he has not contributed a dollar towards their support for years; what then?'

'I am sure I don't know,' said Don, after thinking a moment. 'Would the judge do anything about it?'

'Very likely he would. He would issue a warrant for his arrest; and as it would be no trouble at all to prove that David is the mainstay of the family, and that he needs that money for the support of himself and his mother, the court would compel Godfrey to hand it over, and then it would probably give him his choice between going to work and going to jail.'

'Good!' exclaimed Don. 'David will come out all right after all.'

'I think so,' replied the General, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm; 'and this is just the time to attend to the matter. Court is in session now, you know, and I will see the judge at once.'

Don was delighted; and having placed David's interests in safe hands, now spoke of his own affairs.

'That isn't all I have to tell you,' said he. 'We found a cub in our trap this morning; the dogs treed another, and I shot the old bear.'

The General, who was busy putting away his papers, turned and looked at Don.

'She was the largest bear I ever saw alive, and it took a bullet and two loads of buckshot to settle her,' continued the boy.

'I hope you will not get into any trouble during your hunting expeditions,' said the General; but it was easy enough to see that he took a fatherly pride in Don's exploit.

'The strange part of the story is, that when Bert and I reached the island we found Bob Owens and Lester Brigham there, and the old bear had treed them both.'

'That is the second time they have been treed to my knowledge.'

'Sir?' said Don, who knew nothing of the attempt that had been made on the negro cabin.

'Go on with your story,' replied the General. 'What were Bob and Lester doing on the island?'

Don hesitated a moment, turning his father's words over in his mind and trying to fathom their meaning, and then proceeded to give a hasty account of the thrilling incidents that had happened on the island that morning. The General opened his eyes in surprise, and in response to Don's request that he might have help enough to secure the cubs and remove the old bear, said,—

'Certainly. Go to the overseer and tell him you want Jake and Cuff. They will give you all the help you need. If it was not for what you have just told me about David's misfortune, I would go with you myself.'

Don thanked his father, and hurried from the room. The two negroes were at work in the field, and the field was half a mile from the house. That was too far to walk, especially for one who was in such a hurry as Don was, so he jumped on his pony, without saddle or bridle, and set off in a gallop. The negroes grinned all over with delight when the overseer told them what Don wanted of them, and, shouldering their axes, started at once for the house, while Don galloped on ahead. Having delivered his pony into the hands of the hostler, he ran into the house, seized a lunch which one of his sisters quickly put up for him, and he and Bert sat in the boat and ate it, while waiting for Jake and Cuff. Bert breathed easier when he learned that David had rights after all, and that the law was plenty strong enough to give them to him. Their first care, he said, must be to tell David the good news; but when the negroes had rowed them up to the cabin they found no one there. The premises were entirely deserted.

There was a good deal of excitement and sport, and more hard work, crowded into the next hour. The old bear proved to be fully as heavy and unmanageable as Don had expected, and it was only by dint of extra exertion that they succeeded in getting her into the boat. The cubs squalled a bit and scratched, and before they were secured Don, who was foremost in the battle, had as he expressed it, 'a pretty-looking pair of hands,' while Bert's coat was minus one sleeve and a portion of the other. But they had lots of fun in spite of the hard usage they received.

It was a heavy load the stanch little sail-boat had to carry down the bayou, and her gunwales were not more than three inches above the water, but she carried it in safety, and in due time was moored to the wharf. One of the negroes was sent to the barn after a span of mules and a waggon, and when he came back the bears were all tumbled into the vehicle and hauled up to the house. The old bear was left on the grass

near the back porch, so that the General could see her when he came home; and when the boys' mother and sisters had taken a good look at the cubs Jake was sent back to his work in the field, and Don and Bert drove towards the landing, taking Cuff with them. They wanted a strong and faithful ally at hand, in case the cubs succeeded in freeing themselves from the ropes with which they were confined.

The boys found Mr. Jones sitting in front of his store, and the usual number of loafers were keeping him company. 'Here they are!' said Don, as he stopped the waggon at the edge of the side-walk.

The grocer seemed surprised, but he did not ask any questions. He got up and looked into the waggon, and then he was more surprised than ever. He appeared to be delighted, too. 'Hold on a minute,' said he. 'Leave them right there until I fix a place for them.'

'How much are they worth?' asked Don.

'Twenty dollars apiece, cash down.'

'Are you going to keep them, Mr. Jones?' asked Bert.

'Oh, no! I am buying them for a showman, who lives in Memphis.'

Had this incident happened in a city, Don's waggon would quickly have been surrounded by a crowd of curious people, but the planters about Rochdale had seen so many young bears that they did not look upon them as objects of interest. The hangers-on got up and took just one look at them, asked the boys a few questions regarding the manner in which their capture had been effected, and then set to work to assist Silas in preparing a box for their reception. The work was soon done; the cubs were transferred to their new quarters, and Don, with forty dollars in his pocket, turned the mules about and drove homeward.

Meanwhile how fared it with Lester and Bob, whom we left in the canebrake comparing notes, and in no amiable frame of mind? Lester seemed to be pretty badly used up by his fall, and it was only after several attempts that he succeeded in regaining his feet; and even then he could not walk, and his companion was obliged to carry him to the boat. But his tongue was lively enough, and he heartily united with Bob in denouncing the boy who had saved his life. They could not make up their minds whom they hated the more—Don Gordon, who had taken the fight out of their hands and killed the bear, or David Evans, who was to receive forty dollars more to be added to the sum he had received for trapping the quails.

Having placed his helpless companion in a comfortable position in the bow of the canoe, Bob went back after the guns and Lester's hat, which had been left on the battle-field, and then he picked up one of the paddles and pushed off into the stream.

'Luck is against us—that is plain enough to be seen,' said he. 'We fail in everything we undertake, and if I should slip up on that mail business it would not surprise me at all. Don will blow this exploit of his all over the settlement, and that will place us in a most ridiculous position.'

'But can't we talk as fast as he can?' asked Lester. 'Here are you and me on one side, and Don and Bert on the other. Our word is just as good as theirs. I

couldn't shoot at the bear because my gun was foul,' added Lester, who had just discovered that the muzzle of his weapon was choked with mud. 'But you shot her, and the wound proved fatal—not immediately, but in a few minutes. After the bear was dead, up came this Don Gordon and fired a bullet and two loads of buckshot into her, and claiming to have killed her, carried off the old bear and both the cubs. How's that?'

'Good enough!' exclaimed Bob, who saw at once what his companion was trying to get at. 'To add weight to the story—I have been in a dozen bear-fights, and Don was never in one before to-day.'

'But I don't know how to account for my injuries,' said Lester, taking hold of his left leg with both hands, and moving it into a little easier position.

'I do,' said Bob. 'Which part of you hurts the most?'

'My left hip.'

'All right. There's where the bear hit you with her paw when she first came out of the cane.'

'But how did I get my lame shoulder?'

'She knocked you against a tree.'

'So she did,' exclaimed Lester. 'And it was while the bear was knocking me over that you shot her. Now keep all these little things in mind so that our stories will agree.'

'Is that what you are going to tell your father?'

'That's just it.'

'Well, don't you think it will help the bond business a little? I saved your life, you know; for, of course, the bear would have killed you if I hadn't stood by you.'

'I'll say so, if you want me to, but it will not be necessary. You needn't worry about those bonds, for I assure you they are all right. Father does almost everything I ask him to do.'

Greatly encouraged by these words, Bob bent to his work with redoubled energy, and the little canoe shot swiftly down the bayou. He made a landing in front of Godfrey Evans' cabin, and leaving his companion there, started for home after a horse and waggon; for Lester declared that he could not possibly ride on horseback. Bob returned at the end of an hour, and having placed his friend in a comfortable position on a pile of straw on the bottom of the waggon, mounted to the seat and drove off. He was obliged to drive very slowly, and another hour passed before he turned into the carriage-way that led up to Mr. Brigham's residence.

Great was the consternation in that house when Lester was carried, limp and helpless, up the steps that led to the porch; great was the surprise depicted upon every countenance when it became known that the boys had passed through the most desperate bear-fight that had ever been heard of, and many were the words of praise that Bob received for the courage he had exhibited in saving the life of his friend. Mrs. Brigham, who believed every word of the ridiculous story, assured him that his heroic conduct should not be forgotten; and Bob, greatly pleased with this little stroke of policy, got into his waggon and drove home. When he had unharnessed the horse, he went into the house and found the family just sitting down to a late dinner.

'Why, Bob,' said Mr. Owens, as his eyes fell upon

the boy's torn and muddy clothing, 'you look as though you had been somewhere!'

'I should say I have been somewhere,' replied Bob. 'If I haven't had a time this morning! Whew! it makes me tremble to think of it. I'll tell you all about it in a few minutes.'

Bob went to his room to dress for dinner, and when he came back and had taken his seat at the table he began and related the particulars of the fright on Bruin's Island, just as he and Lester had agreed. Mr. Owens looked incredulous, and stared at Bob so fixedly that the boy was obliged to drop his eyes and look down at his plate. 'It's a fact,' said he, stoutly. 'You just ask Lester the next time you see him. He is all battered and bruised, and I have just helped to put him to bed.'

Mr. Owens made no reply. He went on eating his dinner, and Bob, after he had taken a few minutes in which to recover his composure (for his father's sharp glances told him that his story was not believed), inquired,—

'Have you done anything about that mail business, father?'

'I have done all I could this forenoon, and am going to work again this afternoon. Gordon has already sent in his bid, and the worst of it is, he has all the best men about here to back him up—that is, all those who *consider* themselves the best,'—added Mr. Owens, in a sneering tone. 'But it doesn't follow that one man is better than another because he lives in a larger house and has more money. I shall call on a few planters in the settlement after dinner, and then I will ride over and see Brigham about those bonds.'

'You'll get them, sure,' said Bob, confidently. 'Lester said so.'

'I shall put in my bid at twenty-five dollars,' continued Mr. Owens.

'That will be a loss of five dollars a-month, or sixty dollars a-year,' said Bob, thoughtfully. 'It is a lot of money, father.'

'But if, by losing sixty dollars a-year, you could make three hundred, don't you think it would be a good investment?'

Bob said he thought it would; but he told himself that he had just as much right to demand thirty dollars a-month for carrying the mail as Dave Evans had. Sixty dollars would buy many things that would be useful to him. That ragamuffin was always in his way.

Bob, having finished his dinner, went out and loitered around until he saw his father mount his horse and ride away, and then he walked off down the lane. He wanted to get away by himself, so that he could think over his future prospects. He wandered aimlessly about, building air castles, until it began to grow dark, and then he turned his face toward home, where he arrived just in time to see Mr. Owens dismount at the gate.

'What luck?' asked Bob, who was now in the greatest suspense, for he knew that his fate depended upon the first words that fell from his father's lips.

Mr. Owens did not reply at once. With the most provoking deliberation he hitched his horse to the fence, after which he faced about, put his hands into his pockets, and looked at his son. 'Bob,' said he,



“‘A thief!’ gasped Bob.”

in a tone of voice which made the boy's heart sink within him, ‘you remember the night that you and Lester went ‘coon-hunting, don't you?’

Bob started, but tried to look innocent. Fixing his eyes thoughtfully on the ground, as if he were trying hard to recall the night to which his father referred, he said slowly,—

‘I can't say that I do. We have been ‘coon-hunting a good many times, you know.’

‘But I have in mind one particular night on which something occurred that you will remember the longest day you live.’

Bob looked down at the ground again, and began to tremble. Knowing what was coming, he backed up against the fence, as if he feared his father's next words would knock him over. And they did come pretty near it.

‘Well, Bob,’ said Mr. Owens, ‘I will tell you, for

your satisfaction, that you have destroyed all your chances of being mail-carrier in this county. Mr. Brigham said he could not assist in placing a would-be thief in so responsible a position.'

'A thief!' gasped Bob.

'Yes. If it hadn't been for Don Gordon's hounds you and Lester would have broken into one of the General's negro cabins. There's where you were on the night you said you went 'coon-hunting. Did you know what you were about? If you had succeeded the law would have taken hold of you.'

'I didn't do it,' exclaimed Bob, as soon as he could speak. 'There's not a word of truth in it.'

'Oh, you can't face it down, and there is no use in trying. The story is all over the settlement, and when it came to Mr. Brigham's ears this afternoon he made Lester confess.'

This was the worst blow of all. Lester had confessed! And since he had begun, where had he stopped? Had he told the truth concerning the adventures of the morning? Had he—and here Bob's heart seemed to stop beating—had he told about the burning of Don Gordon's shooting-box? As these thoughts passed through Bob's mind his rage for the moment got the better of him. 'The coward!' he exclaimed. 'And I saved his life, too!'

'Well, the less you say about that, Bob, the better,' replied Mr. Owens. 'Lester received his bruises by falling out of a tree.'

'How do you know?' Bob managed to ask.

'He said so.'

Bob couldn't bear to hear another word. There was only one thing more Lester had to confess, and Bob thought he could not survive if his father should tell him of that. As he turned and hurried down the lane Mr. Owens exclaimed,—

'There's another thing, Bob. Lester made a clean breast of everything while he was about it.'

The boy quickened his pace, but could not get out of hearing of his father's voice.

'Brigham and I are going to see the General in the morning about the burning of that little shanty over on the lake shore,' said Mr. Owens. 'We don't want any trouble about it if we can help it.'

So intense were Bob's feelings of rage and alarm that he could scarcely breathe. Uttering a loud yell, which he could not have repressed to save his life, he broke into a run and went down the lane at the top of his speed. But fast as he went his fears kept pace with him, and somehow he could not help recalling the text from which he had heard the minister preach a few Sundays before: 'Be sure your sin will find you out!'

If Bob had never believed this before he believed it now.

(To be continued.)

SCRAPS OF KNOWLEDGE.

TEA is generally said to have been first brought to England by two noblemen, in the year 1666. Its use very soon became fashionable, and as the supply was small, tea is said to have sold for sixty shillings the pound. But according to others it was in use amongst us even before 1657, and then its price was

so high, that the quantity now to be bought for two or three shillings sold for as much as 10*l*.

Two great families of rats are found in our country—the old English black rat, and the Norwegian, or brown rat. The former is the old inhabitant of the land; the latter a mere stranger, said by some to have come to England when the House of Hanover began to reign over us. But other accounts say that his proper home is Persia, and that he did not think of visiting strange lands until 1727, when a great earthquake disturbed his home, and caused him to set out on his travels. Be that as it may, the two races are great enemies, and we are obliged to confess that it is said that the old English rat is always beaten in a fair fight.

ONE of the first things which made the electric telegraph widely known was the use made of it by the police. Its first exploit of this kind was in 1844, when some pickpockets were seen to enter a special train. This news was telegraphed to the station they were going to, and on the arrival of the train police-officers opened the door of their carriage. The passengers were told to search their pockets, and a lady called out that her purse was gone. The culprits were at once beckoned out of the carriage and led away, amazed at their crime being thus found out.

THE rhinoceros finds protection against hunters in certain birds, which sit quietly on his back as he feeds, picking off the insects they find there. But as soon as any strange object comes in sight they fly off in alarm, and the rhinoceros, raising his head, scents the air on every side and removes to another spot. The most remarkable of these birds is one called the *Buphaga Africana*, which often prevented Dr. Livingstone from getting near the animal. As soon as the watchful bird suspects danger it flies straight upwards in the air, uttering shrill cries, which at once attract the notice of the rhinoceros. On hearing them he takes to flight at once.

Two hundred years ago the rhinoceros was not so well known as at present, as may be seen from this advertisement in the *London Gazette* for January 22, 1664:—

'A TRUE REPRESENTATION of the RHINOSERUS and ELEPHANT, lately brought from the East Indies to London, drawn after the life, and curiously engraved, printed on a large sheet of paper. Sold by PIERCE TEMPEST, at the Eagle and Child, in the Strand, over against Somerset House water-gate.'

A. R. B.

GOLDEN RULES FOR HOME.

THE person who first sent these rules to be printed says: that if any boy or girl thinks 'it would be hard work to keep so many of them in mind all the time, just think what a happy place it would make of home, if you only could.'

1. Shut every door after you, and without slamming it.
2. Never shout in the house.
3. Never call to persons upstairs, or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go to them.

4. Always be kind and polite to servants if you would have them be the same to you.

5. When told to do or not to do a thing, by father or mother, never object, but go and do it cheerfully.

6. You may tell of your own faults and misdoings, but not of those of your brothers or sisters.

7. Carefully clean your shoes before entering the house.

8. Be punctual at every meal-hour.

9. Never sit down at the table with soiled hands or tumbled hair.

10. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.

11. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

12. Let your first, last, and best friend be your mother.—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXVII.—ALGIERS.



WHEN the south wind blows in Algeria every house is filled with the fine sand of the desert. The Algerines suffer from disease of the eyes in consequence. There is a very fruitful land. It is a far richer country than Morocco or Tunis. It is enlivened by a more copious dew; it rejoices in more abundant springs. The white rose and the sugar-cane love to grow here. Here is the home of the

merino sheep, and the useful camel and mule are a balance to the fearful scorpion and serpent.

The Kabyles form half the population. They live in mud houses thatched with palms. They are good farmers, almost as good as we are. They are clever, too, at the forge and smithy. Some of their weapons are beautifully made and ornamented. They live simply. The cloak they wear by day forms their blanket at night. They live in tribes; each with its chief, and each with its marabout, or holy man. The Kabyles are Mohammedans, but they have mixed many superstitions with their religion.

You meet the Arab, too, in Algeria, distinct from everybody; just like his ancestors, frugal, tented, a wanderer, fond of music, loving a story-teller. The Arabs often move unexpectedly, and a plain, alive with them to-day, may be solitary to-morrow.

Then, there are the Moors, a very mixed race. They are the most civilised of the Algerian hotch-potch. But we cannot much admire them. They are lazy and cruel, and by no means brave. But they have polite ways. A Moor cannot enter his wife's apartment if he finds a pair of lady's slippers outside the door, but must wait until they are removed. The tops of the houses are quite flat, made of cement, and on them figs, raisins, and dates are dried. When the Moor hears the marabout call out the prayer for sunset, he goes down on his face and offers his devotions—a practice worthy of our attention.

Some of the mosques, or churches, are beautiful places. That in the city of Tripoli is large, and covered with costly carpets. Its walls are lined with figured tiles. The lamps have silver chains. The pulpit is of alabaster. The windows are small, the light dim, the air full of perfume. On entering the mosque from the burning, blinding street, it seems a sort of paradise.

The Turks conquered Algeria many years ago, and kept the timid people in check with a very small army. Out of this army a viceroy was chosen. He was called the Dey, which word means 'uncle.' Very few of these Deys, though they were uncles, died at peace in their beds.

The Algerines were, for a long time, the most terrible sailors in the Mediterranean. They were taught to be pirates by several able captains, the first of whom was Barbarossa, or, more properly, Baba Horush, which means, Father Horush. When Barbarossa died, sword in hand, during a revolt caused by his own cruelty, he was followed, as ruler of Algeria, by his brother, who improved the harbour, and swept the sea like some great hawk. The Algerines believed no one could beat them, until a little of their conceit was knocked out of their heads by our bold Admiral Blake. In 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, the powers resolved to put an end to Christian slavery, and, as the pride of the Algerines would not submit, Lord Exmouth battered their walls about their ears. This did not teach them how unwise it is for small barbarous states to despise the wishes of great civilised ones, for, in 1827, they insulted the French Consul, and, soon after, a French army was sent to occupy the City of Algiers. The Dey had to yield, and he retired with his private property. The city is now half Moorish and half French. The French have built a gay little town at the foot of the old city, and people who have been there say you could easily suppose yourself in some European town, were it not for so many swarthy faces and so many flowing Eastern robes. Persons of weak health often leave England's cheerless shores, and in three days find themselves among the shops and omnibuses, the cafés and fountains, of Algiers, where fogs and frosts are unknown, and the air is bright and sunny.

Below Morocco and Algiers is a very remarkable region called the Sahara. It is an ocean of sand. As there are islands in the watery ocean, so there are islands in this sandy ocean. These are called 'oases.' One of them, called the Great Oasis of Thebes, is 120 miles in length. These oases lie in the lowest levels of the desert, and have a constant supply of water. Here grows the wonderful date-palm. It bears no fruit till it is thirty years old. It then bears until it is 100 years old. The crop off a tree will weigh about 400 lbs. Packed in a solid mass, dates will keep good many years. The tree yields also a kind of cider, called 'lakaby;' but it dies if you draw off too much of its juice.

When the Moors have crossed the Sahara they place their goods on a hill and retire. Then the Negroes come and examine the things. When they have had a good look, the Moors return, and the hum of buyers and sellers is heard, and bargains are made by the score.



AFRICA. — Algeria.



Mending the Nets.

MENDING THE NETS.

HOW can you sit at work, Jenny,
 Sit at the nets all day,
 While you see from the door the pleasant shore
 And the boats moored in the bay?
 Would not you like to change, Jenny?
 Would not you rather be
 A fisher-lad brave on the wild sea wave,
 With a daring life like me?’

‘I might not if I would, Georgie;
 How, think you, would it be
 If all were to roam, and none at home
 Were to sit and work like me?
 Oh, each one has his lot, Georgie,
 Each has his portion set:
 It is yours to be brave on the wild sea wave,
 And mine is to mend the net.’ E. M. A. F. S.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 286.)

CHAPTER VII.—BOB’S PLANS.



OB hardly knew what to do with himself. He ran down the lane at the top of his speed until he was out of breath, and then seated himself on a log in a fence corner to think over his situation. All his bright dreams had vanished like the mists of the morning. His friend Lester had overthrown all his air-castles by the confession he had made, and

worse than that, he had placed Bob in a predicament such as no boy had ever been placed in before.

‘I will never speak to him again as long as I live,’ said Bob, shaking his fist at some imaginary object. ‘The three hundred and sixty dollars a-year that I had hoped to earn will be sure to go into the pockets of that Dave Evans, for there is no one to run against him now that I am off the track. And while he is riding about the country, holding his head high in the air and sporting his fine clothes and hunting and fishing outfit [Bob thought David would spend the money he earned just as he himself would have spent it had he been fortunate enough to secure the position of mail carrier], what will I be doing? I might as well be in the swamp with Godfrey, for I shall never dare to look anybody in the face again. And Lester promised faithfully to stand by me, too.’

Bob had one lesson yet to learn, and that was, if he wanted a friend who would stand by him in any emergency he must not look for him among boys like Lester Brigham.

‘My thirty dollars a-month have gone up in smoke,’ continued Bob, who was more enraged when he thought of his defeat than he was when he thought of the damaging disclosures Lester had made: ‘and what hurts me is the knowledge that Dave will get them. I hope somebody will rob him the very first time he rides out with that mail bag. If I get a good chance I’ll do it myself.’

If Bob had only known it, he was gradually working himself into a very dangerous frame of mind. The feelings to which he had given utterance were like those that had led Clarence Gordon and Dan Evans into so much difficulty. If Bob had been able to look far enough into the future to see the trouble that they were destined to bring him into, he would have banished them with all possible haste, angry and reckless as he was at that moment. He remained seated on his log for two hours, growing alarmed every time he recalled the incidents connected with the burning of the shooting-box and the attempt to rob the negro cabin, and furious whenever he thought of the cowardice of his trusted friend; and when he had thought the matter over without having made up his mind to anything, he arose and walked toward the house.

‘I must go home some time, and I might as well go now as an hour later,’ thought he. ‘Of course the family know all about it, and I’d rather be whipped than see my mother, but it can’t be helped. I wish to goodness one of those bears up in Michigan had made an end to that cowardly Yankee before he ever came down here to get me into this mess. I don’t believe he ever saw Michigan. I know he never saw a wild bear until this morning.’

With a dogged resolution to face the consequences of his misdeeds, whatever they might be, Bob settled his hat firmly on his head, clenched his hands, and walked rapidly along the lane, until he reached the house. He slammed the gate behind him, ran up the steps that led to the porch, and after hanging his hat on a nail in the hall, opened the door that gave entrance into the sitting-room. Its only occupant was his father, who sat by the fire reading a newspaper.

‘Ah, Bob! there’s something else I wanted to tell you,’ said the latter, in a tone of voice which would have led a stranger to believe that he and Bob had just been conversing on some agreeable subject. Mr. Owens never held a grudge against his son, as a good many fathers do. When he had said what he had to say in regard to any of Bob’s misdeeds, that was the end of the matter.

‘I once heard you make a remark which leads me to believe that the news I have to tell will please you,’ added Mr. Owens.

‘I hope it will,’ answered Bob. ‘I ought to hear something pleasing after all the hard things I have listened to to-night.’

‘Well, you have sense enough to know that you alone are to blame. I am sorry enough that you allowed yourself to be led away, but it can’t be helped now. Your wish has been gratified. David Evans has lost every cent of the money he received for his quails.’

Bob, who sat on the other side of the fireplace, with his eyes fastened on the floor, started up and became all attention when these words fell upon his ear. He looked surprised for a moment, and then settled back in his chair with a sigh indicative of the greatest satisfaction. ‘Why, how did he lose it?’ he asked, as soon as he could speak.

‘His father took it away from him,’ was the reply.

‘Good!’ cried Bob.

‘It seems that both he and Dan were concerned in the matter,’ continued Mr. Owens. ‘Godfrey is hiding

somewhere in the swamp, you know, and Dan has been acting as a sort of scout between his camp and the village, and keeping him posted in all that was going on.

'I wish I had known it,' said Bob. 'I would have given Dan more than one hint.'

What would Bob have thought had he known that Dan was the one who set Don Gordon's hounds on him, and defeated the attempt he had made to break into the cabin and liberate David's quails? He would have been very likely to give him something besides hints.

'Dan found out enough without help from anybody,' returned Mr. Owens. 'How he did it I don't know; but he managed matters so skilfully that Godfrey dropped down on the cabin at the only time he could have secured the money. If he had waited until the next morning the greenbacks would have been safe in the hands of Don Gordon, who, I believe, acts as David's banker, and Godfrey might have whistled for them.'

'I am glad of it!' exclaimed Bob. 'I am glad of it!' he repeated, as he pictured to himself the despair that must have taken possession of the boy trapper when he saw his hard earnings thus unexpectedly snatched from his grasp. 'It serves him just right; for if it hadn't been for him I should have had a breech-loader hanging on the pegs in my room in a few days more. I hope he will be served in the same way every time he gets out of his place, and tries to shove himself up among white folk. I hope, too, that they'll not catch Godfrey.'

'You need not lose any sleep worrying over that,' said Mr. Owens, with a smile. 'Godfrey knows every nook and corner of the swamp, and all the constables in the county couldn't find him. Besides, what could they do with him if they did find him?'

'Couldn't they do anything with him?' asked Bob. 'Of course not. He is David's father, and the law gives him the right to take every penny the boy earns up to the time he is twenty-one years old.'

'Good again,' cried Bob. 'It is the best news I ever heard, and will give me the best night's rest I have had for three weeks. Good-night, father.'

Mr. Owens picked up his paper again, and Bob went to his room and tumbled into bed.

'I tell you it makes me feel easier to know that that ragamuffin will never enjoy the money he has cheated me out of,' thought Bob, who, in the satisfaction he felt at David's loss, entirely forgot the injury Lester Brigham had done him by his confession; 'but at the same time I am sorry to hear that that worthless Godfrey has come into possession of it. I ought to have it—the whole of it—now that Lester has gone back on me; and if there was any way that I could think of to outwit Godfrey and get hold of it—'

Bob settled his head into a comfortable position on his pillow, and lay for a long time thinking over something his father had said during their recent conversation. Mr. Owens had remarked that Godfrey knew every nook and corner of the swamps, and that all the constables in the county could not find him. Bob told himself that he knew every inch of the swamps, too, and that if anybody could trace Godfrey to his hiding-place he was the one. But

he did not believe that the fugitive was in the swamp. He thought that Godfrey's camp could not be very far away—in fact, that their plantation must be nearer to it than any other, or else the man would not have come to Mr. Owens' smoke-house to steal bacon. After Bob had reasoned in this way for a while he must have arrived at some conclusions that delighted him, for he suddenly raised himself upright in bed and struck his open palm with his clenched hand.

'Perhaps all the constables in the county can't find him,' said he to himself; 'but I believe I can. At any rate I'll start out in search of his camp in the morning, just as soon as I have eaten my breakfast, and if I discover it I'll find some way to get hold of that money, or my name is not Owens.'

Bob lay down again and rolled over to think about it; and he thought about it for hours. The longer he turned the matter over in his mind, the more excited he became; and, although he had told his father that he could enjoy the best night's rest he had had for three weeks, he did not fall asleep until about two hours before he was called to breakfast.

The first things he thought of after he opened his eyes were the hundred and sixty dollars Godfrey had in his possession, and the plans he had determined to put into execution in order to get them into his own hands. It never occurred to him then that he was about to act the part of a thief, for he was so wholly engrossed in thinking about the fine hunting and fishing outfit that he intended to purchase with the money, if he got it, that he could not bestow a thought upon anything else. His chances for success seemed so bright that he became excited while he dwelt upon them; but he succeeded in controlling himself so that the members of the family did not notice it, and when he had eaten a hearty breakfast, and put a generous lunch into his game-bag, he shouldered his father's rifle and left the house.

His game-bag was not a very handsome or expensive article. It was made of a piece of thick cloth, cut square and sewed together on three sides, and was slung over his shoulder by a leather strap. This strap, where it crossed his breast, was formed into a rude sheath, in which Bob carried his hunting-knife. The bag answered the purpose for which it was intended—that of carrying the squirrels, quails, and other small game that fell to Bob's rifle—but it did not suit the boy. He wanted something better, and felt angry every time he looked at it.

'I'll have one like Don Gordon's before many days (somehow all the boys in the settlement who did not like Don envied him, and wanted things just like his), 'with a net to hold the game, and leather pockets to carry my knife, cartridges, and matches in,' said Bob to himself, as he put his lunch into the bag. 'I'll have a breech-loader, too, just as good as his own; and when I get it I'll take pains to meet him somewhere in order to let him see that there are boys in the settlement who are just as well off as he is, and just as able to throw on style. Look out for yourself now, Godfrey Evans! I am on the trail of those greenbacks!'

(To be continued.)





THE BIRD-SELLER.

BUY my birds! oh, come and buy!
 Take a brown and glossy Linnet;
 Take a Lark, that soars so high,
 He'll be singing in a minute.
 Take this one, a speckled Thrush;
 Take a Blackbird, yellow-billed;
 Sweet and rich his strain is—hush!
 All the street's with music filled.

Take a Finch, with feathers golden,
 Or a Bullfinch, velvet-headed;
 See his eye, a bright and bold one,
 Hark his strain, sustained and steadied!
 Or this tiny twittering thing,
 Gold crest, small, and very pretty.
 Children, out your pennies bring,
 Listen to the birdie's ditty.



Sing and warble, chirp and chitter,
 Little ones, lift up your voices,
 Present none there can be fitter
 If in song the heart rejoices.
 Here's a Greenfinch; here's a mealy
 Redpole—look at him, a beauty!
 Come, give out your money freely,
 'Tis a pleasure and a duty.

See how close these birds are crowded!
 Put them into better cages,
 Let them not be cribbed and shrouded,
 Pleasant are they to all ages.
 Let them sing with light a-plenty,
 Nourish, cherish, feed, and watch them,
 Never mind what motive sent me,
 For your sakes, to snare and catch them.

H. G. ADAMS.

STORY OF A JACKDAW.

I AM going to tell you a true story of a jackdaw. He belongs to a little girl called Ellen, who lives in a pleasant country-house near here. When quite young, Jack was sold in the market to a lady, who made a great pet of him. But one sad day he killed the canary, and it was decided that he should be sent away.

A friend of Ellen's, who had heard of this, begged for the bird to give to her; and putting him in a basket, she took him to the Mount, where Ellen lived, and Jack was put to live in the garden.

At first he moped a good deal; then he began to make odd noises, almost like the mewling of a cat;

and after a little while he whistled, which he can do very sweetly. And so Jack became quite at home. But I am sorry to say he is very ill-tempered, and whenever any one vexes him he always tells them to 'Go away!' and sometimes screams 'Go!' at them.

One day a gentleman was spending the evening at the Mount; he was taken into the garden to see the daw. Jack saw at once that he was a stranger, and came to give him battle, and in very clear English he bid him 'Go away!'

Jack sleeps in the fowl-house, and comes every night to be put to bed, and every morning he comes up to Ellen's window for his breakfast: he is very fond of bread and butter, and jam, and he knows quite well the drawer where the biscuits are kept.

Sometimes he will peck savagely. He is not a thief; but if he can get hold of books he will tear them, which he much enjoys.

He used to hop into the room where Ellen's eldest sister sat, and see her writing at the desk. One day when she was from home Ellen was sitting there, when in popped Master Jack, nipped the pen out of her fingers, and bid her 'Go away!'

He had often been in that room and seen Ellen's sister busy writing, and her papers lying about; and he could not help thinking that in his own way he knew it was her room and her writing-table, and thought no one else had a right to use it.

After Jack changed his feathers Ellen did not like his wings to be cut, so he soared about everywhere, like a true bird of the air. He would fly after Ellen and her sisters to church, and one Sunday they heard, on the threshold of the open door, 'Jack!' said in a deep voice. The schoolmistress shut the door, and then Jack flew up to the window near their pew, where he stayed till the service was over.

One evening he was missing at bed-time: there were great searches made, and the policeman was told; but they could hear nothing of him, and Ellen was in sad trouble.

However, after a few days they heard he was in the Moss, a place about a mile off. So Frances, Ellen's elder sister, took basket in hand and set off, accompanied by Ellen, determined to find him. They questioned all the girls and boys they met, and at last they were told by a little boy that another boy had taken him, and that he would show them where he was.

So on they went, followed by a crowd of little boys, till they came to an empty cottage. 'He's in there,' said the boy who had been their guide; and in they went, and there they found poor Jack, who seemed to know them at once, and came to their feet.

So home he was brought in great triumph, but so much thinner than when he went away that Ellen almost doubted if it were her own dear Jack, till one of the maid's poked at him with her finger, when he at once bid her 'Go away!' The first thing he did was to wash himself, for he is a very clean bird.

The boy who had taken him had cut his wing; so now he cannot fly far, and stays at home, Ellen thinks he is a much happier bird than he used to be.

I have not yet seen Jack, but I hope some day to pay him a visit, when he will probably tell me, as he does all other visitors, to 'Go away!'

M. H. F. D.

THE PASSENGER PIGEONS OF AMERICA.

By M. A. Roe.

OF all the numerous pigeon family there is none, perhaps, whose habits are so interesting to study as the Passenger or Wild Pigeon of America. They are exceedingly swift on the wing. It has been reckoned that they will fly a mile in a minute, as they have been killed in New York with their crops full of rice collected in the fields of North Carolina. They also move in immense flocks. Wilson describes seeing one of these vast processions, extending far as the eye could reach, everywhere equally crowded. He estimates their numbers to be over two thousand two hundred millions. They fairly eclipsed the light of the sun.

When flying low their backs would glisten like a sheet of azure, with another circling of their lines like a mass of the deepest purple. When a goshawk presses upon their rear, they will rush together in a dense crowd and sweep close to the earth, taking refuge in the nearest forest; but the hawk always secures his choice from the flock.

At night they collect at certain favourite roosting-places. Audubon describes one of these in a large forest on the banks of Green River, Kentucky. Crowds of people assembled there before night, waiting to kill them, and some farmers had driven their pigs over a hundred miles to fatten on the slaughtered pigeons. Suddenly there burst forth the cry, 'Here they come!' The noise they made was like a hard gale passing through the rigging of a vessel. As they passed over I felt a current of air that surprised me.

They poured in by the thousand, alighting everywhere, one above another, in solid masses, until their perches gave way under their weight, crushing those underneath. The men knocked them down with poles and fired off guns as fast as they could reload; but so great was the uproar made by the birds, Audubon said he could not hear the report of the guns. Fires were lighted, and a most wild and terrible effect was produced, while the uproar could be heard for three miles from the spot. This continued all night. At approach of day the birds still living began to move off, and were yet in great numbers, notwithstanding the slaughter. Then wild animals sneaked away and eagles and vultures came.

In the early part of this century they visited Ohio and Kentucky in immense flocks while the great forests were standing. Their breeding-places would often be several miles in extent, and crowds of people would come and cut down the trees for the young squab pigeons, every tree having from fifty to a hundred nests. This wanton destruction, and the cutting down of the forests, have greatly diminished their numbers; still, a few years ago, a great flock visited the woods near Washington, and thousands were killed and brought into market.

Their mode of flying is said to be exceedingly graceful. They will sometimes sweep close to the earth, then mount like a perpendicular column, and continue doubling and circling like the coils of a gigantic serpent.

A VISIT FROM THE RICKFIRERS.

CAN'T I help, Irvine? Do let me get my gun and come with you.'

'Bless the boy, no! Get back to the house and keep safe with the women.'

Was ever counsel more unwelcome to a lad craving for adventure? Here was blood-curdling excitement brought to our very doors, and Irvine, our tiresome bailiff, would keep me out of it! I, who in my father's absence was the only male representative of the family!

It had been a bad year; famine and disease had driven the poor people wild, and a wild lot had taken to rickfiring, and such-like wicked and useless ways of showing their discontent.

My father was a magistrate, and though a very kind-hearted man, he felt it his duty severely to punish incendiarism, several cases having lately come before him. As a consequence of this, Irvine had had an anonymous letter to say that our ricks were to go next. I got wind of this, and found out that Irvine expected the rickfirs this very night, while my father was away at the county town attending a meeting of land-owners to consider the general distress and how to relieve it.

Of course my first idea was to head Irvine's force, consisting of himself with his big stick, and Joe and George, our labourers, in their smock-frocks; and when he refused to allow it I became frantic.

'I ought to be allowed to do something in my mother's and sisters' defence,' I said; 'how can I sit quiet with all this going on?'

'There's plenty of work for you to do, Master Roger,' said Irvine, quietly, 'and work that will help us too.'

'What?' I asked, eagerly. 'Barring doors, ringing the alarm-bell, firing out of the windows?'

I don't think Irvine smiled; but his lip certainly went up in an odd way. 'Going indoors and keeping the ladies quiet and unsuspecting: it'll do Miss Leonora a power of harm to get a fright.' (Miss Leonora was my second sister, who was always very delicate.) 'And talking to the mistress, to keep her mind off the master being away.'

I was highly disgusted at this indoor sort of work being assigned to me instead of fighting gloriously among the ricks, as I quite meant to do; but Irvine was firm, and I went sadly back to the house.

Mother was sewing, Leonora and Fanny were talking about the bad times. They were glad to see me, lately they had always been in a fidget if I was out after dusk. Women are so unreasonable!

I should have liked to sit at the window and listen for sounds from the rickyard, but I knew that would betray all. And walking up and down the room didn't seem to tranquillise them; Nora even showed signs of crying, which would never do. So I gulped down my wants and wishes and asked mother to sing, and we had 'Auld Robin Gray,' and the 'Bay of Biscay,' and a lot of things. It seemed to keep their minds quiet best. And then we went to bed.

Once I thought of getting out of my bedroom-window and sliding down a waste pipe to join Irvine, but I gave it up; it would frighten mother so to find my room empty if she visited me in the night, as she

sometimes did. Besides, it seemed more honest to do the work, poor as it was, that Irvine had set me to do—looking after the women. Of course I didn't mean to sleep a wink all night, but there—crash came something against my pane, and I gave a snort and up I jumped. Rickfirs, of course, overpowering Irvine—attacking the house! I flew to the window just as another sod shook it.

Two men were below, one holding the other. I recognised Irvine as the first. 'Hold him down till I get my gun,' I cried in a hoarse whisper as I flung open the casement. Of course he wanted help, the rickfirer was a bigger man than he. Had Joe and George deserted the force? How base! But there—before I could get my gun another voice spoke, one I knew very well.

'Roger boy, don't wake your mother, but come down and open the side-door.'

It was my father! I ran softly down the stairs in my bare feet to do his bidding. Yes, it was he! he was looking very pale in the dim moonlight, and he sank into a chair as soon as he entered the house.

'His arm's broken,' said Irvine shortly. 'Joe's gone for doctor.'

'Don't look scared, Roger,' said my father, smiling feebly; 'it's all right, though you did want to polish me off.'

While Irvine was putting my father's arm into a sling I heard the story of the night's work, how that the rickfirs had paid us a visit and been frustrated by Irvine's party; but unfortunately, as the rioters were retiring, they came across my father riding home, as he was anxious about us all. A half-brick thrown by one of the party did the damage to his arm.

'They were all strangers to me, none of our men,' said my father in a tone of satisfaction.

Didn't we have a good talk at breakfast next morning? father on the sofa, bandaged up. And wasn't I surprised when both father and mother said I had done my part well in the engagement?

'Why, Irvine kept me in, he wouldn't hear of my going with him,' I said, ruefully.

'No, boy, but you did your work well all the same,' said my father. 'Mother tells me you knew of the intended attack all the while, and yet sat quietly with her and the girls that they might not guess anything; and then you were on the alert to let us in,' he added.

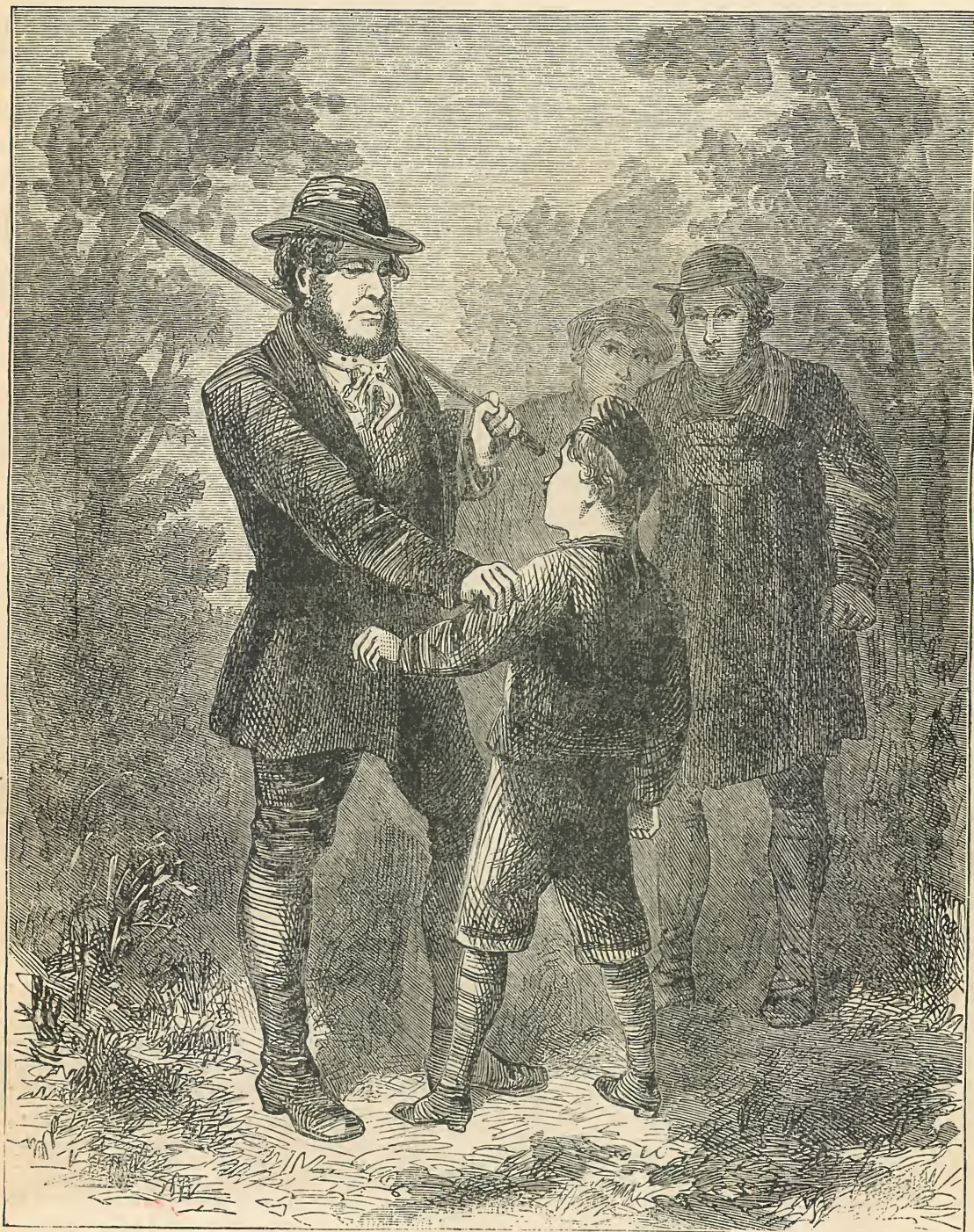
'I was sound asleep,' I said, quite ashamed of myself.

There was a general laugh. 'All the same, I think I have no reason to be ashamed of my lad,' said father. 'We none of us doubt his pluck, and I think we have had a tolerably good instance of his obedience and consideration for others—eh, mother?'

Of course mother kissed me—that's the way women have of saying Yes. I felt rather shy, but somehow pleased; and yet next time anything happens, I do hope I shall be allowed to assist in the out-door defences.

Father smiles when I tell him this, and says he hopes we shall have no more such excitements for many a long day; that the worst of the trouble is over, and that these very rickfirs are not the distressed peasantry, but loafing tramps taking advantage of the troublous times to do mischief and get plunder.

H. G. F.



"Can't I help, Irvine?"



Bob discovering Godfrey.



THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 291.)

MAKING his way in the direction in which Godfrey fled on the night he was discovered in the smoke-house, and crossing an extensive cornfield, Bob plunged into the woods, and turned his face toward a certain locality that he believed to be one of the places in which Godfrey would be most likely to make his camp. Bob knew that Godfrey had a hiding-place on Bruin's Island, in which he had concealed himself while the Union forces were passing through that part of the State; and he knew, too, as everybody else in the settlement did, that he had gone there as soon as his connexion with the affair of the buried treasure became known. It was also noised abroad in the settlement that the fugitive had been driven off the island by Don Gordon's hounds, and everybody wondered where he was now. Bob thought he knew. There were numerous hills and gullies on the main shore in the vicinity of Bruin's Island, and in one of these gullies he expected to find the man of whom he was in search.

The moment Bob entered the woods he threw his rifle into the hollow of his arm, and slackened his pace to a very slow and stealthy walk. His experience had taught him that hunters sometimes run upon the game of which they are in search before they know it; and, although he believed Godfrey's camp to be five miles and more away, he was as cautious as though he expected to find it in the very next thicket.

The sound of rustling branches and dropping nuts, accompanied by an occasional squeal of alarm, told him that the squirrels were at work on all sides of him; but Bob paid no attention to them. He was in pursuit of larger and more profitable game. He made his way slowly through the woods, stopping now and then behind a tree or thicket of bushes to listen and look about him, and at one o'clock found himself standing on the bank of the bayou.

The bank at this point was in reality a bluff, and rose to the height of a hundred feet or more. On each side of it was a densely-wooded ravine, one of which extended back into the forest, and the other, after running parallel with the bayou for a short distance, turned abruptly to the left, and was finally lost in the swamp. They were both excellent hiding-places, and while Bob stood leaning on his rifle, wondering which one he ought to explore first, he saw a thin, blue cloud rising from the bushes which covered the bottom of the ravine on his right. Most boys would not have noticed it; but Bob was on the look-out for just such a sign, and he knew at once that it was the smoke of a camp-fire.

'There he is,' said he to himself, taking a hurried survey of the ridge in the hope of finding a path that led into the ravine. 'It must be Godfrey, for no one else would be likely to make a camp in such a place. Now if he is at home I must come upon him before

he knows it, for if he hears me he'll run off, and that wouldn't suit me at all.'

Failing to find the path of which he was in search, Bob selected a place where the bushes grew the thinnest, and throwing himself on his hands and knees, crept quickly but noiselessly down the ridge, pushing his rifle in front of him as he went. Before starting he fixed the direction of the camp-fire in his mind, so that it was not necessary for him to stop and take his bearings. He kept straight ahead, working his way along with such caution that he scarcely caused a leaf to rustle, and finally raising his head above a huge log behind which he had crept for concealment, he saw the camp-fire close before him. Godfrey was at home, too. He was lying on a bed of boughs beside the fire, his head resting on his hand, the stem of his pipe tightly clenched between his teeth, and his eyes fixed upon the glowing coals. The boy looked at him in surprise. Godfrey had never been noted for his neat appearance, at least since Bob became acquainted with him, but the young hunter had never seen him look as he did now. His clothes were all in tatters; his hair, which was not concealed by a hat, was disheveled; and his face was very pale and haggard.

'I wouldn't be in his place for all the money there is in Mississippi,' said Bob to himself, as he drew back behind the log to make up his mind what he ought to do next. 'It will not be long now before the cold winter rains will set in, and then what will he do with himself? He'll freeze to death.'

Bob lay quiet behind the log for a minute or two, and then suddenly rising from his place of concealment, showed himself to the astonished Godfrey, who let his pipe fall out of his mouth and started up in great alarm. Bob was so close to him that flight was useless. He was discovered, and there was no help for it.

'Why, Godfrey, is that you?' exclaimed the lad, as if the meeting were purely accidental. 'Did you see a spike buck run this way about half an hour ago?'

Godfrey slowly and almost painfully arose to his feet, bringing his rifle up with him, and the boy heard the lock click as the hammer was drawn back. He looked dangerous, and Bob began to fear that he had done a very foolhardy thing in following up so desperate a man as Godfrey was known to be when he was aroused.

'Hallo!' he cried. 'What's the matter with you?'

'Ye can't shet up my eyes with yer spike buck,' answered Godfrey, in savage tones. 'Ye'r on my trail.'

'On your trail?' repeated Bob, innocently.

'Yes, an' I know it. Ye'r a follerin' me; but it'll take more'n one *man* to tote me to the calaboose. Ye hear me speakin'?'

'Why, I don't understand you.'

'Wal, I reckon ye know thar was a fuss in the settlement, an' that they blamed me fur it, don't ye?' demanded Godfrey, impatiently.

'Oh, is that what you mean?' exclaimed Bob. He leant his gun against the log, and walking up to the fire warmed his hands over the coals. Godfrey looked sharply at him for a moment, and then dropped the butt of his rifle to the ground. 'No,'

continued Bob, 'I did not hear of any fuss in the settlement. I knew that you and that city chap, Clarence Gordon, played a good joke on Don, and kept him tied up in your potato-cellar all night; but that can't be what you are staying out here in the woods for. It has all blown over now. Nobody ever speaks of it.'

Godfrey looked suspiciously at Bob, and then his face brightened. Perhaps things were not so bad after all, he told himself. His brow became clouded again a moment afterward, however, when he thought of the highway robbery of which he had been guilty. But he might have made his mind easy on this score, for there was no one in the settlement who knew anything about it, not even the General; for his brother had never mentioned the circumstance in his letters.

'Is that all ye heard about me?' asked Godfrey.

'Well, no,' answered Bob. 'I understand that you went home the night before last and took the hundred and sixty dollars Dave made by trapping quails.'

'Wal, wasn't they mine?' shrieked Godfrey, jumping up and knocking his heels together. 'Isn't he my son, an' I his dad? I'm older, an' don't I know more'n he does? an' wasn't it the properest thing that I should have the handlin' of all the money what comes into the family? Whoop! Don't the law give me all the arnin's of my scamps of boys till they're twenty-one years ole?'

'Hold on, now!' exclaimed Bob, who, although he was not a little startled by Godfrey's exhibition of temper, tried to look quite unconcerned. 'Don't smash things. Everybody knows that it was your money, and that you had a perfect right to take it.'

'That's jest what makes me so savage,' yelled Godfrey, throwing down his rifle, burying both hands in his hair, and striding back and forth like an insane man. 'It's mine, an' I had oughter have it; but I haven't got it now!'

The last word was uttered with a wild shriek that made the woods ring again. Bob looked and listened in great wonder, and stepped back a pace or two.

'Just look a yer,' cried Godfrey, thrusting his hand into his pocket and bringing it out through the hole which Dan had cut with his knife. 'I gave half the money to that thar mean Dan o' mine, but he got mad jest kase I wanted to take keer on it fur him; so when I was asleep he cut out the box an' tuk hisself off to the swamp!'

Here Godfrey went off into another wild paroxysm of rage, and Bob sat down on the log and looked at him.

CHAPTER VIII.—BOB IN A QUANDARY.

'Yes, sur, that's jest what that mean Dan o' mine done!' shouted Godfrey, swinging his arms about his head. 'I didn't find it out until this mornin', an' then I cut a big hickory and tuk arter him mighty peart, I tell ye; but somehow I couldn't ketch the trail. I'll take arter him agin bright an' arly to-morrer, howsomer, an' I'll ketch him if I have to hoof over the hul state of Mississip. I jest come back here to take a leetle rest an' kinder plan my movements, like the generals do before a battle, ye know.'

This was not the real reason why Godfrey came

back to his old camp. He believed that Dan was hiding somewhere in the swamp; and as that covered a large section of country, where plantations were few and far between, Godfrey thought it would be a good plan to replenish his haversack before starting in pursuit of his graceless son. The bacon and meal he had stolen from Mr. Owens' smoke-house (Godfrey wondered why Bob did not say something to him about that affair) had all been eaten, and when night came Godfrey intended to go out on another foraging expedition. He was well acquainted in the settlement, all the dogs knew him, and it would be much easier and safer for him to break into a smoke-house there than it would be in a strange neighbourhood.

Bob was very much astonished at what he heard. He knew that Godfrey had uttered nothing but the truth, and told himself that he understood the situation perfectly. Godfrey was called the meanest man in the settlement, so far as money was concerned. He had been known to go to the store and beg for credit when he had cash enough in his pocket to pay for the goods he wanted. He would hold fast to a dollar as long as he could, and only let it go when he found that he could not help himself. It was not to be supposed that he would willingly give Dan half the hundred and sixty dollars, no matter how solemn the promises he might have made him. The plea that he wanted to take care of Dan's share for him amused Bob, who knew that it was only an excuse on Godfrey's part for keeping it all; and the boy thought that Dan showed wisdom in doing as he did. He wondered at it, too. He didn't think Dan was half so smart.

'Well, Godfrey,' said Bob, rising from his log and picking up his rifle, 'if any one should serve me a trick like that, do you know what I would do? I would hunt him, night and day, until I found him.'

'Yer mighty right, I will!' yelled Godfrey. 'Ye hear me? An' when I ketch him, I'll make a hickory whistle about them ears of his'n till he'll think thar's a harrycane goin' through the woods. Now I'm a shoutin' to ye!'

'Well, good-bye, Godfrey,' exclaimed Bob, who, seeing that the man began to show symptoms of going into another flurry, thought it best to get out of harm's way. 'Success to you.'

'I say, Mister Bob,' cried Godfrey, suddenly calming himself, 'yer a monstrous fine boy, Bob; an' me an' my ole woman has allers been amazin' fond of ye, an' sot a heap of store by ye. Ye won't say nothing to nobody 'bout seein' me out here in the bresh, will ye, Mister Bob?'

'Not a word. You may depend upon me, Godfrey. If they don't find you till I tell them where you are, you'll never be found. Now here's a go!' thought Bob, as he brought his rifle to a trail, and struggled slowly up the steep bank toward the top of the ridge; 'and the question is, who is going to catch Dan first, Godfrey or I? I shouldn't be afraid to say that I shall be the successful one, for Godfrey is going to look in the wrong place. He thinks Dan is in the swamp, but I don't. He has shown himself to be a sly fox, and he wouldn't be foolish enough to go down there and get lost in those canebrakes. There are too many bears and wild cats in them. Dan is hidden

somewhere among these hills, and so close to the settlement that he can hear every boat that whistles at the landing.'

Bob was greatly encouraged by what he had heard during his interview with Godfrey. He thought it was a very fortunate thing for him that Dan had stolen the money, for it made it easier for him to accomplish the task he had set for himself. He had entertained some serious doubts as to his ability to outwit Godfrey, but he told himself that, if he was not smart enough to get the better of Dan in some way, he ought to go without a breech-loader as long as he lived. Just how he would set about it he had not made up his mind. His first hard work must be to find Dan. That was the greatest difficulty to be overcome. The others were small in comparison.

Having, at last, reached the top of the ridge, Bob sat down for a few minutes to recover his breath and eat his lunch, and then set out through the woods at a rapid walk. There was no need of caution now, for it was not at all probable that Dan would be found anywhere within sight of the smoke of his father's camp-fire. Bob seemed to know where he was going, for he held a straight course, turning aside for neither gully nor hill, until, at length, he reached a high ridge, bounded on each side by a deep and densely wooded ravine, like the one in which he had discovered Godfrey. If Dan was to be found anywhere among the hills, this was the place in which Bob thought he ought to look for him. He examined both the ravines as well as he could, as he walked rapidly along, but nothing like the smoke of a camp-fire was to be seen. When he arrived at the end of the ridge he would have been glad to return, and go over that portion of it which he had not yet surveyed; but the declining sun warned him that it was time for him to turn his face homeward, and this he reluctantly did.

'I was in hopes that I should have that money in my possession before I went to bed to-night,' thought Bob, as he shouldered his rifle and struck a straight course for his father's plantation. 'But I'll have it to-morrow night, unless luck goes against me. I am sure he is in one of these two gullies; and I will be out in the morning about the time he is cooking his breakfast, and then I'll see the smoke of his fire. Hallo! Be-he-he!'

That is as near as we can come to spelling the sound to which Bob gave utterance, just after he finished his soliloquy. It was a perfect imitation of the bleat of a fawn. While he was hurrying along, intent on reaching home before dark, and thinking busily about Dan Evans, he 'jumped' a huge buck from the top of a fallen tree, just in front of him. The buck ran as only a frightened deer can, but, before he had made many bounds, he heard Bob's call, and came to a standstill. He paused but an instant, but that instant was fatal to him. As he turned his stately head, the bullet from Bob's rifle pierced his neck and he fell, and died almost without a struggle. Bob ran quickly to his side, and in a very short space of time, considering the amount of work that was done, the deer had been cleaned and hung upon the branches of a small tree, out of reach of the wolves, and the young hunter was once more on his way home. He reached the house shortly

after dark, and found the family just sitting down to supper.

Bob fell asleep that night while laying his plans for the following day, and being wearied with his long tramp he slept soundly; but he was up by the time the first grey streaks of dawn were seen in the east, and, accompanied by a decrepit old negro, who led a mule as old and infirm as himself, set out for another day in the woods.

'Mister Bob,' said the negro, as they made their way across the cornfield, 'does yer know dat somebody was a-tryin' fur to steal dem chickens this mornin'?''

'No,' replied Bob. 'I didn't know it.'

'Yes, sar, dar was. Dis mornin' I heared a fursin' out dar, an' I says to myself, "'Bijah, dar's an owl gwine fur dem chickens." So I gets up, an' goes to de do' fur to shoo him off, and I sees somebody in de tree whar de chickens was a roostin'. So I goes up mighty quiet an' still, an' he nebber sees nor hears me till I was plumb under de tree; den he draps, an' I retch fur him. But I'se not spry like I was in my young days—no, sir—an' I nebber cotch him; but I skeared him mighty bad, an' ye jest oughter see dat fellow hump hisself.'

'He ran fast, did he?'

'Oh, yes, sar.'

'Did he take any chickens with him?'

'No, sar. I made him drap dem.'

'Do you know who he was?'

'Oh, yes; sar; dat biggest Ebans boy—Dan Ebans. Yes, sar, dat's who he was. Mister Bob, 'pears to me dat de law oughter cotch some of dem white trash, kase dey's a heap wusser den de niggers 'bout stealin'. Yes, sar, dey is so.'

'Oh, there's no use in saying anything about it, 'Bijah. He didn't get any of the chickens?'

'No, sar; but he tried mighty hard.'

'I would not care if he had got every chicken on the plantation,' said Bob to himself, 'for now I know that I am on the right track. Dan is camped closer to our house than he is to any other, or he would not have come to our hen-roost to steal chickens. He is well enough acquainted with the woods to know that the best hiding-place he can find is in one of those two gullies, and right there is where I shall look for him.'

Bob found the buck he had killed the night before just as he had left it, and when it had been placed on the mule's back old 'Bijah set out on his return to the plantation. As soon as he was out of sight among the trees, Bob turned his face toward the ridge he had explored on the previous day, moving along so slowly and stealthily that he had hardly caused a leaf to rustle. When he reached the high ground he became still more cautious in his movements, and every now and then he would stop and listen, and look sharply in every direction.

Had a city youth been standing by Bob's side on the top of the ridge, he would have thought that the young hunter had undertaken a hopeless task. The gullies, which ran on each side, were so densely covered with bushes that an army might have found concealment in them. More than that, they were two or three hundred yards wide at the bottom, and more than five miles long; and how could Bob hope to discover a single boy in that wilderness? By the



AMERICA. — Brazil.

same tell-tale sign that had revealed Godfrey's presence to him—the smoke of a camp-fire. He discovered it before he had gone half a mile. It ascended in a thick cloud from the clump of bushes on the side of the opposite ridge, and Bob told himself that Dan had just started his fire, and was getting ready to cook his breakfast.

'He'll not have broiled chicken, that's certain,' said he, as he threw himself flat on the ground and began to work his way down the ridge in the direction of Dan's camp. 'He ran considerable risk when he tried to rob our hen-roost, and I don't see what made him do it when game is so abundant. Probably he wanted a change.'

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXVIII.—BRAZIL.



HIS is an immense country. It is twelve or fourteen times as large as France. It has many thousands of miles of sea coast. It has uplands and lowlands, but no peaks of extraordinary height. It has noble rivers, and vast forests, and a great variety of climates. Much of it is quite unknown to us, and only a small portion is cultivated.

It is mostly a plain, full of extensive pastures, where great herds of wild horned cattle roam about. These are captured, killed, and skinned; then the hides are dried, and the flesh is salted for food. The farmers carry on their work in a rude manner. The trees are cut down and burned. The soil is enriched by the ashes, and for several years it produces good crops. The English vegetables do not thrive in Brazil. The ants are too much for them. Coffee and cotton do very well. The Indians of Brazil feed on monkeys. They roast them over the fire on a gridiron. The vampire is a troublesome customer; he sucks the blood of his victims in the night.

Spermaceti whales are frequently caught on the shores of this country. It is a remarkable fact that the whales from the South Polar Ocean approach very much nearer the equator than their brethren of the north. Dolphins are caught in the Amazon; they belong to the whale family. They yield much valuable oil, but their flesh is hard and disagreeable. A kind of fat is also made largely out of turtles' eggs.

Brazil is very rich in diamonds. They are found in the rivers. Long after they were first discovered they were deemed of no greater value than common beads. The natives of Brazil are copper-coloured, with high cheek-bones and lank black hair. Some of them are great rovers, others are settled. The foreigners are chiefly Portuguese.

On the 3rd of May, 1500, Brazil was discovered by a Portuguese sailor, named Cabral. The trade wind carried him to the shore near Cape Augustin. He sent an account of his discovery to the king. The king at once despatched Amerigo Vespucci, a native

of Florence, to examine this new-found land. On his return, Amerigo published a book about Brazil, with a map, and this was the reason why his Christian name was given to the continent. He named the new world instead of Columbus—America ought to have been called Columbia.

When Napoleon took possession of Spain and Portugal in 1808, the king of Portugal went to Brazil, and set about its improvement. And though Napoleon was driven out of Spain, the Portuguese king did not return to Europe until 1821, when he left his eldest son behind him as his regent. In 1822, Brazil was declared an independent state, and the prince adopted the title of Emperor.

The importance of Brazil is very small as compared with its huge size. Equal to Europe in bigness, it has a population about that of Holland and Belgium. The capital of Brazil is Rio Janeiro. It is the largest city in South America. Rio Janeiro means the River of January, it being first seen in that month. It is a place of great commercial importance. The second city is Bahia, meaning 'The Bay;' it was for a long time the capital. Pernambuco is more in the north. They say the best-built city is Maranhao. It ought to be the cleanest, for its rainfall is 280 inches in the year.

Brazil owns the largest river on the face of the earth, though it is not the longest. This is the Amazon; so called, because Francesco Orellana, the Spaniard, was the first to ascend it, and who supposed its banks were peopled by warlike women, such as in old times were wont to be called Amazons. The tributary streams of this king of rivers are princely in themselves, and worthy to be ranked among earth's first-class water-ways. The Rio Negro, its largest northern feeder, is nearly as big as the Ganges; and the Madeira, its greatest southern tributary, is as large as the Indus. After the Amazon has received its last feeder the eye cannot discern its opposite bank, and after it has poured its volume into the ocean its current is carried on, and is perceptible for 500 miles.

On the south of this vast empire are Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine Republic. Paraguay was formerly under Spain—it is now an independent state. There is a Paraguay tea, made out of a sort of holly. Uruguay is a republic; most of it is pasture land. The Argentine Republic ill deserves its name. Argentine means 'of silver,' and there is very little of that beautiful metal thereabouts. The capital is Buenos Ayres, meaning 'Good Air.' It stands on the River de la Plata, which is here 36 miles wide. The town is imposing in appearance, but unfortunate in fact: yet not so unfortunate as the once beautiful Mendoza, which became, in one 'wild March morning,' an enormous tomb.

The Guianas, at the north of Brazil, belong to England, France, and Holland—they are very sultry. Here grows the Victoria Regia, the monster water-lily. Here is the incense tree. Here are endless forests: rivers flowing deep and still, and monkeys without end, and of all sorts and sizes.

Cayenne pepper comes from French Guiana. Here unhappy prisoners are sent to languish, and often to die.

It was in the mouth of the Oronoco, north of Brazil, that Columbus learned the immense size of South

America. At 250 miles from the river mouth it is four miles wide and 300 feet deep. Such a river could not be made on a small island, thought he; and he was right. Venezuela, the northern state, in which this Nile-like river flows, is famed for its vegetation. The leathery-leaved cow-tree is perhaps the strangest and most valuable. It grows in the driest places, yet always in the longest drought it has plenty of nourishing milk for those who pierce it.

Porto Bello, in Columbia, was so called by the illustrious navigator, because it was a fine harbour in his eyes. It has, however, since gained a far less pleasing name—it is called 'the Grave of Europeans.'

CREDULITY.



A COUNTRYMAN was once on his way to Bagdad with an ass and a goat for sale. He rode the ass, and the goat trotted behind with a bell fastened round her neck. As he rode along he reckoned how much he should get by the sale, and he resolved that he would spend the pieces of silver on a gorgeous robe and turban that would make him admired of all beholders.

Unfortunately, he expressed his thoughts aloud, and they were overheard by three rogues, who determined to take advantage of his simplicity.

The first untied the bell from the goat's neck and tied it to the ass's tail, so that while he carried off the goat the countryman still heard the bell jingling behind, and thought the goat was still following. It was some time before he discovered his loss, but when at last he did so, and was making loud lamentations, the second rogue came up to him and told him that he had just seen a man dragging a goat across a field, which he pointed out to him. The countryman thanked him, and asked him kindly to hold the ass while he went in pursuit. He then set off in great haste; but after going some distance, and seeing nothing of the goat or the man, he turned back tired and out of breath, only to find that the ass too had disappeared.

Full of grief and shame the countryman pursued his way towards Bagdad on foot, and very soon came on the third rogue, who was leaning over a stream of water, apparently in great tribulation, wringing his hands and tearing his hair.

'What is the matter?' asked the countryman.

'Alas!' answered the rogue, 'I have dropped a bag full of diamonds into the stream. I was carrying them to the Caliph, and while I rested here the bag fell into the water.'

'Why do you not jump in and pull it out?' asked the countryman.

'Because I cannot swim, and the water is deep; but if you will do it I will give you thirty silver pieces.'

The countryman gladly agreed, and throwing off his cloak, and vest, and turban, he plunged into the water. Of course he searched in vain, and when he returned to the bank he found no one there, and his garments had disappeared, as well as the ass and the goat.

LOUIS XIV. AND MARSHAL GRAMMONT.

An Extract from one of Madame Sévigné's Letters.

I MUST tell you a little story, which is perfectly true, and which will amuse you, I am sure. The king is, as you know, very fond of making verses, and Messieurs Saint-Agnan and Dangeau teach him how to do so.

The other day he composed a little song, and he showed it to Marshal Grammont, saying,—

'Here, Marshal, read this little song, please, and tell me exactly what you think of it. Have you ever seen such a foolish one? Just because people know that I am rather fond of poetry, they are always sending me their compositions!'

The Marshal, after having read it, replied,—

'Sire, your Majesty is an excellent judge in matters of this sort; it is quite true that this is the most absurd and ridiculous piece that I have ever read.'

The King began to laugh, and said,—

'Ought not the person who wrote it to be called a ridiculous coxcomb?'

'Sire,' was the reply, 'there is no other name to suit him better.'

'Well, Marshal!' cried the King, with a burst of hearty laughter, 'thank you for having spoken your mind so plainly. I wrote it!'

'You, sire!' exclaimed the astounded Marshal. 'Pardon me. Will your Majesty permit me to see the song again? I read it too carelessly before.'

'Nay, Marshal!' replied the King; 'nay, first impressions are always the most natural!'

The King has often laughed much at this story; but every one who has heard it thinks it was the most cruel trick he could play on an old courtier like Marshal Grammont.

NELLIE RUDD.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

A SINGULAR instance of kindly feeling, quite in opposition to what is generally supposed to be the natural instinct, recently came under our notice. Mr. C. Turtle, dyer, of the High Street, has a little white terrier, which had two puppies. Only one of these was kept, and the mother seems to have felt the loss. One of Mr. Turtle's children brought home a tiny wild rabbit, which was allowed to run about the place. This little animal was at once noticed by the terrier, who appears to have taken pity on its motherless condition and adopted it as her own. Both the 'bunny' and puppy cuddled in together and sucked at the same breast. This would hardly be believed, but has been witnessed by several, and the terrier seemed kind to the rabbit, and licked and caressed it, just the same as she did her own. The rabbit, however, never quite got over its wildness, and was afterwards lost. Another young rabbit was obtained, which the terrier took as much notice of as she did of the first. The puppy, too, plays with it just the same as if it were one of its own species, and it is very singular to see the two little creatures playing together or else nestling by the side of the kindly terrier—*I. W. Observer.*



A Happy Family. By HARRISON WEIR



Bob finding the Box.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 302.)



WITH surprising swiftness Bob crept through the bushes, and at the end of half an hour had approached near enough to Dan's camp to take a good survey of it. Dan was at home, and he was engaged in a most pleasing occupation, if one might judge by the smiles which now and then overspread his face. He was sitting on a log, which he had rolled up in front of the fire, holding in one hand a small tin box and in the other a package of greenbacks. He held the bills in all sorts of positions, so that he could see every side of them. He ran his fingers over them caressingly, spread them out on his knee, and then holding them out at arm's length, turned his head on one side, and looked at them most lovingly. Bob, who saw it all from his place of concealment, was equally interested. He had never seen so large a package of greenbacks before, and his eyes fairly glistened while he looked at them.

'I had no idea that a hundred and sixty dollars would make such a big bundle as that,' thought Bob. 'It must be all in small bills. That beggar looks well with so much money in his possession, doesn't he? But he shan't have it much longer, for it is mine. I could have earned it if it hadn't been for Don Gordon, and I'll have it if I have to knock Dan down to get it.'

Fortunately Bob was saved the trouble of putting this desperate resolve into execution, for just then a grey squirrel mounted quickly into the branches of a hickory a few rods away and set up a shrill bark. Dan heard him, and Bob judged by his actions that he had not yet had his breakfast. This was the fact. Dan had been so excited by the success that had attended the plans he had laid for securing the whole of David's money, and so anxious to get safely out of his father's reach and find a secure hiding-place, that he could not take time to hunt up anything to eat. He had not had a mouthful for the last twenty-four hours. He did not even know that he was hungry; but he found it out during the previous night, and his raid on Mr. Owen's hen-roost had been undertaken because he thought he could not possibly go without something to eat until the day broke and the squirrels began to stir about.

When Dan heard the barking of the squirrel he placed the money quickly in the box, put on the cover, and thrusting it under the log on which he was sitting, hastily drew a few leaves over it to conceal it. This done, he picked up his rifle which lay on the ground near him, arose from his seat, and with noiseless footsteps stole off through the bushes in the direction from which the barking of the squirrel sounded. He was out of sight in a few seconds, and this was the time for Bob, who crept quickly out of his concealment, and making a wide circuit around the camp, came up behind the log on which Dan had been sitting. There he paused a

moment and listened to make sure that Dan was still working his way toward the squirrel, and then reaching over the log he ran his hand through the leaves which the wind had heaped against it, until his fingers came in contact with the box. With eager haste he seized it, and when he felt it fairly in his grasp his heart seemed to stop beating, so elated and excited was he. He held it with a firm grasp, as if he feared that it might somehow get away from him, and jumping quickly to his feet, turned his back on the camp and made off. For a few minutes he was very cautious in his movements; and then, believing that Dan was too far away to hear any noise he might make, he broke into a run. He went at his best speed, holding a straight course for home, until the report of a rifle echoing through the woods behind him caused him to slacken his pace to a rapid walk.

'Dan hasn't discovered his loss yet,' said Bob, 'for he has only just shot the squirrel.' He held the box at arm's length as he spoke, and after looking at it affectionately for a few seconds put it into his game-bag. 'Dan will be back to his camp in a few minutes, and I would give something to know how he will act when he finds that his money is gone. His money! It is mine by right, and now that I have got it I am going to hold fast to it. I'll have a new shot-gun now and a jointed fish-pole in spite of Don Gordon and Dave Evans.'

Bob reached home in due time, and his appearance there surprised the family, who wanted to know why he had returned at so early an hour, and where his game was. Bob replied that one reason why he had come home was because he was hungry, having eaten no breakfast that morning; and another was because he had seen no game to shoot except squirrels, and he had grown tired of hunting. His mother prepared a breakfast for him; but if he was hungry his actions did not show it. He was hardly able to swallow a mouthful; and as soon as he could do so without running the risk of being questioned, he arose from the table and left the house. In order to do this he was obliged to watch his chance, and slip out while there was no one in the room; for the tin box, which he had taken the precaution to transfer from his game-bag to his trousers pocket, stuck out, so that when he stood erect no one could help noticing it. He succeeded in leaving the house without attracting any one's attention, and dodging his father, who was in front of the shed saddling his horse, he bent his steps down the lane. There was a log lying on the fence corner, about half a mile from the house, on which he had sat and dreamed away many an hour since he had read that advertisement in the *Rod and Gun*, and there Bob stopped to feast his eyes on the contents of the box, and make up his mind how he was going to spend them.

'The gun will cost me seventy-five dollars,' said he, as he seated himself on the log, straightened out his leg, and began working the box out of his pocket. 'The ammunition will cost at least five dollars more. A lance-wood bass rod will cost eight dollars, a reel five dollars, and hooks, lines, sinkers, and bobbers—say two dollars more. That makes ninety-five dollars. Then I shall need a game-bag like Don Gor-

don's, a fish-basket, and a hunting-knife; and if they don't cost more than five dollars they will be cheaper than I think they are. Say they will cost ten; that makes one hundred and five. Now what shall I do with the other fifty-five? Perhaps I had better buy a new saddle and bridle. If Lester had only acted like a white boy I would have bought some decoys, and he and I could have had high old times this winter shooting ducks and geese. But I'll warrant I'll find some way to spend the money.'

Bob having by this time succeeded in getting the box out of his pocket, removed the cover, and after looking up and down the lane, and before and behind him, to make sure that there was no one in sight, he took out the bills and counted them. They were all there, and having satisfied himself on this point Bob put them back, replaced the cover and laid the box down on the log by his side.

'Now where shall I put my money?' thought he. 'I must keep it hid somewhere, for of course it would be dangerous to let any one know that I have got it. What would father say to me if he should find it out?'

Bob suddenly paused, and an expression that it would be hard to describe settled on his face. The thought that had just passed through his mind called up another: If it would be dangerous to let his father know that he had a hundred and sixty dollars in his possession, would it not be equally dangerous to let him see the new shot-gun, fish-pole, and other fine things he intended to purchase with the money? If Mr. Owens would be curious to know how Bob had acquired so great and sudden wealth, would he not be equally anxious to know where the gun and fishing-rod came from?

'I am no better off now than I was when I hadn't a cent in my pocket,' said Bob, resting his head on his hands and looking thoughtfully at the ground. 'I can't enjoy the money now that I have got it. What in the world am I going to do?'

If there ever was a boy who was in a quandary it was Bob Owens.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RUNAWAY.

As Bob generally did when he found himself in trouble, he fell to abusing his luck, which had not served him a better turn. 'I can't enjoy this money now that I have got it,' said he. 'My breech-loader and fishing-rod are just as far out of my reach as they were a week ago. If I got them father would say: "Bob, how came you by that new gun?" "I bought it." "Where did you get the money?" He would be sure to ask me that, and what could I say?'

If Bob while he was tossing about on his bed, laying his plans for getting hold of the hundred and sixty dollars, had taken time to think the matter out, he would have discovered that he could not help getting himself into just such a dilemma as this; but he was so eager after the money that he could think of nothing else. He had succeeded in his plans, but the money was of no more use to him than it would have been to Dan Evans. True, there was one thing he might do with it, and that was, restore it to its lawful owner. This thought did occur to Bob, but he dismissed it at once.

'I'll never do that,' said he, almost fiercely. 'If it hadn't been for Dave and his friends I might have had money of my own by this time; and I would have got it too, in such a way that I should not be afraid to let everybody know that I had it. But Dave cheated me out of the chance, and, sooner than give this money up to him, I'll tie a stone to it and sink it in the middle of the lake. Now is there any way that I can get the benefit of it? That's the question.'

And it was one that Bob could not answer for a long time, for he was fairly at his wit's end. If he had acted out his feelings, he would have jumped up and whooped, and yelled, and pulled his hair, just as Godfrey did when he told how Dan had cut his pocket open and stolen the tin box. He felt just like it; but, knowing that he could not mend matters in that way, he controlled himself as well as he was able, and sat on his log, and thought about it. He went without his dinner, and stayed there until it began to grow dark. By that time he had almost made up his mind to something.

'If I can't enjoy my money here, I can enjoy it somewhere else,' said Bob to himself, as he arose and walked slowly toward the house, after having concealed the box under the log on which he had been sitting.

'Rochdale isn't the only place in the world. I have always wanted to go out on the plains, and I don't know that I shall ever have a better chance than I have now. I'll take time to think over it, at any rate.'

Like many foolish boys, Bob had often thought that he would be much happier than he was if he were only free from the restraints of home. He longed to be his own master. He had made more than one attempt to get his father to let him go out into the world to seek his fortune, but Mr. Owens had always refused; and Bob, in one of his angry moods, had told himself that he would go some day, no matter whether his father was willing or not. He had read wonderful stories of life on the plains; of boy-hunters, and trappers, and Indian-fighters; and Bob, believing every word of it, longed to be with them, and join in their exciting adventures. For a year it had been a cherished hope of his that he might some day see that wild country, and the brave young bordermen who were supposed to live there; and when he fell to dreaming about it, as he often did, he was so completely carried away by his imagination, that he fancied himself already there and taking part in the thrilling scenes described in his favourite books. When he came to himself again, his home would seem more distasteful than ever, and the life he led there would become almost unbearable. And yet it is hard to tell why Bob was so dissatisfied with his lot in life. He had almost everything that any reasonable boy could ask for; his father and mother could not have been kinder, and Bob was obliged to attend school only six months every year, and was permitted to do nearly as he pleased during the rest of the time. If he had not been allowed so many idle hours it would have been better for him, for then he would have had less opportunity to indulge in day-dreaming.

(To be continued.)



THE BOY AND THE PET LAMB.

THE Sunday morn was fair and bright;
 The air was warm, the day was mild,
 When, joyous in the summer light,
 There stood a pretty child.

A pet-lamb with a little bell
 Came by, a-tinkling as it went,
 And by its gambols seemed to tell
 'Twas quite as innocent.

'Twas sweet to mark the meeting there
 Between the lambkin and the boy,
 And seemingly their greetings were
 A source of mutual joy.

The boy would stroke its curly fleece,
 And hug it with his little arm,
 The lamb would smell his white pelisse,
 And neither felt alarm.

And then the lamb would give a tug,
 As if it had some sudden doubt
 Of what was meant—another hug
 Would make it skip about,

And toss, and shake its head, and ring
 With its one bell a merry peal;
 And then the boy would crow or sing,
 And laugh with child-like zeal.

That Sunday morn was calm and bright,
 No cloud obscured the heavens above,
 On earth, the boy and lamb to sight
 Seemed emblems of God's love.

H. T.



AMERICA. — Chili.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXIX.—CHILI.



CHILI is a long, narrow territory. Here the Andes mountains put forth their greatest efforts. Here is Aconcagua, the King Mountain of the New World. The very passes here, from Chilian cities to Brazilian cities, are 13,000 feet and even 14,000 feet above the sea. Yea, one is mentioned of the unheard-of height of 16,000 feet. No wonder we hear of travellers suffering from weariness, dim-

ness of sight, pains in the head, and sickness. The vultures which soar above your head in the clear blue sky are eyeing you and your mule. Possibly one or both of you may drop, and provide the birds with a meal.

In the south of this country (it is 1200 miles long) the rains are abundant, and at Concepcion the eye is delighted with the most rich foliage. At Valparaiso, further north, though it means 'the Valley of Paradise,' the hills are poorly clad, and look starved and naked. As you keep going northward things get worse: hills and plains are covered with sand, and there is no rain, and there are no streams.

A stranger may enter a Chilian house at any hour, and always be sure of a welcome. At Santiago, the capital, the people are more polished, but quite as hospitable as those in Valparaiso. When you enter the lady of the house presents you with a rose. The ladies at a party are ranged along the wall, with their shawls drawn over their heads and across their chins, so as nearly to conceal their faces. They are a gay, light-hearted people. When Captain Hall visited Valparaiso, one Christmas-time, he saw some bulls baited. It was not very serious work. He calls it a very boyish exhibition, which made everybody laugh. About midnight everybody was out of doors, enjoying the cool air. There were parties dancing—crowds listening to singers—gay parties laughing and talking. Mingled with the crowd were wild-looking horsemen, every now and then. Some of these free-and-easy cavaliers would stoop their heads and ride into a crowded public-house, take some drink, and ride out again, while no one wondered.

The interior of Chili is very wild and beautiful. The fields are covered with vines, and olive-trees, and sweet-scented shrubs, and decked out with all sorts of gay blossoms. The vines are planted like gooseberry bushes, in rows, and some of the vinegrowers have immense cellars of wine, which is kept in gigantic jars.

The roads being badly suited for carriages nearly all travelling is done on horseback. Sometimes, however, a picnic party goes in a caretta, a covered waggon, to some lovely spot in the mountains. Captain Hall once travelled in such a jolting, creaking machine. He found a handsome dinner awaiting him. After dining, the party went to a garden, and returned to the city laden with roses and sweetbrier.

Chili is a great mining country; there are copper, silver, and gold mines. Of these the first are most

valuable, the last are the least valuable. They have a saying in Chili, 'A deligent man who works a copper mine is sure to gain; he who opens one of silver may gain or lose: but if the mine be of gold, he is sure to be ruined.' There is, however, but one gold mine for fifty of copper. The proprietor of the mine lives at his farm near the shaft, and attends to the process of smelting. He has an agent at one of the sea-ports who is usually far the richer man of the two.

In this volcanic region earthquakes are terribly frequent. At Santiago all the houses are of one story, to lessen the danger from these frightful quakings of *terra firma*. When Captain Hall was once visiting a family, on a sudden the whole party jumped up, cast away music and work, and screaming out, '*Misericordia! Misericordia!*' rushed into the street, which was filled with people crying out the same word. It was an earthquake! It is curious that foreigners are at first insensible to shocks which frighten old residents out of their senses. They say, before you hear the sound you are conscious of something uncommon about to happen: everything seems to change colour; the whole world seems in disorder; and no wonder people are alarmed. The town of Copiapò was destroyed every twenty-three years. How dreadful it must be to hear that horrible sound, and to feel the solid earth all in motion, waving to and fro like the surface of the sea!

The people are generally temperate. At the country inns you get a huge bowl of large black figs, and tumblers of lemonade, new-baked white bread, and fresh butter, and Paraguay tea, a very favourite drink in the country. As you enjoy your meal you can see one of the grandest of views, the Andes and their snowy peaks. Though they are 60 miles from the capital they seem to overhang it.

The wild cattle and horses are caught by the lasso, which is a rope made of strips of hide, with a noose or slip-knot (lazo) at one end. The Chilians are very clever with it. They can throw it over an animal's horns, or neck, or round its body, as they please, yea, and while they are on horseback, galloping at full speed. It is a most wonderful art. Two men will fearlessly encounter and kill a wild bull or wild horse. They have been known to lasso a cannon, and overturn it on a field of battle, and to drag officers out of a boat.

A CURIOUS EXPERIMENT.

TAKE a piece of pasteboard, about five inches square, roll it into a tube with one end just large enough to fit round the eye, and the other end rather smaller. Hold the tube between the thumb and finger of the right hand (do not grasp it with the other hand); put the large end close against the right eye, and with the left hand hold a book against the side of the tube. Be sure and keep both eyes open, and there will appear to be a hole through the book, and objects seem as if through the hole instead of through the tube. The right eye sees through the tube, and the left eye sees the book, and the two appearances are so confounded together that they cannot be separated. The left hand can be held against the tube instead of a book, and the hole will seem to be seen through the hand.

TOMMY TOBY AND HIS FRIENDS ON THE ATLANTIC.

AN Ocean Steamer! Though a speck upon the waters, what a world it seems! What symmetry, what strength, what a triumph of human skill! What a cheerful sense of security one feels as one looks upon the oak and the iron, and hears the wind whistle through the motionless forest of cordage! There society in all its grades is seen, and human nature in all its phases.

The cool upper deck of the steamer was more inviting to our tourists than the hot streets and hotels of New York, and early in the afternoon they met on the North River Pier and went on board of their ocean home. First, they examined the elegant saloons, then their snug state-rooms, and at last the steerage apartment, where George and Leander were to have their quarters.

The steerage was not a wholly uninviting apartment. It was a plain cabin amidships, well lighted and ventilated, and very clean. A staunch-looking pair of stairs led down to it. On each side were bunks in little rooms; those on the right hand for women, and on the left for men. These were lighted and aired by port-holes. Each passenger provided his own bedding and eating utensils.

'I like this,' said Tommy Toby to the steward. 'Are the passengers here more likely to be sick than in the first cabin?'

'No,' said the steward. 'This is the steadiest part of the ship.'

'Then what is the difference between the cabin and the steerage?'

'Well, the difference is in the folks, and the furniture, and the way you eat your victuals.'

The steerage passengers were allowed the freedom of the decks, but not of the grand saloons. Master Lewis and the boys seated themselves in a group on the upper deck, when they had well visited the different parts of the ship.

Early in the evening, the immense ship moved slowly and steadily away from the sultry wharves into the calm sea and cool air. The great city, with its gleaming spires, seemed sinking in the sea, and the hills of Neversink to be burying themselves in the shadows.

Pilot-boats several times crossed the track of the steamer, with their numbers conspicuously painted on their sails.

'Why does a captain, who navigates a ship across the ocean,' asked Frank of Master Lewis, 'need the assistance of pilots and pilot-boats when he is in sight of land?'

'It is because the harbour is more dangerous than the open ocean, and pilots make these dangers the study of their lives. See yonder pilot-boat skimming with the grace of a sea-bird along the sea. It has the staunchness of a ship built for the longest voyages. It is doubtless made of the best oak, is sheathed with the best copper, and may have cost twenty thousand dollars.'

'The life of a pilot must be an adventurous one,' said Frank, 'and there must be also much pleasure in it.'

'It requires special education and hard training to become a pilot. It is expected that the candidate for the position shall have been an apprentice four years, during which he shall have performed all the duties of a common sailor, even to the washing of the decks and the tarring of the rigging. This is his college-life. If he is an apt student, he then obtains a certificate of qualification from a board of commissioners, by whom he has been rigidly examined.'

'The pilot-boats themselves are exposed to great dangers in foggy weather. A calm comes on, and they cannot move. In this situation they are liable to be struck by one of the great iron vessels or ocean steamers. During the last twenty-five years some thirty pilot-boats have been lost on this coast.'

The night was beautiful, calm, cool, starry. In the morning, the sun rose red from the sea. Land had disappeared. The boys all met on the deck, in fine health and spirits.

Towards evening the sea grew rough, and there were premonitions of sea-sickness among the passengers. Tommy Toby, in an amusing letter which he wrote to his parents, gave a stereoscopic pen-picture of the condition of our travellers at this period of the voyage. He afterwards added a characteristic postscript. We give Tommy's letter and postscript entire:—

'MY DEAR PARENTS,—If I can only get safely back to Boston, I will never start on a voyage again.'

'I knew it would be so. I have been sea-sick.'

'The first night and day we had very pleasant weather and a light sea.'

'On the evening of the second day I was on deck with the boys. All at once the boat gave a great lurch. Then another. Then another.'

'“We are getting into rough water,” said Master Lewis.'

'Wyllys Wynn, who is a poet, was repeating some beautiful rhymes, when suddenly he grew white in the face, and said, “And so it goes on for several lines.” He meant the poetry. Then he began to waver to and fro in search of the cabin and his state-room.'

'Frank Gray began to tell a story, but stopped short, and said, “The rest of it is like unto *that*!” He meant the rest of the story. Then he went to the cabin, “making very crooked steerage,” one of the deck-hands said.'

'Ernest Wynn followed him, in the same strange gait.'

'“The Zigzag Club,” said the deck-hand. He was a very sarcastic man.'

'The ship gave another dreadful lurch, and I began to feel very strange. I went to my state-room. I felt worse on the way.'

'The ship seemed to have lost all her steadiness.'

'I cannot describe the night that followed. The ship creaked, and seemed just about to roll over after every lurch. Sometimes she went up. I was so dizzy, it seemed to me that she went up almost to the moon. Then she came down. She always came down. It seemed to me she must be going down to the bottom of the sea.'

'In the morning the steward came.'

'“It 'as been a 'eavy blow, ruther.”'

'“A heavy blow!” said I. “Did you ever know any thing like it in your life? Do you think we shall ever see land again?”'

'“Nothin' alarmin’,” said the steward.'



'A dreadful day followed. I did not leave my room. I wished I had never left home. I felt like the Frenchman who said, "I would kees ze land, if I could only see any land to kees."

'The next day I was better, only there was a light feeling in my head. I went up on deck. The sun was shining. The wind blew, but the air was very refreshing.

'This is the fourth day out. I have been able to eat to-day. I am feeling very hungry.

'I find that all the boys have been obliged to keep

their rooms, except George Howe, who is in the steerage.

'How fearful I am we shall have another night like *that*! How glad I shall be to see land again! The land is the place, after all. I wish I were sure we would have good weather when we return.

'Your thoughtful son, THOMAS TOBY.

'P.S. Three days after. I am well now. I never felt so bright and happy in my life. The steward says that people are seldom sick twice during the same voyage. An ocean trip is just the thing, after all.'



The Jackdaw and his Friends.

THE JACKDAW AND HIS FRIENDS.



THE Jackdaw is a very sagacious-looking bird, and from its droll antics is an especial favourite with boys. Jack can be easily reared, and may be taught to speak a little; its comical cry of 'Jack,' accompanied by its mock-serious look, will always make it a cheery companion; though, like the raven, this bird is also very fond of stealing, and therefore all bright articles should be placed beyond its reach. It will become very affectionate, and may be allowed its freedom, so far as the clipping of a few wing-feathers will permit. Under these circumstances jackdaws have been known to strike up acquaintance, and even a firm friendship, with a dog or a cat, eating out of the same platter and reposing upon the hearthrug together.

There is a rather reverend appearance about the jackdaw, perfectly in keeping with its habit of often selecting a church-tower or old ruin wherein to build its nest, though it also builds in holes of trees and in cliffs. Instances are recorded of their taking possession of a deserted rabbit-warren. This bird should be fed and treated as the raven.—*Canaries and Cage Birds.*

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 307.)

BOB was now eager to try the wild, free life of a hunter. What was there about home, he asked himself, that should make him wish to stay there? There was no one with whom he could associate, now that he and Lester were at swords' points. If he went down to the landing he would be certain to meet some one there who knew all about that bear fight and the burning of the shooting-box. More than that, he would probably see Don and Bert Gordon, who, mounted on their stylish ponies, would canter by, paying no more attention to him than if he were a crooked stick lying by the roadside. Bob's own mount was not a very elegant affair, but it was as good as the most of the boys in the neighbourhood owned. He rode a large, raw-boned horse, which, although a fine traveller, was by no means a handsome animal, and his saddle and bridle had been patched so often that there was very little of the original material left in them.

'Even if everything was all right, I should be ashamed to go down to the landing any more,' said Bob to himself. 'I look like a beggar beside Don and Bert Gordon. If I go hunting I must use an old muzzle-loading gun and a game-bag that Godfrey Evans would turn up his nose at, and it would be just my luck to meet those Gordon fellows with their breech-loaders. They are sure to turn up just when I don't want to see them; and they pass me without saying a word.'

This was very far from being the truth. Bob's lively imagination, which led him to believe that he would be happier anywhere else in the world than he was at home, had cheated him into believing that

Don and Bert purposely slighted him. But they meant to do nothing of the kind. They would have been glad to live on friendly terms with him, if Bob had been willing to let them.

'I'll not stay here any longer, to be insulted by those who think they are better than I am,' thought Bob. 'I'll end all my troubles at once, this very night.'

Bob had made up his mind to run away from home; and having determined upon his course, he never for a moment thought what might be the consequences of the act. He ate his supper in sullen silence (he was so irregular in his habits that no one thought it worth while to ask him where he had been during the day), and having satisfied his appetite, put on his hat, and went back to the log in the fence-corner where he had dreamed away the afternoon. He found the box where he left it, and after cramming it into his pocket, he returned to the house. He stopped at the shed on the opposite side of the road, and when he had made sure that there was no one to observe his movements, he took his saddle and bridle down from the peg on which they hung, and hid them in the tall weeds that grew in the lane, taking care to mark the spot so that he could readily find it again. This done, he stole cautiously along a cross-fence that led to the barn-yard, and there he found his horse running loose in company with others belonging to his father. The animal followed him into the little log building in which he was always fed, and Bob supplied him with a good supper of corn.

'You've got a long journey to make, Jack, before you see the sun rise again,' said he, 'and you'd better eat while you have the chance. It will be the last time you will ever carry me. I hope the next horse I own will be rather better looking than you are. I hope, too, that you will carry me to Linwood in time to catch the first boat that goes up the river, for I don't want to stay in Mississippi an hour longer than I can help!'

Bob closed and fastened the door to keep his horse in and prevent the others from disturbing him at his meal, and went into the house. Without saying a word to any member of the family, he made his way into his own room, and set about making other preparations for his flight. His first care was to count the money; and having made sure that none of it had been spirited away, he took out sixty dollars, which he thought would be enough for his expenses, and put them into his pocket-book, after carefully wrapping them up in several pieces of newspaper. After that he took from one of the drawers an old buckskin money-belt. In one of the pockets he found a piece of oiled silk, and in this he wrapped the rest of the money.

'I've heard that that is the way travellers do when they cross the ocean,' said Bob to himself. 'Steam-boats sometimes burn or sink, and if one has to take to the water, he wants his money well protected. There are such things as pickpockets, too, and I don't intend that they shall get much out of me.'

As Bob said this he buckled the belt around his waist, under his clothing, and went into his closet after a valise. He brought it out and looked at it with undisguised contempt. It was in good order,

but it was old-fashioned, and looked very unlike the neat travelling-bag Don Gordon carried when he went to visit his friends in Memphis. It was the only article of the kind that Bob owned, however, and after telling himself that he would throw it away as soon as he had a chance of buying another, he went into his closet again to bring out the clothing he intended to take with him.

'Here's something else I shall throw away,' said Bob, as he folded up his Sunday coat and pushed it into the valise. 'I'll throw away all these clothes when I reach the plains, for then I am going to dress in buckskin, the way the rest of the hunters do. But the plains are a long way off yet; it will take some time to reach them, and some time longer to capture and cure the skins I shall need to make me a complete suit; so I'll take two suits with me, in order to have a change in case of emergency.'

Bob selected the best he had, and when he had put into the valise all that it would hold, he locked it, putting the key into his pocket. The valise he hid under the bed, so that it would not be seen by any one who might chance to come into his room. By this time it was nine o'clock, and Bob thought he had better go to bed. He did not go out into the sitting-room again, for the family were all there, and he did not wish to see them. He wished to be alone, so that he could think about the glorious life upon which he was so soon to enter. He did not care if he never saw any of his relatives again. That was what he thought then, but before many days had passed over his head he would have given the whole world, had it been his to give, if he could have exchanged just a word with one of them.

Bob settled himself snugly in his comfortable bed, but he did not go to sleep. He was afraid that if he did he might sleep too long, and he had so much to think about that it was no trouble for him to keep awake. He heard the clock in the passage strike every hour until midnight, and then he arose and prepared for action. It was the work of but a few minutes for him to put on his clothes and lower himself and his valise out of the window to the ground, and he did it without disturbing any of the family. In half an hour more he had saddled his horse, which he led out into the lane through a gap in the fence made for the purpose (he was afraid to lead the horse through the gate, for it was close to the house, and the sound of the animal's hoofs might have aroused somebody), and had put nearly a mile between himself and his home. He could not help taking note of the familiar objects on which his eyes rested as he galloped along, and which he never expected to see again. Here was the tall pecan tree which he and Don Gordon and Joe Packard, in the days when they were better friends than they were now, had visited regularly every autumn to gather the nuts that so plentifully covered the ground. There were the ruins of the bee-tree that he and the same boys had cut down, and from which they had secured a tubful of the finest honey. Farther on was the landing; and there was the post-office, with the old, weather-beaten boxes on which he had so often sat on mail days and awaited the arrival of the carrier, ranged in a row in front of it.

Other boys would sit there in the days to come, as he had done in the days gone by; and Dave Evans would come dashing down the main street at the top of his speed, just as the old carrier had done, and throw off the mail-bag with a shout, and Silas Jones would pick it up and hurry into the store with it, and not one of them would ever give a thought to himself or ask where Bob Owens was now.

'No,' said Bob, bitterly, 'there's no one here who cares whether I live or die.'

The landing looked gloomy enough when seen by the light of the moon, which just now began to emerge from behind the thick clouds that had hitherto obscured it.

Bob turned more than once in his saddle to look at it. It was the last familiar object he would see along the road, and in leaving it behind he seemed to be severing the last link that bound him to his home. He kept it in sight as long as he could, but a bend in the road presently hid it from his view. Then Bob faced about in his saddle, dismissed all thoughts of the pleasures and comforts he was leaving behind, and speedily became absorbed in dreaming of the new scenes and new adventures that awaited him in the wild country toward which he was hastening.

Bob was bound, in the first place, for Linwood, a little landing about the size of Rochdale, situated twenty-five miles further up the river. He had never been there—in fact, he had never been so far away from home in his life—and all he knew about the place was, that the road which ran along the river bank was the shortest route that led to it, and that steamboats stopped there whenever a signal was displayed upon the bank to indicate that there were passengers or freight for them. Bob intended to remain at Linwood until he could board some steamer bound up the river. Where he would go after that, and what he would do, he didn't know. He had not yet taken time to think of it.

Bob pushed his horse along for an hour or more, and then, believing that he had placed a safe distance between himself and his home, he slackened his pace. When the moon went down it became pitch dark, and Bob, on one or two occasions, got bewildered by turning into a log-road, and never discovered his mistake until he found himself in the thick woods. He went a long distance out of his way, and was delayed more than three hours. It was nine o'clock in the morning when he came within sight of Linwood.

It was about this time that Bob met the first person he had seen during his journey. It was a horseman, and Bob passed him a mile below the landing. The man looked sharply at Bob's nag, which walked with his head down as if he were wearied with his night's journey, then stared hard at the boy, and drew in his reins as if he were about to stop and speak to him. Bob, however, did not want any conversation with him, so he woke his horse up, and went on his way; but the keen glances which the stranger had bestowed upon himself and his steed excited his curiosity, and, when he had gone a few rods, he turned in his saddle and looked back. To his surprise he saw that the man had stopped his horse in the middle of the road, and was also looking back. He did not turn away his head and move on, as people generally do when they are



Bob putting his Sunday Coat into his Valise.

caught in the act of observing another's movements, but kept his eyes fastened upon the boy, as if he had resolved to see where he was going, and what he intended to do. Bob became uneasy at once.

'Who is that?' thought he; and as he asked himself the question, he hurriedly recalled the names of all the planters with whom he was acquainted who bore any resemblance to the man he had just passed. 'I am sure I don't know who he is; but he must know

who I am. He's there yet,' added Bob, once more turning about in his saddle, and looking behind him.

Yes, the man was there still, and, more than that, he stayed there as long as Bob was in sight of him. The runaway, who grew more and more uneasy every minute, faced about, now and then, to look at him, and when he turned down the road that led to the little cluster of houses on the river-bank the man turned his own horse and rode slowly after him.



Bob taking his Valise from off his Horse.

When Bob came round the bend in the road he saw all there was of the little settlement of Linwood. He noticed that, in some respects, it was like Rochdale. It could boast of but one street, and that led from somewhere back in the country, straight through the town (if such it could be called) to a long shed on the bank, which Bob was glad to see was filled with bags of shelled corn. He was glad to see it, for he knew that the corn was awaiting ship-

ment, and that the first boat that went up the river would be signalled to stop and take it aboard.

The settlement consisted of the store, in which the post-office was located, a shoemaker's and blacksmith's shop, and one or two private residences, all of which were built on one side of the street. The store was the most imposing building, and, like the one in Rochdale, was the head-quarters of all the idlers in the country for miles around. The pro-

prietor had good-naturedly provided for their comfort and accommodation, by placing a row of empty dry-goods boxes in front of his door for them to sit on, and, when Bob came in sight, every box was occupied.

Hearing the sound of his horse's feet, one of the idlers looked up, said something in a low tone to his companions, and, an instant afterward, a dozen pairs of eyes were fastened upon Bob, as if they meant to look him through.

CHAPTER X.—BOB'S FIRST ADVENTURE.

'I WONDER if they never saw a white boy and a spotted horse before,' thought Bob, who could not bear to have any one stare at him. 'I hope they will know me the next time they see me!'

He rode to a rack on the opposite side of the street where the horses belonging to the idlers were hitched, and after dismounting and tying his own animal, he took the valise down from the horn of his saddle, where it had hung during the journey, and crossed over to the side-walk. He bowed and wished the idlers good-morning, as he passed through their ranks, but they only stared at him the harder; and Bob, wondering at their rudeness, kept on, and went into the store.

A boy about his own age, who was standing in the door, and whom Bob took to be the clerk, for he had a pen behind his ear, and a pair of scissors sticking out of his vest pocket, made room for him to pass, and one of the men on the sidewalk arose from his box and followed him in. This was the proprietor, as Bob afterward learned.

'Mornin', stranger,' said he. 'What kin I do fur ye?'

'Good-morning, sir,' answered Bob. 'Is there any place about here where I can have my horse fed, and get a good breakfast for myself?'

'Been a travellin' a good piece, I reckon?' said the man. 'Yer creeter looks kinder leg-weary.'

'Yes, he and I are both tired. We have come from Rochdale since midnight.'

'Came right peart, I reckon, didn't ye?'

'I didn't waste any time, for I want to catch the first boat that goes up the river,' replied Bob. 'Do you expect one along soon? I see there is a good deal of freight on the bank.'

'Wal, I dunno how soon she'll come, but we'll stop her when she does come.'

Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, Bob, who had thus far stood with his back to the door, turned round, and saw that about half the idlers had followed him into the store, and ranged themselves in front of the counter as if they wanted to hear what passed between Bob and the proprietor, while the other half had crossed to the opposite side of the road, and were gathered about his horse, which they appeared to be examining with a great deal of interest. While Bob was looking at them, one of the men pointed to a spot on the horse's flank and struck his open hand with his fist, as if he were emphasizing something he was saying.

'We sometimes do fur hungry folk that come here to ketch boats,' said the grocer. 'We had our grub long ago, but I reckon mebbe Betsy can fix ye up suthin.' I'll go an' see.'

As the man said this he took Bob's valise from his hand, and disappeared with it through a door in the rear of the store. He was gone about five minutes, and when he came out he announced that Betsy would have some breakfast ready very shortly, and while she was preparing it he and Bob would put the horse in the stable and feed him. Bob followed him across the street, and while he was unhitching the animal the grocer stood by and gave him a good looking over. 'Whar did ye get this creetur, stranger?' he asked at length.

'My father raised him,' was the reply. 'He has never had any owner but me.'

'An' what might yer name be?'

'Owens.'

'An' whar might ye hang out when yer to hum?'

'Two miles east of Rochdale.'

'Why couldn't ye take a boat thar as well as here?' asked the man, looking steadily into Bob's face.

'Because I had some business to transact a few miles below here, and I could save time by coming to Linwood,' answered the boy, without the least hesitation. 'I should have lost a day or two if I had gone back to Rochdale.'

'Yer goin' up the river, ye say: how fur?'

'St. Louis.'

'How long ye goin' to be gone?'

'A week or two, at least.'

'Want me to keep yer horse fur ye till ye come back, I reckon, don't ye?'

'Oh, no. As soon as he has finished his breakfast I'll put the saddle on him, tie the bridle fast to it so that it can't fall off, and turn him loose. He'll find his way home all right.'

While this conversation was going on Bob had followed the man through a pair of bars, that gave entrance into a yard in the rear of the store, and into a shed where there was a long trough, with a couple of rope halters made fast to it. Bob put one of these halters on his horse, after relieving him of the saddle and bridle, saw him supplied with a good breakfast of corn, and then followed the man back to the house and into the kitchen, where a woman, whom Bob took to be the Betsy of whom his host had spoken, was busy laying the table, and superintending the cooking of some ham and eggs.

In compliance with a signal, conveyed by the wave of the man's hand, Bob took possession of the nearest chair, while the man himself went out into the store, closing the door behind him. The latch, however, did not hold, and the door swung open two or three inches. Bob scarcely noticed this at the time it occurred, but his attention was called to it in a very few minutes.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXX.—PERU.

HOW little we know of one another in this wide, wide world! A gallant English captain, who visited Pera, thought the Peruvians bad geographers because they supposed England was in the Baltic; yet he himself was not much wiser, for he believed Arequipa was a seaport, when it is 150 miles inland.

Lima, the capital of Peru, used to be called, pompously, 'the silver gate of the city of kings.' Here lived the Spanish Viceroy, a haughty grandee, in a palace which blended the shabby and gorgeous. The audience-chamber was a long, narrow room, with a dark wainscoting covered with gilt ornaments. The floor was spread with tapestry, and on either side were sofas, or arm-chairs with gilded knobs. The windows were grated like those of a prison. They looked upon a cheerful court, full of fruit-trees, kept green and fruitful by means of fountains. The pictures of forty-four viceroys are preserved.

Bull-fights may be seen here in all their cruelty. The poor animal is tormented to death with darts and fireworks; but he often, ere he dies, revenges himself on his cowardly foes. Captain Hall saw a matadore tossed to a great height, and he fell, apparently dead, in the arena. Then a horse was ripped up. The whole scene was brutal in the extreme, but it seemed to enchant the ladies and little girls, one of whom, though only eight years of age, had been present at three such shows. An old Spaniard said the Lima bull-fights were far worse than those exhibited in Spain.

No town has a more splendid appearance, with its numerous domes and spires; but the interior is very disappointing. The streets are filthy, and every building is mean.

The theatre is a long, oval-shaped building. When the Viceroy attended, in old days, a curious effect was produced. It was not thought polite to smoke when he appeared in the front of his box, but at the end of each act he disappeared, and then there was such a kindling of cigars in the pit! The women sat in the gallery, and they kept up their puff, puff, puff, all through the play.

Much of the country of Peru is described as a desert. It is covered with sand as far as the eye can reach, without the slightest trace of green; a bleak, sandy waste. Near Arequipa the ground is covered with a snow-white powder, which was thrown out of the great volcano many years ago.

In the mountain valleys, however, there are fertile spots, and the great hills are full of wealth. The silver that has been found here is incalculable. Beneath the thatched roof of the temple of Cuzco were twelve immense vases of the precious metal. When a mine-owner asked a viceroy to be godfather to his child, he laid down bars forming a silver road, over which they walked. The rich man then gave the vice-queen the entire silver road.

Here and there, even in the dusty desert, we hear a murmuring sound, and find ourselves in a strip of rich land, among the great leaves of the banana, and the thick, bushy cotton-trees. Here are people living in houses of sun-dried bricks, thatched with palm-leaves. Often the cottages bear a resemblance to a Grecian temple, being adorned with rows of columns, made of posts. Wicker-work tracery runs along the tops of the houses.

Here is an inn. You ask for something to eat, and are served with figs and olives and water-melons, with bread and raw onions, and clear, white wine. The dinner is put on a low table, and all eat out of one dish.

The desert tract of Peru stretches 1600 miles along

the shore, between the sea and the great chain of the Andes. Wherever a stream does occur, or irrigation is effected, there is life. On the slopes of the mountains are many trees, for they are fed by melting snow. The most valuable is the tree whence comes the famous Peruvian bark. It is like a laurel. Its flowers are like lilacs. It is a remedy for fever. It is called cinchona, from its having first cured the Countess of Cinchon, in 1636. The most valuable animal is the llama. It is a beast of burden, and it supplies the natives with food and raiment. The most valuable islands in Peru, or, perhaps, in the world, are the Chincha islands, covered with rich manure, called guano. The guano layer is more than a hundred feet thick.

There are no harbours on the coast; but this is no great matter, says Captain Hall, since the wind is always so gentle, that ships can anchor in security. The stranger, however, is alarmed at the prodigious swell of the Pacific, and the roar of the surf at the base of the cliffs. The safest boat in the surf is a double canoe, made of seal-skins, with a cane deck. The lightness of this 'balsa,' as it is called, enables it to cross the surf without even wetting the passengers, when an ordinary ship's boat would most surely be swamped.

Captain Hall was in Peru at a time of great public excitement. The Peruvians rose against the Spaniards, cast off the yoke, and proclaimed a republic. General San Martin was the leader of the patriots, and when he entered Lima to proclaim the independence of Peru, great was the joy. Bells sounded, cannon roared, people shouted, and medals were flung among the surging crowds.

In some parts of Peru water is as precious as wine is in other lands. It is kept under lock and key. The dry desert land ends about the town of Guayaquil. Here the air is hot and damp, and vegetation is abundant.

The ladies here sit and recline in hammocks made of grass. When they please they can put out a foot, and set the hammock swinging. A stranger passing through the room feels rather nervous, lest he should be knocked over by one of these oscillating damsels.

When the people talk about the smallest matter they stamp and scream, and throw themselves about, as if they were worked up into a fearful passion. When Captain Hall left the city the night was pitch dark, and the damp land breeze was sighing mournfully among the ropes. On turning to the town he saw a light from the ball-room windows (to which he had been invited), and on looking attentively he could see the dancers crossing between him and the lamps; and now and then a solitary high note was heard along the water. Far off, in the south-east quarter, a great fire in the forest cast a bright glare on the clouds above, and made the sky in every other direction look more cold and dismal.

The old Peruvian rulers were called Incas. The last of the Incas was cruelly murdered by Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror.





AMERICA.—Peru.



Bob going Home with the Officer.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 318.)



HE woman who was preparing breakfast did not prove to be very sociable, for she never spoke to her guest (although the boy more than once caught her in the act of staring very hard at him) until she had placed the ham and eggs on the table, and then she invited him rather curtly to 'set up.' After that, as

if she considered that she had done her whole duty, she went into another room and shut the door behind her, leaving Bob to wait on himself.

'These are the queerest people I ever saw,' thought the boy, as he drew his chair to the table. 'They act as if they don't want me here; and if that is the case, why don't they say so? This isn't the only house in the settlement at which I can obtain a breakfast. Perhaps they are Yankees, and afraid that they won't get pay for what I eat.'

Bob was too hungry to follow out this train of thought any farther. He devoted himself entirely to the viands before him, and had just poured out a second cup of coffee, and helped himself to a second egg, when his attention was attracted by the sound of voices in the store. He distinctly heard his own name pronounced, and after listening for a few moments he caught some words that made his cheek blanch. The men in the store must have been excited about something, for they talked in pretty loud tones, and every syllable they uttered came plainly to Bob's ears through the open door.

'Wal, Aleck, what does he have to say fur himself?' asked a voice.

'He says his name is Owens, an' that he lives two mile from Rochdale,' Bob heard his host answer.

'So's my grandmother's name Owens,' said the one who had first spoken. 'I tell you, Aleck, he's the fellow we have been alookin' fur, an' you, bein' a justice, ought to make out a warrant at once.'

'Pears like he's mighty bold to bring the hoss back here where he b'longs,' said another. 'He's a powerful, honest-lookin' boy, too.'

'Mebbe it's not the hoss we think it is,' said the grocer. 'He says his dad raised him, and seems to me he don't look like Tom's lost creetur, nuther.'

'Wal, we'll know in a few minutes, fur Tom will be here directly. Sam's jest gone arter him. What brung this boy up here, anyhow?'

'He's goin' to St. Louis. He tells a mighty straight story, but thar's one thing about it that don't look just right to me. Arter the hoss has got through eatin', he's goin' to put the saddle onto him an' turn him loose to find his own way back to his hum.'

'Aha!' exclaimed one of the idlers, whose voice Bob had not heard before. 'That shows that the creetur don't b'long to him. If he did, he'd take better care on him nor that. Somebody would be sartin to pick the hoss up for a stray afore he had gone a mile. Here comes Tom, now.'

Bob heard a shuffling of feet, as if the idlers were

moving in a body toward the door, then some subdued words of greeting, followed by more stamping of feet, which gradually died away as the men moved off together. Presently, Bob heard the sound of voices in the back-yard, and rising from his chair he stepped to a window and looked out. He saw a dozen men there, and they were walking toward the stable. When they reached it the grocer went in and brought out Bob's horse, and the others gathered about him and examined him closely. When their investigations were concluded the animal was led back into the stable again, and the men came toward the house.

'Why, I really believe they take me for a horse-thief!' thought Bob, and the idea amused him. 'Thank goodness, I am not as bad as that. I expect to steal horses from the Indians some day—Wild Bill and Texas Jack and all those fellows do it, and there's no harm in it; but I'll never steal from a white man.'

Bob, who was not at all disturbed by the knowledge that the grocer and his friends suspected him of being anything but an honest boy, walked back to his seat at the table and helped himself to another egg. A few seconds later the men entered the store, and Bob heard the clerk inquire,—

'Well, Tom, is it your horse?'

'No; but he looks enough like him to be his brother,'

was the reply.

'There!' said Bob, to himself. 'I hope they are satisfied now.'

'Don't make no difference whether it's Tom's hoss or not,' said a voice, which Bob afterward found belonged to the constable. 'That thar boy is no good; if he was, he would not want to turn that creetur loose to find his way back to his hum, twenty-five miles away. Bein' a suspicioned person we have a right to know all about him. You say, Aleck, that he come up here to see somebody on business. Who was it, an' what was his business?'

'I dunno,' answered the grocer. 'I didn't think to ask him about that.'

'Wal, we'd best find out about it. Thar's some hoss-thief or another somewhar about here, an' if this chap is the feller, we'd ought to hold fast to him now that we have got him. It won't be no trouble at all to take him back to Rochdale an' see if anybody thar knows him, an' if he's all right he won't mind goin' there with me.'

These were the words that made Bob's cheek blanch. His heart began to beat rapidly, and his hand trembled, as he put down his cup of coffee. He saw now that it was not so very amusing, after all, to be suspected of being a horse-thief. He certainly would mind going back to Rochdale. It was the very place that he wanted to keep away from.

'What in the world would I say to my father, if I allowed myself to be taken back there?' thought Bob, who was now seriously alarmed. 'What could I say to him? What reason could I give for leaving home during the night, and riding off through the country for twenty-five miles? I tell you, if I was only back there, I'd stay; but the trouble is, I can't go back without letting everybody know that I ran away. Of course, all the folk in the settlement will find it out some day, but I don't want to see them after they do find it out.'

Once more Bob was in a quandary, but he was not long in discovering, as he thought, a way to get out of it. While he was looking all around the room, as if seeking some way of escape, his eye fell upon his valise, which the grocer had placed upon a chair in the corner. The sight of it suggested something to him. Hastily snatching up his cap, he crossed the floor with noiseless steps, seized the valise, and hurried to the door which led to the back-yard. He opened it very carefully, stepped quickly across the threshold, and found himself confronted by a tall fellow, who stood leaning against the fence, whittling the top rail with his knife, and whistling softly to himself. Something told Bob that the man had been stationed there to watch him, and, at first, he did not know whether to go back into the house or keep on toward the stable, where he had left his horse; but, after a moment's reflection, he decided that the boldest course was the best, and so he closed the door and walked off. He tried to look unconcerned, but his face was pale, and he trembled in every limb. The sequel proved that he had cause for uneasiness, for, before he had made a dozen steps, the man of the fence called out,—

'Wal, I say! Hold up, thar!'

Bob's first impulse was to take to his heels, but he thought better of it, and obeyed the man's command to 'hold up!' 'What do you want?' he asked.

'Wal, nothing much, now, only we don't want you to go away without saying good-bye; that's all.'

'Why don't you want me to go away?' asked Bob.

'Kase why, for a reason. We want to know something about that hoss of your'n first.'

'The proprietor of the store already knows all I have to tell about both myself and my horse,' returned Bob.

'Wal, it don't just suit us,' said the man, shutting up his knife and putting it into his pocket. 'The constable has been waiting for you to get done your breakfast, and then he's going to ride down to Rochdale with you. If you live thar you must have friends who can vouch for you.'

'But I don't want to go back to Rochdale,' exclaimed Bob. 'It will delay me, and I can't afford to waste any time.'

'It needn't delay you longer than to-morrow. Let's go round where the boys are.'

The 'boys' were the idlers, whom Bob and his captor found sitting on the drygoods boxes in front of the store. One of them, a fat, red-faced, jolly-looking man, rose from his seat as the boy came up, and, placing one hand on his shoulder, remarked, that he should be obliged to hold him, in the name of the law, until Bob could satisfy him that he was all right, and that he had come honestly by the horse he had brought into the settlement that morning. Bob hardly heard a word the officer said to him, for he was too nearly overcome with bewilderment and alarm to hear anything. Besides, he was thinking too busily; trying to conjure up some plan for bringing himself safely out of this, the worst difficulty he had ever been in. He had longed for a life of excitement and adventure, but he had not looked for it to begin before he had been twelve hours away from home. It looked now as though his first adventure

was destined to be his last. It certainly would be, if he allowed the constable to take him back to Rochdale.

Having performed his duty, and placed Bob under arrest, the officer for the next half hour paid no attention to his prisoner. He returned to his seat on the drygoods box, and talked with his friends about the crops and the weather, leaving Bob to commune undisturbed with his own gloomy thoughts, and to stand or sit, as he pleased. The idlers improved the opportunity thus presented to stare hard at the supposed horse-thief, and Bob was greatly relieved when the constable, having at last talked himself dry of words, arose from his box with the remark, that he reckoned they had better go home. Bob gladly obeyed the order to pick up his valise and follow him; and as they walked toward the officer's house, which was located on the main road, about half a mile from the landing, he began to make some inquiries regarding the treatment he might expect: for this was a matter that troubled him not a little. To his great joy and surprise he found that, if he was willing to behave himself, he would be placed under very little restraint. The constable said he could not go to Rochdale with him that day, as he had some important business of his own to attend to, but he would start with him early in the morning, and if Bob could prove to his satisfaction that he was an honest traveller, as he represented himself to be, he would be very glad of it. Meanwhile, as there was no 'cooler' in the settlement to put him into for safe-keeping, Bob must remain under the eye of the constable all the time. If he would promise to make no attempt at escape, he would be allowed the free use of his hands and feet; but, if he would not make that promise, he (the officer) would be obliged to put a pair of handcuffs on him. Bob's blood ran cold at the mere mention of such a thing. He hastened to give the required promise, adding emphasis to it by declaring that the sooner he was allowed an opportunity to show that the good people of Linwood were badly mistaken in him, the better he would like it. The constable seemed entirely satisfied, and from that moment scarcely looked at his prisoner. Probably he thought that, because Bob was a boy, he had nothing to fear from him.

Bob accompanied the officer wherever he went during the day, but he did so with apparent willingness and without waiting to be told. He spent the most of the time in the woods, where the constable had some negroes employed in getting out timber for him, and on two occasions the latter went over a ridge where his ox-teams were at work, leaving Bob to himself for more than an hour each time.

'I wonder what he will do with me when night comes?' Bob asked himself over and over again. 'He must watch me closer than he does now or I may be missing before daylight. I'll not go back to Rochdale if I can help it. I'll risk anything first.'

When Bob went to the officer's house that night he was treated more like a guest than a prisoner. The constable's wife said nothing to indicate that she knew he was under arrest, and when supper was over Bob was surprised to hear the man remark that he believed he would go down to the store for an hour or two, and see what was going on there. He went,



The Woman serving up Bob's Breakfast.

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and did not return until nearly ten o'clock. Then he began to make some preparations for the safe-keeping of his captive during the night, but they did not amount to much, and Bob's heart beat high with hope. The officer simply drew a settee into the front room, and placed it opposite the sofa, which stood on the other side of the fireplace.

'I am going to sleep here,' said he, 'and when you get tired you can lie down there.'

Suiting the action to the word the officer stretched himself upon the settee, and in less than ten minutes was soundly asleep. Bob sat in an easy-chair by the fire and looked at him; and as he looked he fell to thinking of the wonderful exploits of some of his favourite heroes, and comparing his present situation with those in which they had so often been placed. They always succeeded in bringing themselves safely out of the most desperate scrapes.

Even when they were tied to the stake by their savage foes, they found means to outwit them and effect their escape. Wild Bill and Texas Jack would laugh to find themselves in a predicament like this Bob was in, and if he were ever going to be as famous as those two men were, it was high time he was making a beginning. While Bob's thoughts ran along in this channel he narrowly watched the slumbering officer, and finally calling all his courage to his aid, he picked up his hat and valise, opened the door, and stepped out on the porch. There he paused for a moment to make sure that the way was clear, and then, after taking a parting glance at the constable, he closed the door and ran towards the landing. It was after eleven o'clock, and the streets were entirely deserted.

A few minutes' rapid running brought Bob to the store. Here he became very cautious in his movements, for he knew that the grocer and his family occupied the rear portion of the building. He climbed over the bars through which he had led his horse in the morning, and made his way toward the shed at the end of the lot. He found his horse there, and the animal appeared to be glad to see him, for he welcomed him with a low whinny of recognition.

'I never expected to mount you again, old fellow; but you must carry me a little farther on my way up the river, and then you must go home. I wish I could go with you,' said Bob, who was more than satisfied with his short experience with the ways of the world. 'If I could only go back without letting folk know that I ran away, I'd start this minute.'

While Bob was talking thus to himself he was busy putting the saddle and bridle on his horse; and when that had been done he opened his valise and took from it a suit of clothes, which he proceeded to put on with all possible haste. He knew that his flight would be taken as evidence of guilt, and that every effort would be made to recapture him; so he thought it best to disguise himself as well as he could by putting on another hat and exchanging his grey suit for a black one.

'I am going to get as many miles away from Linwood as I can between this and daylight,' said Bob to himself, 'and then, as I can't disguise my horse, I'll turn him loose, and go on to the next landing on foot. Hallo! what's that?'

Bob happened to be looking through the stable door toward the shed on the bank under which the bags of corn were stored, and saw a bright flame suddenly arise from behind it. Wondering what could be the cause of it, he stepped to the door to take a nearer view, and distinctly heard the pounding made by the paddle-wheels of an approaching steamer.

'It is a signal,' thought he. 'There is a boat coming up, and the owner of that corn wants her to land and take it aboard. Now, if I can get on to her deck without being recognised I shall be all right.'

The approach of the steamer brought about a change in Bob's programme. He hastily finished dressing himself, bundled the clothes he had taken off into his valise, and seizing his horse by the bridle led him around the stable out of sight of the house.

There he found a low fence which ran between the yard and an adjoining field. His horse easily jumped over it, and Bob led him toward the nearest piece of woods, looking back now and then to make sure that he was keeping the stable between himself and any one who might happen to be passing along the road toward the landing. When the dark shadows of the trees hid him from view, he turned toward the road, threw down a portion of the fence, and led his horse through the gap. Just then the hoarse whistle of the steamer indicated that her pilot had seen the signal fire.

'Good-bye, Jack,' said Bob, choking down something that seemed to be rising in his throat, and patting the horse's glossy neck as he spoke. 'I am sorry I have abused you, Jack, and thought so little of you because you are not handsome and stylish like Don Gordon's pony. I wish I could take back every blow I ever struck you. If I could go back with you, old fellow, you would have better treatment than you ever had before; but I must leave you now, and you must find your way home as best you can.'

Bob, however, did not leave the horse then nor for half an hour afterward. He could not bear to part with him. He led him into the bushes out of sight of the road, took off his bridle, so that he could eat on the way home if he became hungry, and then stood with his arm around the animal's neck and his cheek resting against his mane. In the meantime the steamer came up to the landing and began taking on the freight that was stored under the shed. Presently the sound of her bell awoke Bob from his reverie.

(To be continued.)

STURDY JIM.

I'M glad that I am seven years old,
Said sturdy little Jim;
Tom goes to school, he draws and sings,
Learns Latin, and a lot of things;
Now I shall go with him.

I'm glad I can do sums and write.
It would be a disgrace
To go into a little class;
I'm pretty sure that I shall pass,
And take a right good place.

I'm glad that I can skate and swim;
I would not be a muff
Like some quite big tall boys I know,
Who with a nurse a-walking go:
I call that 'Horrid stuff!'

I'm glad that I can bear a fall,
Or blow, without a cry.
I often clamber up the trees,
And scratch my hands, and cut my knees:
I do not care, not I!

I'm very glad that I'm a boy
(A good one where I can),
I might have been a dog, or cat,
A girl, or something worse than *that*,
Now I shall be a man. A°.

THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS.



ARCIIUS (afterwards called Coriolanus) had a widowed mother named Volumnia, whom he dearly loved. He was a Roman, brave, and just, and temperate, but violent, obstinate, and proud. As a child he handled sword and shield; and he first fought in battle against the vile Tarquin. One day he saved a soldier's life, and received for it an oak leaf crown. This brought him much honour, for even senators

used to rise up in the presence of one who wore the oak leaf crown.

The Romans at this time were not very happy. The rich and poor were on bad terms, and complained bitterly of each other. The poor would not enlist, for they thought they were only fighting for the rich, who dragged their penniless debtors to prison and stripped their houses. But the Senate calmed the poor, and gave them officers of their own called Tribunes; and this led the people to enlist. But Marcius was not pleased, for he did not like the poorer folk to have any power.

The Romans were now at war with the Volscians, and the chief city of the Volscians was called Corioli. One day a small party of Romans were near the gates of that city, and the bulk of the Roman army were gone to fight the Volscian army. The people of Corioli, seeing but a slender band of Romans under their walls, sallied out to drive them off; but Marcius, with a loud voice, and stern look, rallied the flying Romans, drove the Volscians back, and pursued them to the very gates. The frightened Volscians rushed pell-mell through the gate, and showers of arrows from the parapet caused the Romans to halt; but Marcius cried out, 'Advance! advance! for Fortune herself has opened the gates of Corioli to the Romans to-day!'

So saying, he pressed on with a few brave followers into the city, and soon found himself mixed up with a crowd of Romans and Volscians in the town street, where he and his devoted band did such strange exploits that they enabled Lartius, who commanded outside, to bring in the rest of the Romans, and soon the city was taken.

Then, some mean Roman soldiers began to plunder, but the high-souled Marcius cried out,—

'It is a shame for us to remain here doing nothing, while our brave consul, Cominius, is fighting the enemy, and is, perhaps, in great danger.'

He then put himself at the head of a few heroes, and, though covered with blood, he hurried off to help the consul.

When Cominius heard how Corioli had been taken he clasped the brave Marcius to his bosom. He had just time to do it before a bloody battle began to rage between the Romans and the Volscians. Marcius distinguished himself in the fight so greatly, that when the spoils were divided next day the consul offered him a tenth part of the whole. But the noble Marcius would not take it. He would only share as the others did, he said; but, as one of the Volscian prisoners was a friend of his, he begged that he might not be sold like the rest. This request pleased the consul, and the

soldiers too; and, after some cheering, Cominius said, 'Well, let us give the gallant Marcius something he cannot refuse. Let us pass a vote that he be henceforth called "Coriolanus."'

After the war was over the people began once more to grumble. The grievance now was, that the rich caused bread to be scarce. It is true there was a great want at Rome, and more mouths than could be well fed. Just at this time there was a city named Velitræ, whose houses were empty by reason of a plague, and ambassadors came to Rome asking that it might be peopled by Roman citizens. Some thought this a capital plan, as it would draw off part of the citizens, and leave more food for those who remained. But the tribunes declared it would be a wicked deed to send poor citizens into a place so lately poisoned with the plague.

In these and other disputes Coriolanus took the side of the upper classes, and was hated by the poor. He wished to be a consul, and had to beg their votes in the forum; but though he showed them his honourable scars, they chose some one else. And when the people hoped to have corn sold them very cheap, or given them, Coriolanus stood up and showed how foolish it was to encourage the insolence of the rabble. For this he was accused and cited before the tribunes; but he would not come, and there was an uproar, and the officers of the people were illused by the rich men. Night put an end to the strife for awhile; but the next day there was a forum full of excited people, whom the terrified senators soothed, while the tribunes insisted on Coriolanus humbling himself. But the proud soldier was not going to do that; on the contrary, he accused the commons of base behaviour, until the tribunes could bear his words no longer, and declared that he should die. He was to be taken up to the top of the Tarpeian rock, and thence hurled down to certain death. But when the attempt was made it was feared much bloodshed would ensue, and the tribunes agreed to defer it for a month. When the appointed day came, Coriolanus was accused of several crimes against the State, and was condemned to be banished from Rome for ever.

Every rich man, except the intrepid Coriolanus, was sadly cast down by this sentence. But he, who never feared any man's face, strode haughtily to his home, bade farewell to his wife and mother, and left the city to return no more. But here his nobility of mind forsook him. The question of his heart was,—

'How shall I most surely bring vengeance on my ungrateful city?'

After reflecting awhile he went to a Volscian town, and passed through the streets in the dusk of evening. In that town lived a brave and noble Volscian, named Tullus Aufidius, an enemy whom he had often confronted in battle. Coriolanus entered the house of Tullus and went to the fireplace, for that was considered a spot where a man was safe. The people of the house were surprised to see a stranger; and Tullus, who was eating his supper, was told about it. Tullus got up, and went and asked who he was, and why he had come there.

'I am he who has brought so much sorrow on the Volscians,' said the stranger; 'and I am surnamed Coriolanus because I took Corioli; but every other reward except that name has been taken from me.'

The people hated me, and my own friends were too cowardly to befriend me. I am an exile, and am come to you for protection. I am not afraid of death, else I should not be here. No; I am come for vengeance against Rome, and I put myself in your hands. If you are disposed to attack Rome, I will fight better for you than I ever fought for Rome; but if not, let me die, for it would not be well that you should preserve a man who has been your enemy, and can do you no good.'

Tullus was charmed with this chance of doing injury to Rome; and he and Coriolanus held many councils with the chiefs about beginning a new war with Rome while she was distracted with internal disputes. It is easy to pick a quarrel and to send a challenge, and these were done; and very soon Coriolanus, at the head of a troop, overran the Roman lands, and carried off cows and sheep and all sorts of property. In these affairs he spared the rich man's home and robbed that of the poor; and by this means he set the two parties in Rome still more against each other.

At length, Coriolanus, after a career of great success, laid siege to Lavinium, where the sacred vessels were kept. The Romans now became exceedingly alarmed, and the commons wished to recall him, but now the Senate refused, though they used to be his friends.

Coriolanus heard this, and it angered him greatly, so he marched on Rome, and caused great confusion and distress in the city. Women were running up and down, and prayers were being offered at altars, and all were now for recalling Coriolanus; and embassies of friends and relations were sent to entreat him to end the war. But he answered them bitterly, and insisted on very hard terms, allowing them thirty days to consider them. When the days were expired another embassy came, to whom he returned an answer as before, only they were to accede to the terms in three days, or come no more into his camp.

Rome appeared now on the brink of destruction, and the priests went to sue for favour; but they, too, returned with no success, and therefore the Roman men had nothing now for it but to defend their city as well as they could. But a happy thought occurred to a noble lady named Valeria. She, with several others, went to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus. Valeria said,—

'We have come of our own accord, as women to women. The thought has been put into our minds that we should apply to you to come with us to your son, and entreat him to have pity on Rome!'

Volumnia said she was sorry for her son, lost and dishonoured, and sorry too for Rome, reduced to rest on so weak a reed as she was; but though she had little hope of influencing her son, she would try.

'If we do nothing else,' said she, 'we can die at his feet, praying for our homes.'

So Volumnia and her daughter and grandchildren, and other Roman ladies, approached Coriolanus, who was seated among his officers. All the Volscian warriors looked on this procession of defenceless women and children with respect, and Coriolanus himself was greatly moved. He descended from his seat, and ran to embrace his dearly-loved mother, wife, and children, shedding tears as he did so. His mother spoke, and told him that they were of all

women most miserable, for they must either see their country perish or him; but she would not live to see the war ended. He should not advance against Rome except over her dead body, for she would not wait for the day when either he should triumph in Rome or be led captive by the Roman citizens.

After she had spoken Coriolanus remained silent, and she spoke again, telling him that it was not a great man's part to remember injuries, and that the most sacred ties required him to do what she wished; but if words would not prevail, one resource only was left, which was, to throw herself at his feet. So saying, she laid herself down before him, and his wife and children did the same. Then Coriolanus raised her up, saying, 'Oh, mother, what have you done? You have gained a victory for your country, but you have killed your son.'

He said so, for he felt sure the Volscians would never forgive him for withdrawing from Rome when he might have easily destroyed it. Next morning he called off his men, some of whom blamed him, while others thought he could have done none other than he did. There was the greatest joy in Rome; and the women were highly honoured for their services.

And what of Coriolanus? When he returned, Tullus, who had grown envious of his fame, resolved upon his death, and formed a conspiracy for that purpose. The Roman made an eloquent defence, and Tullus and his party, fearing that he would prevail, rushed upon him in the midst of his speech, and stoned him to death.

After his death his body received honourable burial, being dressed in a general's robes and laid on a splendid bier, and that was borne by such officers as were most renowned to the funeral pile. After it was burnt the ashes were gathered and buried on the spot, and a monument, adorned with arms and spoils, erected there.

But it fared badly with the Volscians; and Tullus soon had reason to repent of his cruelty to Coriolanus, for the Volscians were defeated by the Romans in a great battle, and Tullus, with the flower of the troops, was slain, and the Volscians were obliged to accept very humbling terms of peace. G. S. O.

THE NAME AMERICA.

BECAUSE the great continent which is associated with the discoveries of Columbus was called after Amerigo Vespucci, the name of the latter is connected in our minds with a good many wrong ideas. We somehow fancy that he must have been a party in the act by which Columbus was robbed of such glory as having the land called by his name could give. And hence we are prone to think that Amerigo Vespucci must have been an unprincipled and selfish man.

But on examination it seems that he was not at all to blame for the continent being called America. One cannot find that he had any hand in the invention of the name. He wrote an account of his voyages, describing the new world across the Atlantic. This circulated largely in Germany, and, according to Humboldt, it was a certain Martin Waldseemüller, a translator of the work, who proposed that the land should be called America after the author.

A. R. B.



Coriolanus and his Mother.

"Oh, mother, what have you done?"




George helping Bob out of the Water.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 325.)

CHAPTER XI.—THE CUB PILOT.



F the dumb brute at his side had been a human being, capable of understanding and appreciating his feelings, Bob would not have parted from him with greater reluctance. But there was no help for it. The ringing of the steamer's bell indicated that the freight was nearly all aboard, and the next time it rang, which would be in a very few minutes, it would sound the signal for casting off the lines. Bob had purposely remained away from the boat as long as he could, for he knew that he would run something of a risk in attempting to board her. What if the constable had discovered his absence and was watching for him at the landing? Or what if some of the numerous idlers he had seen at the store in the morning should happen to be there and recognise him in spite of his disguise? Bob was obliged to take his chances on this; and for fear that the boat might be searched, in case his escape had been discovered, he thought it best to keep away from her until she was ready to back out into the stream. She was getting ready to do it now.

The first stroke of the bell seemed to put new life into Bob. He led his horse into the road, turned his head toward home, and giving him a parting slap to put him in motion, threw his valise over his shoulder, and ran toward the landing at the top of his speed. He hurried down the main street just as any honest traveller would have done who was a little behind time, and while on the way told himself that if it were only as dark at the landing as it was there in the road, he could effect his escape without the least difficulty. But the landing-place was lighted up so brilliantly that objects could be plainly distinguished for a hundred yards around. The huge fire which had brought the boat to the shore was kept well supplied with resinous wood, and in addition to that there was a flaming torch on the steamer's fore-castle. In boarding the vessel Bob would be obliged to pass along the gang-plank in the full glare of both these lights, and in plain view of every man who might happen to be at the landing. His courage almost failed him when he thought of it; and perhaps if he had not just then recalled some of the thrilling scenes in the lives of his favourite border-men, Wild Bill and Texas Jack, he would have turned back.

'They wouldn't turn back if they were in my place,' said Bob to himself. 'The more danger there was in any undertaking, the better they liked it. I am in danger now, and it is a good time to show what I am made of.'

With this thought to encourage him Bob kept on toward the shed in which the corn was stored—or rather in which it had been stored, for he saw that there were not more than half-a-dozen bags of it remaining. He saw, too, that there were several men standing near the fire. Some of them he put

down as steamboat men, and in the others he was sure he recognised some of the idlers he had seen at the store that morning. But he did not take a second look in order to satisfy himself on this point. He turned his head partly away from them, and passing through the shed fell in between two of the deck hands who were going up the gang plank with bags of corn on their shoulders. The nearer he approached to the end of the plank, the easier he breathed; but just as he was about to step on the steamer's deck, he happened to look toward the man who was standing under the torch beside the clerk, checking the bags as they came aboard, and was almost ready to drop when he saw that it was the horseman he had met in the morning—the one who had stopped in the road and watched his movements so closely. The man looked at him as he stepped upon the fore-castle, but did not appear to recognise him; and Bob, trembling all over with apprehension, hurried on past the stairs that led to the boiler-deck, and made his way through the engine-room to the after-guard. There were some boxes piled there, and Bob quickly concealed himself behind them.

'I did it, didn't I?' said he, drawing a long breath of relief. 'Five minutes more will tell the story. If I am allowed to go in peace, so much the better for me; but if that constable comes down here to search the boat, I'll take to the water. He is not going to carry me back to Rochdale. That much is settled.'

Bob had been in his concealment scarcely more than five minutes when the bell sounded the signal for letting go the lines. The steamer began to move almost immediately. Then Bob felt perfectly at his ease. He arose from his hiding-place and leaned over the rail to take a farewell view of the little settlement which would always be associated in his mind with the most unpleasant incidents of his life. The first person on whom his eyes rested was the owner of the corn—the man who checked the bags as they came aboard. He seemed to be looking directly at the runaway, and as it was not yet too late for him to hail the steamer and bring her back to the shore, Bob thought it would be a good plan to get out of his sight. Besides, some of the officers or deck-hands might have occasion to come back there, and what would they say to him if they found him hidden away among the boxes? He did not want to attract any attention if he could help it, so he picked up his valise and made his way toward the forward part of the vessel. He stopped for a few minutes in the engine-room to watch the working of the machinery, and was walking slowly along the main deck when he was startled by the sound of a commotion on the fore-castle. There was a hurrying of feet, accompanied by loud cries of 'Stop her! stop her!' and then a body of men, composed of officers, passengers, and deck hands, rushed to the port side of the fore-castle and looked over into the water.

'There's a man overboard, cap'n!' shouted the mate, looking up at the master of the steamer, who was standing on the hurricane deck, 'and he's going right under the wheel. Stop her!'

Just then, a gentleman came down the stairs from the boiler-deck, and ran quickly to the side.

'Who is it?' he exclaimed.

'Georgie Ackerman!' replied a dozen voices, in concert.

'And he can't swim a stroke!' cried the gentleman, throwing off his coat and hat. 'Neither can I; but I will save him or go down with him. There he is! I see his head!'

Bob saw it, too, and in an instant afterwards he was in the water beside it. Securing a firm hold of the man's long hair, he raised his head from the water so that he could breathe, and swam with him away from the steamer. The real peril to be apprehended was, that the steamer, which was rapidly swinging around, might run over him, and force him down under the water. In order to avoid this, Bob, who had all his wits about him, swam with his utmost speed until he was out of the influence of the eddy caused by the wheel, and then he struck the current, and was carried down the stream at the rate of four miles an hour.

The man floundered and struggled desperately at first, and trying to turn about so that he could take hold of Bob, and it was all the latter could do to manage him. But after he had recovered his breath, wiped the water from his face, and brushed the hair out of his eyes, he became calmer, and gave Bob the first opportunity he had had to see what he looked like. The steamer's torch had by this time been transferred from the starboard to the port side of the fore-castle, and by the aid of the light it threw out Bob saw that the person he had rescued was not a man, but a boy about his own age. He felt much easier after he made this discovery. He was afraid of a drowning man, but he did not doubt his ability to manage almost any boy of his own size in the water.

'Say, you!' exclaimed Bob, shifting his grasp from the boy's hair to his collar, and giving him a little shake to stir up his ideas.

'All right!' was the reply. 'Who are you? Anybody I know? I don't recognise your voice.'

Bob was so surprised at the calmness with which the boy spoke, that he did not answer immediately.

'I hope you have got a good hold of me, whoever you are,' continued the boy; 'for if you let go I shall go down like a chunk of lead. I can't swim.'

'Well, can you understand what I say to you?'

'Oh, yes! I am not frightened now.'

'You are a cool one! that's a fact,' said Bob. 'Now, don't kick and thrash about any more, for that makes it hard for me to keep you afloat. Keep your arms by your side, and throw back your head. That will give you the best chance to breathe. They'll send a boat after us directly.'

'I wish they would do it now,' said the boy, who implicitly obeyed every one of Bob's orders. 'If they let us stay in this current much longer they will find us at New Orleans. I don't want to go there unless I can go in my boat.'

'Do you belong on the steamer?'

'Yes; I am the cub pilot!'

'I say, George!' shouted a voice.

The boys looked up when they heard the hail, and saw that the strong current had already carried them a hundred and fifty yards below the steamer, whose bow was swinging around toward the landing again. On her hurricane-deck were a group of men, one of

whom was the captain. He it was who had hailed the young pilot.

'I say, George!' repeated the captain, 'who is that in the water with you?'

'I am sure I don't know,' said George, in a low tone. 'Who are you, fellow?'

'I am Bob Owens. But don't tell him that!' added Bob, quickly. He knew that if George pronounced his name in a tone of voice so loud that the captain could hear and understand it, it would also be heard and understood by the men about the fire, who would recognise it on the instant. 'Just tell him that I am a passenger.'

'Is he swimmer enough to take you to the shore?' asked the captain, when he had received George's reply. 'We can't send our yawl after you, for she would sink before reaching you, she is so leaky!'

'I can take care of him,' shouted Bob.

This answer seemed to satisfy the captain, for he turned and walked toward the pilot-house, while the rest of the group remained to watch the boys.

'That yawl is like everything else about the old *Sam Kendall*—nearly played out,' said George. 'She has four boats, and I don't believe that any of them would float until they could be pulled across the river. You are not going to let go?' he added, as he felt Bob loosen his grasp on his collar.

'Oh, no. I didn't jump into the water to let you go after I caught you. I want to get you in such a position that I can tow you ashore. Put your hand on my shoulder and keep it there. That's the way. Now fall back alongside of me so that—don't be afraid,' he added, as George seized his collar and held on with all his strength. 'Let go!'

The boy pilot was either blessed with more than an ordinary share of courage, or else he had unbounded confidence in Bob, for he did just as the latter told him. He let go his hold, but he didn't sink, Bob's hand being promptly thrust out to support him.

'You mustn't clinch me that way,' said Bob; 'for if you do, you'll drown us both. Don't do it again.'

'I won't,' answered George. 'I was afraid I was going under.'

'You needn't be afraid of that. The weight of your finger on my shoulder will keep your head out of water, and that is all you want. Now, fall back so that I can have plenty of elbow-room.'

George placed his hand upon Bob's shoulder, allowed himself to swing back out of the way so that the swimmer could freely use his arms, and in this manner was towed toward the shore. Bob turned his head once or twice to say an encouraging word to him, but finding that George was not in the least frightened, he did not speak again until he reached the shore. It was hard work to swim so long a distance in that swift current, with his boots and all his clothes on, and dragging a boy behind him as heavy as himself, and he needed all his breath. He struck the bank fully a mile below the landing, and in an almost exhausted condition. George was obliged to help him out of the water. He recovered his breath in a few minutes, however, and as soon as he was able to stand upon his feet, he divested himself of his coat, pulled off his boots and stockings, and rolled up the legs of his trousers.

'It will be easier walking now,' said he, by way of



explanation. 'These wet things are heavy, and I am so tired that I don't want to carry any unnecessary weight.'

But this was not the reason why Bob pulled off some portions of his clothing. He knew that he would be obliged to board the steamer in full view of the men at the landing, and he had been thinking about it ever since he began towing George toward the shore. He had escaped recognition once, it is true, but that thought did not encourage him. He was famous now, and everybody would want to take a good look at the boy who had nerve enough to jump overboard and save another from drowning. He was glad that his valise was safe on board the boat. With that in his hand his detection would have been almost certain.

(To be continued.)

THE SQUIRREL.

THIS beautiful and sprightly little quadruped is too well known to need description. Its length, including the tail, is about fifteen inches. The female is somewhat smaller, and of a lighter colour. The squirrel appears to be endowed with considerable intelligence, which is manifested by the manner in which it procures some portions of its food. It lays up a stock of provisions, chiefly nuts, for winter use, and in gathering nuts of the larger kind, like the chestnut, which is enclosed in a heavy burr, it ascends the tree, and skilfully cuts off the nut-stocks, when the fruit falls to the ground; and after a sufficient number has been thrown down, it rapidly descends, and, with its powerful incisors, quickly removes the nut from the burr, and hastens to carry the produce of its labour to a secure hiding-place.



AMERICA. — Mexico.

The squirrel may be easily tamed, and we have had individuals become so familiar that they would climb to our knees and shoulders, and seem to take pleasure in receiving food from our hand. Although in the coldest weather the animal spends some days in a semi-torpid state in its nest, the first relaxation of the cold will bring it forth again to ramble along the fences, or gambol among the trees; and we have often seen it in mid-winter skipping along the stone walls, stopping frequently, according to its habits, to gaze around, as if taking a survey of surrounding objects.

While eating, the squirrel sits on its haunches, with its tail elevated, holding the nut between its paws, and, skilfully opening the shell, removes the outer pellicle from the kernel before eating it. It is an agreeable sight to observe it in its excursions on the trees, leaping from branch to branch with extraordinary agility, and, when disturbed, scampering away with surprising speed. The female produces three or four young ones about midsummer, which are protected by a nest formed of moss, fibrous roots, grass, and leaves, curiously interwoven, and placed in a hole, or in the fork between two large branches.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

XXXI.—MEXICO.



THIS is a most interesting country, full of table-lands, populous cities, lakes, mountains, volcanoes, forests, torrents, tracks of desolation swarming with troublesome sand-flies, and deadly coasts, where rotting vegetables and heat arouse the yellow fever in the summer time.

Through the land the great chain of the Andes stretches, and peaks of stupendous size and beautiful shape cheer the sailor as he coasts along from Panama to Acapulco. They are seen best in the early morning just before sunrise. Long ere noon is at hand they have melted away. The weather here is generally fine; but beware, O mariner, of that blood red sun which sets with astonishing splendour! beware of that glassy sea, dyed with an unnatural redness! Down goes your barometer, and, if you don't mind, your ship will go down too! The furious gale comes on, the sails are split, the ropes are broken like cobwebs, the plain of late so calm is full of mountainous waves.

Acapulco was the port whence Spanish ships used to leave for the Philippines, laden with American riches. The bold buccaneer was on the look-out for them. It is now in a decaying state, as it is badly placed for honest commerce. The earthquake, called 'Trembler,' is very common here.

The country people who come into the Mexican towns with fruit and vegetables are like Malays, with lank black hair. They shout out 'Huevos! i.e. Eggs! 'Frijoles! i.e. Beans! 'Pan fino! i.e. Fine bread! The

ordinary labourer is a fine, tall, bold-looking man, with a hat-rim as big as an umbrella. Then you behold the copper-coloured natives of the forest, called *Indios Bravos*. Each carries a bow and about two dozen arrows. In his girdle is a long knife. His dress is a coarse cotton shirt, made by himself. He wears a pair of leather trowsers, and around his head is always a row of feathers. Some have necklaces of white beads.

The villages in Mexico are built of canes with peaked roofs, rising twice the height of the walls, and thatched with large branches of the cocoa-nut tree.

The sugar-mills when at work squeak in a dismal manner, and you are glad when siesta-time comes, for then they stop. The siesta-hour is the hour after dinner, when everybody falls asleep. Mexico is then the land of Nod.

Who ever heard of Tepic? Tepic is a beautiful town, and a place of great importance, in the midst of a fine, well-cultivated plain. It is laid out in a regular manner, among trees and gardens kept fresh and green. The people, especially the women, are great Church-goers. Every gentleman carries a sword, for Mexico is a roughish place. The Mexican is generally an excellent rider. Feats of horsemanship are often performed on Sundays. Then there is a play, in a court open to the fine blue sky.

The rooms are dark and ill-lighted. It is droll to see a dingy tallow candle stuck in a smart, silver candlestick. The guitar is ever going at a party. Cards are much used. The floors are uncarpeted and uneven; but that does not hinder dancing. You see the beams overhead, and you can count the tiles. The ladies smoke, and laugh and talk loudly. The gentlemen keep their boots and cloaks on, and sometimes their hats.

Before dinner you have a 'whet;' that is, you sharpen your appetite on ham and cheese. A large dinner is a very noisy affair. In a dinner-party of forty people, Captain Hall saw at one time ten or twelve gentlemen on their legs all speaking together at the top of their voices. Then a merry guest caused great fun by making an imaginary pie. How the people roared with laughter when he pretended to cut up the curate, who was sitting opposite! He then sat on the table, and sang a merry song to the guitar.

A bride is dressed in gaudy-coloured cottons, with immense earrings, and a profusion of artificial flowers in her hair. She is always very grave. A smile on a bride's face would be considered great rudeness.

Mexico is noted for its mines of gold and silver. The mining has declined in many parts, and some of the large towns have dwindled down. Mexico itself (the city, we mean) is one of the finest cities of the world. It is well placed in a beautiful valley. Its broad streets seem to lead, wherever you look, directly to the grand mountains. It is a great place for churches, and for silvery bell music, for convents, porphyry flat-topped houses, men-milliners, dicing, smoking, and ragged lazzaroni, or beggars.

Near Mexico is the loftiest peak in the country. This is Popocatepetl, i.e. the 'Smoking Mountain.' The bold Spaniard who first climbed it was allowed to have a volcano in his coat of arms.

The traffic between the city and its chief port, Vera Cruz, is managed by droves of mules. It is strange to see the leader of a drove. He sits astride his 'mustang' or Mexican horse, armed with terribly big spurs, gaily dressed, and shouting as loud as he can to encourage the animals. He is a very honest fellow. But there are plenty of other riders who are sad rogues. Many a rude cross shows where a hapless traveller lies murdered. Travelling is neither safe nor pleasant in Mexico. If you get to your posada, or country inn, you find swarms of fleas, a wretched hole of a bedroom, and very poor fare.

Vera Cruz, the chief seaport, is in the Gulf of Mexico. It has been termed 'the metropolis of pestilence.' The yellow fever here is dreadfully destructive to white people between April and October. Here Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, landed in 1519.

Another Mexican town, named Puebla, deserves notice. Its name is really Puebla de los Angeles, the town of Angels. The people here believe angels used to come and help the builders of the cathedral. The cathedral is the finest in all Mexico. The old Mexicans, who were conquered by Cortez, have left many strange and wonderful ruins. There is a curious city called Tzintzontzan, on the lake Patzcuars, or rather, we should say, it remains. Near Cholula is the largest of the mysterious Mexican pyramids, made of brick and clay and cement. Its base is larger than the largest Egyptian pyramid, but it is not so high. On the platform at the top, which is 50,000 feet square, a church has been built.

MICHAEL'S MALLET.

TONG, long ago, in the olden day,
On a slope of the Tuscan hills there lay
A village with quarries all around,
And blocks of marble that piled the ground;
And scattered among them, everywhere,
With wedge and hammer, rule and square,
With the dust of the marble powdered white,
Sat masons who chiselled from morn till night.

The earliest sound that the baby heard
Was neither the whistle nor song of bird,
Nor bleating of lambs, nor rush of breeze
Through the tops of the tall old chestnut trees,
Nor the laughing of girls, nor the whoop and shout
Of the school at the convent just let out,
Nor the tinkle of water plashing sweet
From the dolphin's mouth in the village street.

But the earliest sound which sharp and clear
Arrested the little Michael's ear
When he waked from sleep, was the mallet's knock
On the chisel that chipped the rough-hewn block;
From the dawn of the day till the twilight came,
The click of the tools was still the same;
And constant as fell the fountain's drip,
Was the *tap-tap-tap!* and the *chip-chip-chip!*

And when he could crawl beyond the door
Of the cottage, in search of a plaything more,
Or farther could venture, a prying lad,
What toys do you think were the first he had?

—Why, splinters of marble white and pure,
And a mallet to break them with, be sure;
And a chisel to shape them, should he choose,
Just such as he saw the masons use.

So Michael, the baby, had his way,
And hammered and chipped, and would not play
With the simple and senseless sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys.
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his mother's knee;
They jeered at the pictures which he drew
On the smooth white slabs with a coal or two;
They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mould from the rubbish cast aside
Rude figures, and called him 'Silly!' when
His bits of marble he shaped like men.

But who of them dreamed his mallet's sound
Would ever be heard the earth around?
Or his mimic churches in time become
The mightiest temple of Christendom?
Or the pictures he painted fill the dome
Of the Sistine—grandest of sights in Rome?
Or the village urchin that chiselled so
Be the marvellous Michael Angelo!

SENT TO COVENTRY.

OH, he's a regular sneak! We've sent him to Coventry.' And as Harry's conscience tells him that his school-fellows are only treating him as he deserves to be treated, we will hope that the punishment will do him good, and that he will not be sent to Coventry a second time.

Now, I wonder how many schoolboys know how this very common phrase came into use. I never gave a thought to it myself until I was long past schoolboy age, and then I hunted through many books before finding the explanation I wanted. However, here it is, for the benefit of any lad or lassie who does not already know it.

The good people of Coventry had, at one time, a very great dislike to the military. My old book does not tell me the cause of this hatred, but merely states that it existed, and was carried so far that any woman who was known to have spoken to a soldier was considered to have lost her character. Of course the soldiers quartered in the city could hope for no acquaintances outside their barracks; and the society enjoyed by the officers was so limited, that to send a man to Coventry meant, in the language of the mess-room, to shut him out from all social pleasures. The Coventry folk of the present day do not draw so strict a line between civil and military life, but the phrase remains as a memorial of their exclusiveness in bygone times. Possibly they had a good reason for shunning their red-coated neighbours, for we know that it was the fashion in old days for soldiers to lead idle, reckless lives, indulging in much folly and dissipation. Therefore the fathers and mothers of Coventry may have acted with praiseworthy wisdom in keeping their doors closed against men whose conversation and example would most likely have led their sons and daughters astray.

H. I. T.



Sent to Coventry.



Homeless.

HOMELESS.

By the Author of 'Earth's Many Voices.'

O you remember, Joe,
The days that are gone by,
When we were merry boy and girl—
Just think, Joe, you and I?
We are not old, and yet
It seems quite long ago
That we knew neither want nor care;
Do you remember, Joe?

Do you remember, Joe,
The pleasant village street?
My home was there, and yours was there—
Home! Oh, the word sounds sweet!
Sometimes I'm weary, Joe,
In cold and wind and rain;
And then I think of those old days,
And wish for home again.

Do you remember, Joe,
The solemn voice of home,
The voice that from the grey church tower
Called to us, 'Come, O come?'
And in the House of God
We used to kneel and pray;
Ah, can you now remember, Joe,
The words we used to say?

Do you remember, Joe,
How, in those days gone by,
We used to hear about a Home
With God beyond the sky?
We loved that story once,
But that was long ago;
I'd like to hear it all again—
Can you remember, Joe?

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 332.)

AFTER resting a few minutes, the two boys scrambled along the bank toward the landing; but before they had gone half a mile they discovered a party of men coming in search of them. When they had approached a little nearer, George informed his rescuer that he knew four of them—the captain, first mate, and Mr. Black and Mr. Scanlan, the two pilots belonging to the steamer. Bob recognised one of them, and after running his eye over the party a second time, told himself that there was also another whom he had met somewhere very recently. He was not as glad to see them as George was to see his friends. One was the owner of the corn that had just been placed on board the steamer, and the other was—no—yes, it was the constable. Bob stopped, rubbed his eyes, and looked again; but there was no mistake about it.

About half an hour after Bob left the house, the officer awoke and found that his prisoner was gone. He ran at once to the stable to see if his horse was gone also. He was, and this led the constable to believe that Bob had mounted him and fled up the river. Being an easy-going sort of person, who did not think it worth while to do anything to-day that could be put off until to-morrow, he decided not to begin the pursuit until morning. Then he would

raise a squad of men and scour the country in every direction.

After finding that the horse was gone, the constable went down to the landing and questioned the men who were standing about the fire. They were greatly astonished to find that Bob had escaped, and declared that he could not possibly have boarded the boat without being seen by them, for they had been at the landing ever since the steamer arrived. The officer, however, thought it best to be sure on this point, so he went on board the *Sam Kendall*, accompanied by some of his friends, and gave her a good looking over. He looked in almost every place except the one in which Bob was concealed, and went ashore firm in his belief that his prisoner would be found farther up the river. Bob, of course, knew nothing of this, but he did know that the constable was within speaking distance, and the sight of him deprived him so completely of his little remaining strength that he was obliged to take hold of a bush to keep himself from falling.

'What's the matter, Bob?' asked George, who at once sprang to his side and threw his arm about his waist to support him. 'You're just tired out. I don't wonder at it. Lean on me till the men come up. Hurry on, Mr. Black!'

The men were coming as fast as they could, and in a few minutes more were near enough to seize George by the hand, which they did one after the other, greeting him as though they had never expected to see him again. Then they turned to Bob, who stood leaning against the bank, with his dripping coat muffled about his head and face.

'Don't ask him to talk to you now,' exclaimed George, just in time to check a volley of questions. 'He hasn't breath enough to say a word. It was all he could do to get me ashore. Take him by the arms, a couple of you, and give him a lift!'

This request was addressed to no one in particular, but the two men who happened to be standing the nearest to Bob were the ones who complied with it. Then Bob wished most heartily that George had held his peace, for the men who put their strong arms through his to help him along were the constable and the owner of the corn. Bob's heart seemed to stop beating, and he trembled so violently that he could scarcely walk; but he dared not refuse their offers of assistance. They mistook his agitation for weakness, and helped him very tenderly over all the rough places. They did not speak to him, for they were wholly engrossed with George's account of his adventure, which he was giving to the two pilots who were supporting him. All Bob heard of it was that George was sitting on the boiler-deck railing, watching a steamer that was going down the river, and the first thing he knew was, he was in the water. He praised Bob's skill as a swimmer, and seemed lost in admiration of the courage and coolness he had exhibited, but Bob heard none of it.

They were nearing the landing now, and there was that huge fire still burning brightly on the bank. Bob was afraid to pass it, but his good luck had not yet deserted him, and his disguise served him a good turn. The passengers on deck, and the idlers on the bank, all looked at him with the greatest interest and curiosity, but none of the latter recognised in him

the 'honest-looking boy,' who had ridden that spotted horse into the settlement a few hours before. He was assisted up the gang-plank and to the steps that led to the boiler-deck; and there he sank down as if he were unable to go a step farther.

'Don't stop,' said George, seizing him by the arm and trying to pull him to his feet. 'Come up to my room, and get your wet clothes off. You'll catch cold if you sit here in this keen wind.'

Bob was well aware of that fact, but he did not say so, for he was afraid to speak, even in a whisper, for fear that the constable, or that other man, would know his voice. He stopped there because he wanted to get away from them both, and he hoped they would leave the steamer without a moment's delay. He saw the captain run up the stairs, and his heart bounded with delight when he heard the bell ring.

The constable and his friend, and the idlers who had followed the boys on board, made all haste to get ashore; the lines and gang-plank were hauled aboard; the engines were set in motion again, and when Bob saw the steamer's bow swinging toward the middle of the river his courage and strength all returned to him. He went back after his valise, which he had left on the main deck, and accompanied the cub pilot to his room. His dripping garments, and George's, were given into the charge of the porter, who carried them into the galley, and when Bob had restored his sluggish circulation by a vigorous rubbing, and put on his warm, dry suit, he felt none the worse for his long swim. He and George talked incessantly while they were thus engaged, and, by the time they were dressed, began to think that they were very well acquainted with each other.

'How far up the river are you going?' asked George, as they went out into the cabin and took their seats by the stove.

'I am going to St. Louis.'

'Do you live there?'

'No; I don't live anywhere,' replied Bob, who thought that, since he was fairly out in the world, it was time for him to begin to ignore the existence of home and all his relations.

'No father or mother, brothers or sisters?'

'No. When my hat is on my head my family is all covered.'

'I know how to sympathise with you,' said George. 'I am almost alone in the world myself. The only relations I have are an uncle and cousin. My uncle is my guardian, and he is aboard the boat now. What are you going to do when you reach St. Louis?'

'I am going to buy a mustang and a hunting outfit, and go out on the plains.'

'What is your idea of starting from St. Louis?'

'Why, don't all the hunters and trappers fit out there? I understand that it is the headquarters of the fur trade.'

'It used to be; but it is a smashing big city now, and the hunters fit out at other points. Why don't you go to Denver? That is hundreds of miles farther on. You see that western country is settling up rapidly, and if you want to find fur-bearing animals, you must go to the mountains.'

Bob looked down at the floor in a brown study. He began to see, now, that he had made some mistakes in his calculations. He supposed that all he

had to do to enter upon the life of a trapper was, to provide himself with a horse and rifle at St. Louis, and plunge at once into the wilderness, where he would find all sorts of game, from a mink to a grizzly bear. He was not very well posted in geography and history, for, while he was at school, he made it a point to neglect his books as much as he could; but he had gained an idea from some of the cheap novels he had read that St. Louis was a little hamlet—a fort, with a few log cabins clustered about it—and that, when he arrived there, he would find himself on the borders of civilisation, and surrounded by Indians and trappers.

'What makes you select that mean business, anyhow?' asked George. 'Do you know anything about it?'

'O yes! I have had a good deal of experience in hunting.'

'Did you ever make any money at it?'

'I never tried.'

'And you never will, no matter how hard you try. You'll go hungry half the time, and ragged and dirty all the time. If you go alone you will be certain to fall in with some rough characters, who will steal everything you've got, and leave you stranded in the wilderness. Then what would you do? You don't know the country, and suppose you should lose your way and get snowed up? That would be the last of you. I have seen lots of hunters, and I know just what sort of men they are, and what sort of lives they lead.'

'Where did you ever see any?' asked Bob, in great surprise.

'In Texas, where my home is. I own a big cattle ranche a little way from the Rio Grande (or rather I shall own it when I become of age; my uncle holds it in trust for me now), and I lived there all my life until about eighteen months ago. Then I went up the Mississippi on a pleasure trip with my uncle and cousin. I fell in with Mr. Black and Mr. Scanlan, the pilots on this boat, and they said so much about life on the river that I decided to follow it; and here I am.'

'I wonder that your uncle allowed you to go so far from home,' cried Bob.

'Oh, he didn't care. He lets me do just as I please. But I am going to leave the river as soon as this trip is ended. I wrote to my uncle telling him of my decision, and he came up to urge me to stay until I become a full-fledged pilot; but I have made up my mind to go home, and I want you to go with me. I need a friend more than any other boy in the world (I may tell you why some day), and you must be a friend to me, or you would not have risked your life to save mine.'

'Don't your uncle and cousin live at your house?'

'Yes, but they are—they and I don't—will you go?'

Bob did not answer at once. He needed a friend as much as George did—he was already so home-sick that he would have been glad to get away and cry over his folly—but it was hard to give up the plans he had cherished for so many long months.

'I tell you, Bob,' added George, earnestly, 'I know what I am saying when I assure you that you never can succeed in any such wild scheme as this.'

'I'll have plenty of fun and excitement anyhow,' said Bob, 'and that is what I want.'



Two Years Old.

'There is a great deal more fun in drawing an easy-chair up in front of a comfortable fire on a blustering winter day and reading about it,' returned George, who guessed that he knew where Bob had got all his foolish notions. 'All you know about this life that you want to enter upon, you got out of some book; and I reckon that if you could see the man who wrote it, you would find that he had never been within five hundred miles of the plains, that he had never seen anything wild larger than a pigeon, and that he couldn't tell a rifle from a shot-gun if he should see them together. Why, Bob, the men who are born hunters don't make anything at it. Take them as a class, and you will find them poor, miserable fellows. If excitement is what you want, go home with me. The Mexicans are playing havoc with the stock-raisers down there—Uncle John says they stole two hundred head of cattle not more than a month ago—and they will give you excite-

ment enough to satisfy you. Besides, you will have a fine horse to ride, plenty to eat, and a tight roof to shelter you. That's more than you will have on the plains, I tell you.'

As George ceased speaking the door opened and one of the pilots came into the cabin.

(To be continued.)

TWO YEARS OLD.

O H! little, rare, and radiant face,
That smilest up to God,
The flowers of life seem lovelier where
Thy tiny feet have trod!
I never thought so wee a thing
So large a joy could bring;
I never pictured so much bliss
Could bless Love's fairy ring;



AMERICA. — West Indies.

For never was a spot so charmed
By spell of elf or fairy,
As our fond hearts and happy home
By little Katie Mary.

So beautiful, so wonderful,
Her little ways unfold,
I almost wish she'd always be
The pet of two years old;
For never did I think to life
Belonged delights so sweet,
Before I kissed her dimpled cheeks,
And heard her pattering feet.
Oh! then within Love's fairy ring
God guard this little fairy,
And guardian angels hover close
Round darling Katie Mary.

Yea, Lord! and may this bud of Hope
With angel grace expand;
God! keep the haunting terror off
Of Death's remorseless hand.
O Thou, Who lovest us to feel
Thou hast a Father's heart,
Grant that our souls be spared the pang
With so much joy to part.
And as with innocence divine
Smiles now our infant fairy,
With soul as pure in womanhood
May bloom our Katie Mary.

ROWLAND BROWN.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

XXXII.—THE WEST INDIES.



THE collection of islands called the West Indies contains four large and about fifty small islands, with thousands of rocks and islets. They were called 'Indies' through a mistake of Columbus, who thought he had reached the gates of old India by going Westward Ho!

Cuba is the largest. It is an isle of beauty, 'the gem of the American seas,' 'the Queen of the Antilles.' It is nearly equal in size and political importance to all the other West Indian islands lumped together. Two thirds of it are uncultivated.

Havanah is the capital. 'Have I ever seen a city so grand?' asks the American, Dana. But, having entered it, he found its streets narrow, dirty, and foul. A thousand vessels at least enter the fine harbour every year. In the cathedral is the body of Columbus. He is buried with the chains with which he was ungratefully loaded. The houses are of all colours. The people are gay and pleasure-loving. The amusements are cards and lotteries, billiards, and bull-fights, singing and dancing in the sweet cool moonlight. As you pass along you are constantly asked to try your fortune with cards or dice. The Cuban has one great virtue, he is always very polite to ladies. The ladies are not very industrious. Their days are usually spent in going to church, playing the guitar, sleeping,

or smoking the fragrant weed. They are excellent walkers. It is said, 'no one but a Spanish lady can walk; French, English, and Scotch, can only stump, shuffle, and amble in comparison.' The ladies are fond of dress; the colour they select is almost always black.

The sunrise in Cuba is splendid. Fleecy clouds seem turning into liquid gold. Nor are the sunsets, especially in the rainy season, less gorgeous. The sky is of a deep and brilliant blue. The stars seem magnified, and the Southern Cross and the planets shine forth with amazing magnificence.

Nor is the earth less glowing. Truly did Columbus write about Cuba to his royal master and mistress: 'The trees are all covered with ever-verdant foliage, and perpetually laden with fruits and flowers. . . . The nightingale sings more sweetly than I can describe. . . . Ascending a river, I was astonished at the cool shade, the crystal water, and the number of singing-birds. It seems to me as if I never could quit a spot so delightful.'

From Cuba to Trinidad the West Indian islands form an arch, or curving chain, between the two Americas.

Haiti has volcanic ridges, iron coasts, splendid forests. Here the first native blood was shed by white men in 1493. Here the first negroes were brought as slaves by the Englishman, Hawkins.

Below Cuba is Jamaica, belonging to England. Kingston is the capital, but the seat of Government is at Spanish Town. Kingston is the hottest and perhaps the most disagreeable town anywhere. The streets are a bed of sand in dry weather. It is not lighted at all, and, 'as it is now, it is a disgrace to the country that owns it.' So says Mr. Trollope in his most amusing book. The citizens who can afford a 'pen,' i.e. a country house, never live in Kingston.

Spanish Town seems equally disagreeable. Mr. Trollope says it is stricken with eternal death. It has long, parched, dusty, deserted streets, deserted except by the most hideous pigs in the world.

The servants are almost all black, and always have the last word. They are easily offended. A black lad was cleaning boots one morning. He had been told to get Mr. Trollope's bath ready, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Mr. T. 'Hallo, old fellow! how about that bath?'

The lad went on cleaning the boots, and said nothing.

Mr. T. 'I say! how about that bath?'

The black boy did not answer a word.

Mr. T. 'Put down those boots, sir, and go and do as I bid you.'

The Boy. 'Who do you call feller? You speak to a gen'lman gen'lmanly, and den he fill the bath.'

Mr. T. 'James, might I trouble you to leave those boots, and see the bath filled for me?'

The Boy. 'Es, sir; go at once.'

The scenery in Jamaica almost rivals that in Switzerland. Travelling about is done on horseback; hotels are expensive; the gentlefolk hospitable. The sugar-cane is the chief production. The greater part of the island is, however, covered with wild wood and jungle. The fruit-trees are very handsome. Streams abound. Jamaica means 'a land of rivers,' and Mr. Trollope had to cross the Waag four-and-twenty times in heavy rain as he crossed the island.

The general aspect of the West Indian islands is rugged and lofty, but some are low and swampy. The island of St. Thomas, one of the Virgin group, is chosen as the most convenient halting-place for our great steam-ships. It is a hot and unhealthy harbour. It contains what Mr. Trollope calls 'a Hispano-Dano-Nigger-Yankee-doodle population.' Here steamers are coaled by black men. They have this advantage, coal-dust cannot make them blacker than they are.

St. Christopher, or St. Kitt's, Nevis, and Antigua, are English. These are not so green and beautiful as those further south. Antigua distinguished itself by first advocating the abolition of slavery.

Guadaloupe is French; so is Martinique. These are both very beautiful islands, with rich greenery up to their summits. The French manage their West Indian colonies better than we do. Their towns are far superior to ours. Everything, such as quays and landing-stages, is provided. The French consider the West Indies their home. The English do not. Mr. Trollope thinks Dominica the most picturesque of all these islands. It belongs to England, but is in a sad state of ruin. St. Lucia also belongs to England. It is celebrated for its unhealthiness and its snakes.

Barbados, or, as it is sometimes called, Little England, is a very respectable island, a very hospitable island, but not a beautiful island. It is a hot, plain-featured island; but it pays its way, and makes a great deal of sugar.

St. Vincent is French. It is healthy, but not so flourishing as Guadaloupe and Martinique.

Then come the pretty Grenadine islands. Grenada itself is very lovely, with a well-built capital, St. George's. The island nearest to South America is Trinidad. This is now English. Its chief town is Port of Spain, situate among the most splendid scenery. It has, however, its drawbacks, and, as a Major's wife observed, 'One can't live altogether on pretty views.' The mosquitos are very active, and Yellow Jack kills many an honest soldier. All the people speak French in Trinidad. It has much coal, and a lake of pitch, out of which Lord Dundonald made candles, and other useful things of an inflammable sort.



THE COLISEUM OF ROME.

THE most imposing of all the edifices of ancient Rome is the Coliseum. It is the building of all others which is the most intimately connected with our past thoughts. Pictures of it have been familiar to most of us from our earliest childhood, and, with the exception of its size, convey an accurate impression of its appearance. This vast amphitheatre was begun by the Emperor Flavius Vespasian, upon the site of Stagnum Neronis, and was finished by his son Titus, who dedicated it in the year 80. Subsequent Emperors altered, repaired, and adorned it. It is built in the form of an ellipse, and is nearly one third of a mile in circumference.

Tier after tier of seats arise above the arena, affording in its palmy days room for sixty-seven thousand spectators. Around the arena a wall, adorned with

rich carvings and incrusts with costly marbles, serves to protect the pleasure-seekers from the savage beasts, which, except in combat, were confined in underground dungeons beneath.

One part was reserved for the Emperor and his satellites, and called the Podium. From these elevated seats the Emperor eagerly watched the conflicts between wild beasts, the martyrdom of early Christians, and the combats of gladiators.

What horrible memories cling around this spot! Here, by command of Hadrian, the patrician Placidus, his wife, and two sons, were exposed to wild beasts, and when they refused to tear them to pieces, the terrified family were enclosed in a brazen bull and roasted to death; sometimes the martyrs were despatched by the swords of gladiators or burned at the stake. On the spot where the Christians were martyred has been erected a cross, and once a-week religious services are now held on the ground hallowed by the blood of the early martyrs; around the arena are also seen the stations used in the Church of Rome.

The Coliseum has been put to various uses during its long existence. Originally built to serve national and political ends, and for the use of the people, it has been used as a fortress, a hospital, a stone quarry, a woollen manufactory, and a storehouse for saltpetre; but during the last century every care has been taken to preserve it as a ruin; the religious sentiment of the Romans revolted against its use for sacrilegious purposes, and now, clean and well taken care of, the Christian Church holds its service upon the very spot which is so intimately and peculiarly associated with the early history of our common faith.

Beneath the floor of the arena, which was supported by walls, were the cells in which the wild beasts, and possibly the early Christian martyrs, were confined. The place is full of historic meaning; it is pregnant with the deeds of the world's mightiest conquerors. Here the shouts of lordly triumph once mingled with the screams of the dying; the memory of the gorgeous pageants which have taken place here cannot be eradicated from our minds; and the Christian can never view this, the most imposing ruin in the world, without a heavy feeling in his heart for the good, the beautiful, and the holy, who here offered up their lives a willing sacrifice for the faith they bore. But to us who see it to-day it bears the look of a ruin—a ruin so vast and grand that none in the world can compare with it; but even in its ruin we distinctly realise the immensity of its size, when in the days of its pristine glory it stood unrivalled as the pleasure-house of a great but luxurious people.

PERFECTION IN PAINTING.

PLINY tells us that Zeuxis, a wonderful artist of antiquity, once painted so naturally a boy holding in his hand a dish of grapes, that even the birds were deceived, and flew down to peck at the supposed fruit. Here seemed to be most satisfactory testimony to his success.

But Zeuxis was not satisfied.

'Had I painted the boy as well as he should have been painted, the birds would have been afraid to touch the fruit.'

A. R. B.



The Coliseum of Rome.



The Captain about to strike the young Pilot.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 340.)

CHAPTER XII.—GEORGE AT THE WHEEL.



HY, George!' exclaimed the new-comer, 'I thought you had turned in long ago.'

'Oh, no,' answered the young pilot. 'I am going to stand my regular watch to-night. Mr. Black is at the wheel, I suppose? Mr. Scanlan, this is Bob Owens, the boy who saved my life.'

The pilot greeted Bob very cordially, and said a great many complimentary things to him, praising the courage he exhibited in jumping overboard to rescue one who was unknown to him.

'He will know me better before he sees the last of me,' said George. 'I am going to take him to Texas with me.'

'I hope you won't go,' said Mr. Scanlan. 'You have made a good beginning, and you ought to stay with us until you learn the river. It will not take you more than a year longer, and then you can earn your two hundred and fifty dollars a-month very easily.'

'I think from some things that have happened that I had better go home and see what is going on there,' replied George. 'I am going into the pilot-house now, Bob, and you must go with me and see what a good steersman I am,' he added, hastily, as if he wanted to turn the conversation into another channel. 'But before we go we'll have a cup of hot coffee and a bit to eat.'

As George said this he stepped up to the table, and throwing back the cloth which covered it, disclosed to view some substantial fare. It was placed there every night for the accommodation of the officers who were to stand the mid-watch. The exciting scene through which they had just passed had not taken away the boys' appetites, and they disposed of a good share of the nice things the steward had provided. When they had eaten all they wanted, George drew the cover over the table again, and led the way into the pilot-house. Mr. Black greeted them very cordially, and was as profuse in his compliments to Bob as Mr. Scanlan had been.

'I don't want you up here to-night, George,' said he, after he had spent a few minutes in conversation with Bob. 'Go down, and turn in. Let Bob sleep in my bunk.'

'Oh, I have money enough to pay my fare, and secure a state-room,' said Bob.

'The rooms are all full—we've got a big passenger list this trip—and so we shall have to take care of you,' replied George. 'But you don't want to go to bed now, and neither do I. I am going to take the wheel.'

'But I am afraid to trust you with it,' said the pilot.

'Why, don't you suppose I know this part of the river?' demanded George. 'I'll hold her jack-staff on that clump of tall trees up there in the

bend until her starboard smoke-stack bears on that clearing off there to the right, and then I'll—'

'I understand all about that. You know the river here as well as I do; but there's something besides snags and bars that we've got to look out for this trip.'

While this conversation was going on, Bob seated himself on the elevated bench in the back part of the pilot-house, and looked about him with the greatest interest. Everything was new and strange to him. He had never travelled on a steamboat before, and he felt much more uneasy and anxious now than he did when he was battling with the current two hours before. Guided by the skilful hands of Mr. Black, the *Sam Kendall* was plowing her way up the river through darkness so intense that one unaccustomed to such things would have supposed that her pilot must be blessed with more than ordinary powers of vision to be able to follow the channel. The tall trees on the bank loomed up darkly against the cloudy sky, throwing a sombre shade almost across the river, and leaving only a bright, silvery streak in the middle, which showed as plainly as the 'night-hawk' on the jackstaff. Now and then the river, for a short distance in advance, would be illuminated for a moment by a bright glare from below, as the sooty, perspiring firemen threw open the furnace doors to replenish the roaring red-hot mass under the boilers, and then, their task done, and the doors closed again, the darkness, which seemed blacker than before, would once more shut out everything from view. It was long past midnight. The passengers, who had been awakened by the commotion which arose when it was discovered that the boy pilot had fallen overboard, had all retired to their state-rooms again, and there was no one stirring on board the steamer except the firemen, two engineers, the watchman, who had just made his rounds, and our three friends in the pilot-house. Yes!—there was one other wakeful person, and he made his appearance a good deal sooner than he was wanted.

'You say we must look out for something besides bars and snags, this trip,' said George. 'What else is there to stand in fear of?'

'Fire!' replied Mr. Black.

George opened his eyes and looked at the pilot.

'Yes. That's worse than snags and bars; and when you have had one boat burned under you, you'll never want to see a spark of fire again as long as you live. I don't see why folk patronise such a tub as this, anyhow, and they wouldn't if they knew as much as I do. She is a rotten old hulk, and when she is under way she shakes as if she was going to fall to pieces. She's got a cabin full of passengers, a cargo worth sixty thousand dollars in the hold, and the captain owns a big share in it. More than that: the boat is insured for thirty thousand dollars, and she isn't worth ten.'

'Well?' said George.

'Well,' repeated the pilot, 'it is a singular fact that every boat, and two or three valuable cargoes in which Captain Chamberlain has been interested, have come to some bad end. Now mark my words, George: the old *Sam Kendall* has run out the full length of her rope. She'll lay her bones between here and St. Louis.'

'Nonsense!' exclaimed George. 'I know why you say that. There isn't a word of truth in it.'

'George,' said Mr. Black, solemnly, 'I am a good deal older than you are, and know just what I am talking about. Now you know why I don't want to trust you alone with the wheel. But I'm pretty hungry, that's a fact, and would like a cup of coffee.'

'The lunch is all ready. Bob and I have just come up from there.'

'Then I guess I'll run down for just a minute, and while I am gone don't you let the wheel go out of your hands for anybody except Ed. Scanlan. Do you hear?'

'I do,' replied George, as he laid hold of the spokes; 'and I'll remember, too.'

Mr. Black went out of the pilot-house, and Bob and George were left to themselves. The latter was in his glory now. He loved a steamboat, as some boys love a horse, and others love a dog and gun. A sense of the responsibility that rested on him made his heart thrill. There was that big steamer, swaying and groaning as she tore up the river as fast as her powerful engines could send her, a hundred and more passengers sleeping quietly in their berths below, sixty thousand dollars worth of freight stowed away on the lower deck and in the hold, and this mighty craft, with her cargo of precious lives and valuable property, was in his keeping, and moved obedient to the slightest motion of his arm. What confusion he could create, and what a waste of life and money he could cause in one short minute, if he chose to do so!

'Now, Bob, isn't this glorious?' exclaimed George, with great enthusiasm.

'I—yes: but what makes her shake so? and how awful dark it is!' replied Bob, who trembled a little in spite of himself. To his inexperienced eyes it looked as though George were heading the boat squarely toward the bank.

'Oh, every steamer shakes more or less, but none quite so badly as this one. She is almost ready to die of old age. Her hull is not half strong enough for her engines.'

'I can't understand how you can see where you are going. Can you see the water?'

'Not very plainly; but I can see the trees on the bank, and they are what I go by.'

'I wish I was out there among them,' said Bob. 'I'd rather camp out alone than be here. What did Mr. Black mean by saying that this boat is going to lay her bones between here and St. Louis?'

'Oh, is that what troubles you? Well, it is all moonshine.'

'But what did he mean by it?'

'I am almost ashamed to tell you. I don't know whether you know it or not, but river men are just as superstitious as sailors. I once heard a seafaring man in New Orleans say, that if rats deserted a ship it was a sure sign that something was going to happen to her. River men have some equally absurd ideas. One of their sayings is, that a minister and a grey horse will sink any boat that floats. If that is the case we are bound to go down, for a minister who owned a grey horse boarded us at New Orleans and went with us as far as Donaldsonville. That's what troubles Mr. Black; but it doesn't trouble me

half as much as this bad piece of river does that we're coming to now. There is a sawyer about here somewhere that has been doing a good deal of damage of late. The *John Barleycorn* went down in this very bend about two weeks ago, on just such a night as this, and twenty-five of her passengers and crew went down with her. I'll ring the bell, and when we touch the bar I shall know just where to look for the snag.'

Attached to a ring in the roof of the pilot-house was a long rope leading out of the window to the tongue of the huge bell, which stood on the forward part of the hurricane deck. This rope was for the use of the pilot, who, when he wanted to know how much water there was in the channel through which his boat was passing, struck the bell once or twice, according as he wanted the lead thrown on the starboard or port side of the fore-castle. George laid hold of the rope, and just then the door opened and the captain came in. The young pilot did not take a second look at him after he found out who he was, for he was a man he did not like. He rang the bell for the lead, and moved over to the other side of the wheel; the captain seated himself by Bob's side on the elevated bench, and looked out of the window; and the watchman came up and took his stand on the hurricane deck, near the bell, to pass the word.

'Where is Mr. Black?' asked the captain.

'Gone down to lunch,' answered George; and just then the watchman sang out: 'No bottom.'

'This is Dogtooth bend, isn't it?' asked the captain.

'No, sir; it is Drayton's.'

'Deep four!' shouted the watchman. (Twenty-four-feet.)

'And did Mr. Black leave you here alone to take the boat through this bad river?' continued the captain.

'Yes, sir; for he knows that I am man enough to do it. I have taken her through here on a worse night than this, and during a worse stage of water, too.'

'Quarter less three!' shouted the watchman. (Seventeen feet and a half.)

'I don't like this arrangement,' said the captain. 'You are not a licensed pilot, and if you sink the boat I shall lose my insurance.'

'Mark twain!' (Twelve feet.)

'You'll be on the bar the first thing you know,' exclaimed the captain, jumping to his feet. 'The water is shoaling rapidly. Slow down at once.'

'I'll be safe over it in two minutes more, for there is water enough where I am going,' replied George, who wished the captain would mind his own business and let him give the whole of his attention to steering the boat.

'Nine feet!' shouted the watchman.

'Stop her!' commanded the captain.

'No need of it, sir, for we are over now,' said George; and so it proved, for the next word was 'no bottom.' George rang the bell to show that he was done with the lead, and the captain continued:

'The snag the *Barleycorn* picked up is about here somewhere, isn't it?'

'Yes, sir, two hundred yards above; and worse than that, a portion of the *Barleycorn's* wreck lies right in the channel.'



The Pilot greeting Bob.

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'Well, you had better go down and tell Mr. Black to come up here. I'd rather trust him than you. I'll take care of her until he comes,' said the captain, moving toward the wheel.

'I am able to take care of her myself,' replied the young pilot.

'But I don't think it safe to trust you. This is my boat, and I've got considerable at stake. Give me the wheel.'

'I'd rather not do it, sir. Mr. Black told me particularly to give it into the hands of nobody except himself or Mr. Scanlan.'

'Well, Mr. Black is under my orders and so are you. Let go of the wheel!'

The captain made an effort to push George away from his post, but the boy clung to the spokes with all his strength, and looked out of the window for the watchman, intending to send him below to call



AMERICA. — California.

Mr. Black; but the Watchman, having performed the duty of passing the word, had gone his way, and George was left to fight his battles alone.

'Will you let go of that wheel?' demanded the captain in savage tones.

'No, I will not,' replied George, firmly. 'I know what you want and so does Mr. Black. You want to sink this boat and get the insurance money on her; but you can't do it while I am in the pilot-house!'

This bold declaration arrested the arm which the captain had raised to strike the young pilot. He stood motionless and speechless for a moment with his clenched hand in the air, and then the blow fell, and the boy dropped to the deck. He lay stunned and bewildered for a moment and then staggered to his feet and looked out. The dreaded snag could be dimly seen through the darkness, and, worse than that, the *Sam Kendall* was out of the channel and heading toward it at full speed. George thought of the sleeping passengers below, and made a desperate effort to save them and the boat. He seized one of the ropes leading from the post which supported the wheel down to the engine-room, and gave it a furious jerk. It was the stopping bell, and the engineer was quick to respond to it. George then tried to reach the backing bell, but the captain turned fiercely upon him and struck him to the deck again. But George had saved the boat. The port engine was stopped almost immediately, while the one on the starboard side continued to work as rapidly as ever; and although the captain threw the wheel over as quickly as he could, he was not able to make the helm overcome the tremendous power of the huge paddle-wheel. The bow of the steamer swung rapidly away from the snag, and the passengers slept on, all unconscious of the danger they had so narrowly escaped.

George scrambled to his feet again in a sadly demoralised condition. The captain's last blow was almost too much for him. He leaned upon the bench for a few seconds, and when he had somewhat recovered himself he saw that the pilot-house door was open, that there was no one at the wheel, and that the steamer was swinging around toward the bank with fearful velocity. To spring to his post, stop the starboard engine, start the other, and bring the boat back into the channel with her head up the stream, was the work of but a few minutes. Just as he had succeeded in doing it Mr. Black hurried in and seized the wheel.

(To be continued.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

XXXIII.—CALIFORNIA.



THERE are an upper and a lower California. The latter called 'Los Angeles,' or the angels, is a long peninsula, running by the side of Mexico, and separated from it by the Gulf. It has all the beauty of the tropics, and frosts are unknown. In its length the whole of California may be 1300 miles. Its breadth is far less.

An American writer, Dr. Todd, has written a pleasant book about this 'sunset land,' as he calls it. We cannot do better than look at California through his glasses. In many respects it seems as unlike the States as if it were in another world. There is no real winter weather. It rains in winter; that is all. It is fine the summer long. The trees do not shed their leaves, but some shed their bark every year. The trees of California are grand, and the blossoms on many of them beautiful; but the grass is withered in the summer-time, and there is not a single dandelion. Onions, however, grow a foot across the top, and cabbages weigh 80 lb. each. Twelve tons of strawberries come daily into the capital from one valley.

You cannot stand anywhere in California without seeing mountains. The ridge called the Nevada (or Snowy) is the eastern wall of the State. A hundred volcanoes once blazed here. On the western side of the State is another ridge, parallel with the Nevada, called the Coast Range, and between these ridges is a valley, and in it two rivers, which meet in a noble bay in the middle of the State. Once this valley was an inland lake. Something made a gap through the mountains and let out the water. This gap is called 'the Golden Gate,' because as you approach it from the sea it looks exactly like a gate, and the yellow sunlight falling on the fog makes it look golden. Through this gate the sea-fog enters, and envelopes the city of San Francisco. But it never ventures far inland. The air in the valleys is very dry, so dry that the wheat is too dry to grind. The days are hot, but without thunder; the nights are cool.

On the western slope of the Nevada is a belt of land, where grow most lordly trees. The 'mother of the forest' is 327 feet high. The 'father of the forest' came down long ago. This fallen king of trees is thought to have been 450 feet high. As we go west we come to another belt of land, where the gold is found.

California is full of the most lovely valleys. When the sides are too steep to be scaled they are called canons. One of these is termed Death's Valley, for no living thing is to be found in it. A party once went in, but never returned. Their bones and waggons are yet to be seen strewn about the valley. Another party was once shut in by snow near Donner Lake. They were compelled at last, by fierce hunger, to devour each other. They were rescued by an old hunter, who had a vivid dream of a party dying in such a valley. He told his dream to another hunter, who recognised the valley by the dreamer's faithful description. A party was got together, and the survivors were rescued from their horrible prison.

California, 'the daughter of the sunset, with her garments bright and heavy with gold,' has not long been part of the Union. In 1847, gold was discovered by a man named Marshall, and soon the news flew all over the world. Industrious men, of all nations and of all trades, with villains and rascals of every kind, poured in, and became eager diggers. 'In a time incredibly short there were 250,000 of the wildest, bravest, and most daring young men digging gold.' In twenty years 1000 million dollars' worth was found. Then came rich finds of silver; but people lost a great deal of money in the business

before these mines began to pay. In those days an apple cost five dollars, a cup of washy tea could not be had under four, and even a drop of laudanum for an aching tooth fetched a dollar. Here are some of the queer names given by the miners to their towns: Loafer Hill, Gouge Eye, Last Chance, Ragtown, You Bet.

The highest mountain in the country is nearly equal to Mont Blanc. Near this is the now famous Yo-semite valley. The precipitous walls are three thousand feet. You descend by a perilous bridle-path, and pass naked Indians on your way. You are told, at the bottom, that if one of those side-walls was to fall it would cover the floor of the valley; and if both walls fell at the same moment, they would form an arch over your head half-a-mile in height. The trees here, though 200 feet high, look like mere shrubs, everything being on so vast a scale. Here are some fine waterfalls. The 'Bridal Veil' is very like a bridal veil, but the Indians associate it with worse things than marriages. They call it the 'Spirit of the Evil Wind,' and nothing will induce them to pitch their camp within sound of its roar. These poor Pono Indians are perfectly wild, and live on pounded acorns.

The Yo-semite waterfalls are the largest. They make three leaps, and the first leap is nine times greater than the leap of the water at Niagara.

The highest mountain seen from this famous valley is Tis-sa-ach, 'the Goddess of the Vale.' In the clear bright sunshine it towers up; every weather-stain, fern, vine, and lichen so clearly defined, that one can almost seem to touch the surface by merely extending the arm. Dr. Todd compares the Yo-semite Valley with that we mentioned in Switzerland, viz. the Lauterbrunnen. He thinks the American one, however, far the finer; and he believes California will be, some day, like the garden of the Lord.

San Francisco, the commercial capital, is built among the most dreary sand hills. It has become a well-built, handsome city. It has six miles of wharfage, and all the institutions which are supposed to belong to a first-class modern capital. The bells cast here are heard ringing all over the State. There are mills and works without end. Flour is made, and jewelry, and sugar, and cloth. Many Chinamen labour here. They work hard, but they do love to gamble when work is done.

When the gold fever had brought many myriads into California, it was resolved to make a railroad across the Continent; and in 1862, the Pacific Railway Bill, to connect the Atlantic and Pacific, was passed. Part of the region through which it runs is desolate enough. From Omaha on the Missouri the road goes on for a thousand miles without passing a tree.

In 1863 the work began, on the Californian side, at the State Capital, Sacramento. Among the labourers were 8000 Chinamen. The rails were carried from New York round Cape Horn—a distance of nineteen thousand miles! The railway, which was finished in 1869, is a wonderful work. It winds round spurs of the mountains, through long tunnels, above lakes, and through vast deserts covered with snow-white alkali. It is the triumph of man's mind over difficulties. There were great rejoicings when the two lines met,

and the last sleepers and rails were put down. They were fastened by the President of the Company, who used a golden nail on the occasion. By means of this line a traveller can now 'put a girdle round the earth' in three months. He can take his berth in New York, and eat and drink, and write and sleep, as if at home, flying all the while on steam wings to the Pacific shore.



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

N ivy-hung ruin is Kenilworth Castle, associated with the whole of England's history, and traditionally with the romances of King Arthur. The walls are broken, the great banquetting-hall has just fallen into decay, and where the coronals flashed and astrals blazed at night, now shine only the dim light of the moon and stars. Here Queen Elizabeth was entertained by her favourite, the Earl of Leicester. The splendour of that reception has rarely been equalled. The fête, which was one long banquet, broken by a most wonderful series of dramatic representations, lasted seventeen days. There were tilts and tournaments; the park was peopled with gods and goddesses to surprise the queen wherever she went; nymphs and mermaids rose from the pools, and there was minstrelsy on every hand. Thirty-one barons were present. Ten oxen were slaughtered every morning, sixteen hogsheads of wine and forty hogsheads of beer were consumed daily. There were lodged in the castle four hundred servants, all of whom appeared in new liveries of velvet, and shared the unrestrained hospitality.

All the clocks in the castle were stopped during that long festival, and the hands were all left pointing at the banquet-hour.

But time went on. Yes, time went on, and the maiden queen grew old, as all mortals must, and there came a time when her vanity could no longer be deceived. She sought to keep from sight the white hairs and wrinkles of age by every art; but Nature did its work, as with Canute and the sea. When her form and features began to lose whatever of beauty they once possessed, she tried to banish from her mind the reality that she was passed her prime by viewing herself in false and flattering mirrors.

But the wrinkles grew deeper, and the white hairs multiplied, and her limbs lost their power, and her strength at last was gone. Her flatterers still fed her fondness for admiration with their arts, and while life offered her any prospect she still smiled upon those whom she must have suspected were deceiving her.

'One day,' says her attendant, Lady Southwell, 'she desired to see a *true glass*, which in twenty years before she had not seen, but only such an one as on purpose was made to deceive her sight.'



Kenilworth Castle.

They brought it to the poor withered queen. She raised it to her face with her bony hands, and looked. For the first time for years she saw herself.

It was a revelation. Her old rage came back again. She pointed to her flatterers with scorn, and ordered them to quit her presence.





"Come, come, boys! this is no time to be idle!"

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 350.)



ALL these incidents occupied but a very short time in taking place. The captain was not in the pilot-house more than three or four minutes, and during that time Bob sat on the bench, alternating between hope and fear, and watching the singular scene that was passing before him. He looked on with mouth and eyes wide open, but could do nothing. He expected every

instant that the boat would blow up, or fall in pieces, or do some other equally dreadful thing, and he would have given everything he possessed to have been safe on shore. He breathed easier when he saw Mr. Black come in; but if he had only known it, there was another and a harder test of his courage close at hand.

'What are you ringing so many bells for, George?' asked the pilot. 'Did she take a sheer on you?'

'No, sir; but I made her take a sheer on the captain, I guess,' was the faint reply.

'The old man!' exclaimed Mr. Black. 'He hasn't been in here!'

'Hasn't he though? My head tells me a different story. He knocked me away from the wheel because I wouldn't give it up to him, and tried to run the boat on the snag that sunk the *Barleycorn*.'

Mr. Black looked toward Bob, who nodded his head significantly, and then began to inquire into the particulars of the case. By dint of much questioning, he gained a pretty good idea of what had happened in the pilot-house during his absence. He made no comments, but, having learned all he wanted to know, devoted himself entirely to the work of steering the vessel, and at the same time he seemed to be thinking busily. George sat by Bob's side on the bench, gradually recovering from the effects of his struggle with the captain, and at the end of half an hour declared that he was all right, with the exception of a slight headache.

'Well, you had better go down and sleep it off,' said the pilot.

'Oh, no!' replied George; 'I want to steer. You must remember, Mr. Black, that I shall not have many more opportunities to handle the wheel. As soon as we reach St. Louis, I shall—What's that?'

The pilot and the two boys held their breath and listened.

'That's so; what is it?' exclaimed Mr. Black; and had there been light enough in the pilot-house to enable the boys to distinguish his features, they would have seen that his face was as pale as death. There was the sound of a terrible commotion below, which was plainly heard above the puffing of the exhaust pipes and the pounding of the paddle-wheels. Hoarse voices shouted out hurried commands, and uttered cries of alarm; heavy feet ran to and fro; and then suddenly a greater uproar arose in the cabin, as if the passengers had been aroused from their sleep to find themselves confronted by

some terrible danger. A moment afterwards one of the engineers on watch shouted one word through the trumpet leading from the lower deck to the pilot-house, which almost paralysed two of those who heard it, and explained it all.

'Fire!' shouted the engineer.

The two boys sprang to their feet in great dismay, and, for a few seconds, stood looking at each other, without possessing the power to move or speak. Bob knew, instinctively, that something dreadful had happened, but he did not fully realise the danger of their situation.

'He don't—he can't mean to say that the boat is on fire!' he managed to gasp, at last.

'That's just the trouble,' answered Mr. Black.

'Why, how—how—'

'There's no telling how the fire started, if that is what you want to know. What did I tell you, George? I am not surprised at it, for I have been looking for this, or something just as bad, to happen to the old tub for a long time. It is a wonder to me that she has stayed above water as long as she has. But she's a dead duck now. She'll go like a tinder-box.'

'Well, we don't want to go with her,' cried George, in great excitement. 'Turn her toward the bank. Run her ashore!'

He sprang forward to assist Mr. Black in swinging the boat round, but no sooner had they laid out their strength on the wheel than something seemed to give away all at once, the wheel flew out of their grasp, and George fell to the deck all in a heap, while Mr. Black only saved himself by clinging to a stanchion.

'What's the matter?' cried George, as he scrambled to his feet.

'The tiller rope has parted and the boat is unmanageable,' was the appalling reply. 'She'll burn and sink in the deepest part of the channel, and I can't swim a stroke!'

When Bob heard these words he sank down on the bench almost overcome with terror. Just then Mr. Scanlan came bounding up the steps to the hurricane-deck, carrying his boots in his hand and his coat over his arm.

'What's the matter with you in there?' he demanded. 'Are you both asleep? Don't you know that we are all in a blaze below? Run her ashore!'

'We can't. The tiller rope is burned off!'

'Burned off?' repeated Mr. Scanlan, as he came rushing into the pilot-house. 'I thought the watchman said the fire was in the galley,' he added, as Mr. Black gave the wheel a turn to show that the rope was no longer connected with it. 'We must be burned half in two already.'

'Who-whoop!' shouted George, through the trumpet.

'Hallo!' shouted one of the engineers in reply.

'We have no control over the rudder, and will have to do the best we can with the wheels,' said George.

'All right,' was the engineer's answer. 'It is getting smoky, but we will stay as long as we can.'

Mr. Black rang to stop, and then to back the port engine, leaving the other still working ahead, and this brought the *Sam Kendall* round until she lay

directly across the channel, her bow pointing toward the left bank. Then the boat shot rapidly across the river, while the three pilots stood awaiting the result with no little anxiety. If there was water enough to float the steamer, her bow would soon touch the shore; but scarcely had this thought passed through their minds when there was a concussion that almost knocked them off their feet. The boat had run on the bar, two hundred yards from the bank, and gone on, too, with sufficient force to remain wedged fast; for, although the engines were backed with their full power, they could not start her an inch.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE BURNING OF THE
'SAM KENDALL.'

'The jig is up!' shouted one of the engineers through the trumpet; and his voice sounded as if he were half choked. 'Impossible to stay here any longer. Too much smoke. Can't breathe!'

'Well, stop her and ship up before you leave,' shouted Mr. Scanlan, earnestly. 'Come ahead strong, and perhaps she will work closer in.'

One of the engineers obeyed the order, but the other had no doubt been driven away from his post by the smoke or the flames, for his engine continued its reverse motion, while the other was working ahead. The result of this antagonism of forces was to hold the *Sam Kendall* perfectly motionless in spite of the current. Her bow was fast on the bar (there were seven feet of water there, however, so that those of her passengers and crew who could not swim were in as much danger as they would have been had the boat been anchored in the middle of the river), and when the hog-chain braces were burned away she would break in two and sink in the channel.

During this time the fire had made rapid progress, and now thick clouds of smoke were rising on all sides, and the banks of the river were lighted up with a lurid glare, showing that all below the hurricane-deck was a mass of flames. There was no one on this deck except the pilots and Bob Owens. The captain had not been seen since the alarm was given. The pilots had done all that men could do. With such courage and steadiness as they exhibited they might have succeeded in placing the boat in such a position that every one on board of her could have escaped to the shore, had they not been crippled at the start by the breaking of the tiller-rope. They could be of no further use in that pilot-house.

'The jig is up with us, too,' said Mr. Scanlan, gazing wistfully toward the trees on the bank, which were rendered plainly visible by the light of the flames. 'If I could live my life over again, my first hard work would be to learn to swim. Now, boys, you have never seen anything like this before, but I have, and a word of caution may be of service to you. When you take to the water, as we've all got to do now, be sure there is no one near you. A drowning man's grip is like a vice. Now let us go and see if we can help anybody.'

Bob followed his companions out of the pilot-house, but stopped at the foot of the stairs and stood appalled at the scene presented to his gaze. Up to this time he had moved like one in a dream, and did not seem to realise what was going on around him;

but now he was fully alive to the dangers which threatened him, and he was frightened indeed. The deck on which he stood was so hot that he could not bear his hand upon it, and the flames were bursting out from both sides of the doomed steamer, whose frail, fanciful upper works, burned like so much paper, and the light they threw out enabled Bob to see a long way up and down the river. The dark, muddy surface of the stream was dotted with men and women who had taken to the water and were floating down with the current on tables, chairs, or whatever else they could lay their hands upon before trusting themselves to the treacherous element. As he gazed, he saw more than one unfortunate slip off his frail support, and after making a vain effort to recover it, throw his hands above his head, and sink out of sight. Bob stood and trembled while he looked.

'Come, come, boys!' exclaimed Mr. Black, hurriedly; 'this is no time to be idle. The fore-castle is crowded with passengers who must be saved.'

These words recalled George to his senses, and they even put a little life into Bob Owens. The latter began to think that he had never known what courage was. Here were these men who could not swim, and who, consequently, were in just as much danger as any person on board the boat, thinking of others instead of themselves. Bob's first impulse after he became thoroughly waked up was to look out for number one; but he was restrained by the actions of the pilots. He was no coward—he had proved that to everybody's satisfaction. He was simply inexperienced, and needed an example to show him what ought to be done. The sequel proved that he was an apt pupil, too.

Bob looked all around for Mr. Scanlan, but could not see him. Mr. Black and George were standing near the starboard wheel-house, looking over the side; and when Bob came up he found that they were watching their partner, who was trying to get one of the steamer's boiler deck-boats into the water. Some one had evidently been there before him, with the same object in view, for the railing was cut away, and the bow of the yawl was hanging out over the side, so that a strong push was all that was needed to send her into the river. It was fortunate that such was the case, for the fire was so hot, and the smoke so dense and stifling, that no one could stay there two minutes and live.

Mr. Scanlan seemed to be courting death by staying there half so long. The flames flew into his face, scorching his hair and whiskers, and now and then thick clouds of smoke would roll over him, completely hiding him from view. He threw the long painter up to Mr. Black, pushed the boat overboard, and, with Bob's help and George's, climbed back to the hurricane deck. He ran to the opposite side of the boat to obtain a breath of fresh air, wiped the smoke from his eyes, brushed off the sparks of fire that clung to his clothing, and hurried to the assistance of Mr. Black, who, by walking along the deck, was drawing the boat toward the fore-castle, where some of the passengers and crew had retreated out of reach of the flames.

No language can describe what Bob saw when he looked down upon that fore-castle. He never forgot

it: it troubled his sleep for many a night afterward. Men, women, and children were gathered there; some crouching timidly at the foot of the jackstaff, watching the fire, which was rapidly approaching them, and others running frantically about searching for missing relatives or friends, or shrieking with terror, and appealing for the help which never came. Strong men fought for the possession of a plank or chair, and some jumped recklessly into the water, seized upon the first object that came within reach, which was oftentimes a fellow-being struggling desperately for his life, and held on with a death-grip until both went out of sight together.

Bob took it all in at a glance, and then turned his attention to the yawl, which Mr. Black had by this time drawn up to the fore-castle. The frightened men shouted with delight when they saw it. A general rush was made for it, in spite of the remonstrances of Mr. Black, who called frantically for somebody to keep the crowd back, assuring them that, if they would only act like reasonable beings, there was time enough to save every soul on board the boat. But the crowd on the fore-castle paid not the slightest attention to him. Probably they never heard his voice at all. They ran in a body toward the yawl, which in a minute more would have been filled so full that she would have sunk beneath her load, had it not been for an unlooked-for incident that happened just then.

The first to reach the boat were a couple of firemen, one of whom jerked the painter from Mr. Black's grasp, while the other put his shoulder against the side, and with one strong push sent the yawl far away from the burning steamer. It was a cruel disappointment to those who were left behind, and the panic among them was greatly increased. As for the pilots, they could scarcely contain themselves. They stamped about the deck and implored and commanded, but all to no purpose. Their words fell upon deaf ears.

'Is there no one below there who has a pistol?' shouted Mr. Scanlan. 'If there is, let him shoot them—shoot them down like dogs! Come back here! There's time enough to save you and all the rest!'

But the firemen did not come back. They pulled straight for the shore, and when they reached it, they sprang out and ran up the bank. The yawl, which they did not attempt to secure, swung around broadside to the shore, and floated off with the current.

'Now it is time for us to look out for ourselves,' said Mr. Black, as a gust of wind brought a thin tongue of flame up from below, and sent it curling across the deck. 'Come on, all of us. Where's Bob?'

'Why, I saw him here just as those men ran off with the yawl,' replied George. 'But he doesn't seem to be in sight now. What shall I do if he has deserted me? Bob, where are you?'

No answer was returned, and Bob was not to be seen. He was gone, and the pilots could not stop to look for him, for their own situation was becoming dangerous in the extreme. The boat was burned nearly in two, and portions of the hurricane deck were falling in every moment. They would run a great risk by going down among those frightened

people on the fore-castle, for they could not swim, and if they found anything to serve as a life-preserver, some one would be sure to take it away from them. Their only way of escape was by the derrick at the stern. With one accord they hastened toward it, the deck bending and smoking under their feet, and seizing the guys that supported the derrick, they swung themselves down to the after-guard.

And where was Bob all this while? He was safe, and exerting himself to prevent further loss of life among the passengers and crew. We said he was inexperienced, and needed an example to wake him up and show him what ought to be done. He had two good ones in Mr. Black and Mr. Scanlan. He wanted to assist them in some way, but he did not know how to go about it until he saw the cowardly firemen running off with the yawl; then he decided upon his course in an instant. He knew that the men intended to make the best of their way to the shore, and that they would have no further use for the boat after they got there. If he could only secure the yawl after they abandoned it, he might be able to bring it back to the steamer in time to save somebody. He ran to the side and looked over. The river at that moment happened to be clear of people, and Bob jumped off without hesitation. It was a high leap from the hurricane-deck to the water, but he took it with perfect confidence, and when he arose to the surface struck out vigorously for the shore.

The current carried him down the stream in spite of all his efforts to prevent it, but this proved to be a point in his favour; for by the time he had accomplished half the distance he had to swim, the firemen had reached the bank and deserted the yawl, which was now floating slowly down the river. The current carried it at about the same rate of speed that it carried the swimmer, so that she happened to be at the very point where he touched the shore.

To climb into the boat, discard his dripping coat, which prevented the free use of his arms, catch up the oars, and turn the yawl's head toward the burning vessel, was the work of but a few seconds. He laid out all his strength, but the current was strong, the boat too heavy to be easily propelled by one person, and she seemed to move through the water at a snail's pace.

Bob soon became aware that he was seen, and that his approach was awaited with no little anxiety and impatience. Entreaties, commands, and offers of heavy rewards, were addressed to him; but he was doing his best already, and the promise of millions of money and the prospect of saving every imperilled life, would not have added to his strength or powers of endurance. He knew that the yawl would not carry all the men and women on the fore-castle, and his first thought was of the three pilots. If he could save them, the work of saving the passengers and crew would be comparatively easy, for they would know just how to go about it. He had seen them all on the hurricane-deck when he was climbing into the boat, but they were not to be seen there now. The steamer was so nearly in ruins that it did not seem possible that any one could live on her much longer, and Bob, alarmed for the safety of his friends, ceased his efforts at the oars, and stood up in the



Bob pulling off to the burning vessel.

boat to look for them. To his great joy he saw three heads bobbing up and down in the water near the stern of the steamer, and one of them he was sure he recognised.

'Hold out just a minute longer, George!' he shouted. 'I'm coming!'

Bob sprang to his oars with redoubled energy, and pulled to the rescue of the young pilot, unmindful of the cries and entreaties of those on the fore-castle,

who saw that he was rowing away from them. He reached the steamer in a few minutes, but looked in vain for his friend. He pulled around the stern of the boat several times, and eagerly scanned the river in every direction, but not a living being was to be seen. Convinced, at last, that he had been mistaken, and hoping to find George and the two pilots among those on the fore-castle, Bob pulled around the steamer again, and, fully sensible of the danger he was about

to encounter, stopped a few feet from the guards, on which were gathered fifty or more frightened people, all pushing and crowding one another, and calling to him to bring the yawl nearer.

'Go back, every one of you!' shouted Bob. 'Come one at a time, and I will save you all!'

'Bring that boat up closer!' cried several voices in concert.

'I'll not come an inch nearer until you all go back!' yelled Bob, in reply. 'Let the women and children get in first. I can take them ashore and come back in time to save the rest of you. Why don't you stop shouting, and pushing, and listen to what I am saying to you?' screamed Bob, who saw that not the least attention was paid to his words. 'Go back, I say!'

But he might as well have appealed to so many stumps or rocks. His arguments would have made just as much impression upon them. While he was talking he gave a stroke or two with his oars, now and then, to keep the yawl from drifting down the stream, and once in his excitement he sent the bow of his craft altogether too close to the steamer for safety. He saw his mistake on the instant, but it was too late to correct it, for his boat was half full of men and women before he had time to think twice. They jumped in on top of one another; those who fell into the water and were able to reach the gunwales began to climb in over the sides, and Bob was borne down, and held, as though a mountain had fallen on him.

He struggled desperately to free himself, for something told him that the boat was sinking. Feeling himself relieved, for one instant, of the immense weight that held him down, he managed to get upon his feet, and, catching up an oar, sprang overboard just as the water began to pour in over the sides of the yawl. Remembering Mr. Scanlan's words of warning, he struck out vigorously to put a safe distance between himself and the drowning people, and was frightened almost out of his senses when he saw a powerful man spring out of the yawl, and make the most strenuous efforts to seize him. As quick as thought Bob thrust the blade of his oar into the outstretched hands, which closed upon it with a grasp of iron.

(To be continued.)

FROM EGYPT TO INDIA.

IT was Easter Sunday, and a gala-day at Suez. There was firing of guns and pistols, blowing of trumpets, beating of drums, and jingling of donkey-bells. All the flags in town were displayed. Ordinarily the Christians of the Latin Church in Eastern countries work on the Sabbath, but on this occasion, in commemoration of the resurrection of the Saviour, they had a jolly time. It was a day for feasting, dancing, and general revelry. On Friday and Saturday the flags were at half-mast, because on those days Christ lay in the tomb; but on the dawn of Easter Sunday they were run up to mast-head, to signify that He had risen.

The resident population of Suez are mainly Arabs, and of course Mohammedans. Last week they had one of the yearly fasts commanded by the Koran.

No food—not a crumb of bread nor a drop of water, not a whiff of smoke even—could pass their lips between sunrise and sunset. The tongue might be parched, fever might rage in the blood, they might fall by the roadside from sheer exhaustion, but nothing could be taken. Fasting with the Mussulman is no sham; not a closing of the shop in accordance with the proclamation of the governor, and then having a good dinner and attending the theatre in the evening. Abdallah and Yusef believe that fasting means salvation. They believe and obey their Bible—the Koran. They are consistent.

But evidences are not wanting to show that a change is taking place in the Mohammedan faith. Abdallah and Yusef take it into their heads to visit Paris—that Paradise of the West, of which they have heard so much. Here they put on full flowing trowsers of yellow satin, a pink sash of finest silk, and a green robe fringed with ermine. Morning, noon, and night they bow towards Mecca, and ask the protection of the prophet. But in Paris they appear in pantaloons. When noon comes they find no place upon the crowded boulevard where they can spread their carpet for prayer; and when they enter the Jardin Mabille they forget all about Mecca. When they get back to Constantinople or Cairo they observe the sacred fasts with roast turkey and champagne, just as the governor's fast is observed in Boston. The world is moving in more senses than one; but where is it going to?

Suez is one of the half-way houses of the world. Every Sunday the town is kept in a bustle by the arrival and departure of steamers. In the morning we witness a rush of English passengers from Calcutta, which are sent off at nine o'clock to Alexandria. At noon another crowd arrives by the Bombay steamer, which are sent off to Alexandria in the evening: and following these two regiments of troops on their way home, after ten years' service in the East, accompanied by wives, sweethearts, and a young regiment of *infantry*, two hundred and eighty strong, born in India; and then, just before sunset, a train with passengers outward bound for the Bombay steamer.

It is hot weather, and the birds are flying north; and not more surely does summer bring the swallow from the south back to the shores of Old England than it calls home flocks of her people from India. A large proportion of those returning are women and children. Many of the children pale and sickly, reminding us of beans just peering above ground, as colourless as potato-sprouts in a cellar. They would be weak and puny were they to remain in the East, but the fresh air, roast beef, and ale of England, will make a wonderful transformation in a few months.

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

XXXIV.—THE UNITED STATES.

THESE comprise the largest English-speaking community upon the globe. It is impossible for an English man or English boy to think of the rapid growth of the United States without admiration and pride. What the American Union will come to, what sort of appearance it will present to an

astonished world before the youngest reader of *Chatterbox* has to peer through his spectacles, it is not possible to guess. Let the world be thankful that this young Colossus of nations is a giant of freedom and progress, and that its ample arms are large enough to embrace and shelter all mankind.

The United States extend from ocean to ocean, and from the Great Canadian lakes to Mexico. The total area is more than three millions of square miles. As you pass westward from the Atlantic shores you travel at first on low level plains, with here and there estuaries, occasional swamps, tracts of sand, and a pleasant variety of pastures and woodlands. Then comes a chain, or chains, of mountain, after which the surface slopes down to the Mississippi, the biggest river in the world.

Here, too, are boundless prairies and dense forests.

Then we come to the Rocky Mountains, which are the same chain as that we described in Chili and Peru under the name of Andes. Here the ground seems to lose its fertility, and becomes a desert. Beyond the Rocky Mountains we reach 'the Great Basin,' as it is called, containing the States of Idaho, Utah, and others. On the other side of the Great Basin tower the peaks of the Nevada, which we have seen form the eastern bulwark of California.

The North-eastern States are called New England. It was on this coast the 'Pilgrim Fathers' landed in 1620. The snow was on the ground, the country was wild and desolate, and a long winter loomed darkly before them; but they knew no fear.

The most important of these six states (six of the stars in the star-spangled banner) is that of Massachusetts. The smallest is Rhode Island. Boston is by far the noblest city in New England. It is the great seat of the ice trade, and otherwise commercially important; but it has greater claims to a high position among American cities than its business. It is a very intellectual city. Near Boston is Bunker's Hill, where the American colonists beat King George's red-coats. Not far off is Cambridge; it is a place of education. Near this town Washington signed the famous declaration of independence.

Of the middle Atlantic States, New York is the most populous. Pennsylvania comes next. The city of New York is the largest city in America. It is called the 'Empire City,' and is a very fine place indeed. The hotels are immense, and look like palaces. Some will accommodate a thousand guests. The streets are wide—the shops and houses generally handsome. Those in the Fifth Avenue are superb. The wretched part of New York is called the Five Points, from five streets diverging from one place. The State capital is Albany, where is another university, and many booksellers' shops.

Philadelphia, the chief city of the State of Pennsylvania, is also a very large and noble city, regularly laid out, and handsome. Pennsylvania has its name from the famous Quaker, William Penn. He received a large grant of territory from Charles II., and purchased more from the Indians.

Maryland was so called from the Queen of Charles I.; and Delaware reminds us of that once powerful tribe from whom Penn bought land.

The largest of the Southern Atlantic and Gulf States is Texas. It means 'Plenty;' and it is

large and fruitful enough to sustain many millions of people. Virginia was named after the 'Virgin Queen,' Elizabeth. The Carolinas and Georgia are memorials of other English kings. Florida was so called because it was discovered on Palm Sunday (Pasqua florida).

Alabama means 'Here we Rest.' It was a good hunting-ground for the wanderers of a by-gone age. Louisiana was bought of Napoleon. Here is the great city of New Orleans. It is dangerous to the health of strangers. Texas is a wild, reckless place; but now the star-spangled banner floats over its vast plains, the Texans will soon feel they must be like other citizens, orderly and industrious. It was once part of Mexico, but became independent after the battle of San Jacinto in 1836, and was incorporated into the States in 1845.

Volumes might be written about the Western States, but space forbids. Ohio has oil-wells, and the beautiful Cincinnati, called 'the Queen of the West.' Michigan is rich in pine-woods and lakes. Kentucky has the biggest cavern in the world. Arkansas is a thinly-peopled prairie. Missouri boasts St. Louis, 'the Queen of the Mississippi valley,' a mean hamlet sixty years since—now a mighty place.

Between Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas is a square block, given up to the Indians. They have here happy hunting-grounds of ample size, and are well cared for. Illinois contains Chicago, the most rapidly-growing town in the world.

New Mexico was ceded to the States in 1848. Washington has given his name to the extreme North-western State. His name is also associated with the city where the Capitol is and the President lives. Near Washington is Mount Vernon, where the great patriot is buried.

The first English settlement in North America was at Jamestown in Virginia. Here may be seen the ruins of the first church. The French made a settlement in Canada about the same time, and the Dutch founded New York, and called it — Amsterdam.

Somewhat more than a century ago there were thirteen States belonging to England. The English Parliament, imposing taxes on the colonists, aroused the same feelings which had prompted the Pilgrim Fathers to quit the old country, and they resolved to resist. After a struggle of seven years England acknowledged the independence of those States. The bitterness which may have been felt in England at the time has long ago disappeared, and our country has the consolation of knowing that, if she was powerless to restrain the colonists, they are her own children, gifted with her own pluck and enterprise.

It is supposed that in forty years two millions of Englishmen leave their own crowded country to help to subdue the great American wilderness; and what that wilderness will be some day no one knows. It is a goodly land which God has blessed. 'There are no beggars in America,' says one traveller. 'I saw no poor men, except a few intemperate ones,' says another. The climate is splendid—the air wonderfully pure. The people are go-a-head. Everything seems rapid, express-train like; so much so that stories are told of men sitting on the safety-valve to make the steamer go yet more rapidly, yea, even at the risk of life and limb.



AMERICA. — The United States.



"Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry."

A CRADLE SONG.

LULLABY! O lullaby!
 Baby, hush that little cry!
 Light is dying,
 Bats are flying,
 Bees to-day with work have done:
 So, till comes the morrow's sun,
 Let sleep kiss those bright eyes dry!
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

Lullaby! O lullaby!
 Hushed are all things far and nigh;
 Flowers are closing,
 Birds reposing,
 All sweet things with life have done.
 Sweet, till dawns the morning sun,
 Sleep then kiss those blue eyes dry!
 Lullaby! O lullaby!

W. C. BENNETT.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 358.)

DON'T desert me, boy!' cried the man. 'Save me, and I will make you rich.'

'I'll do the best I can for you,' replied Bob; 'but listen to me, now, and don't try to take hold of me,' he added, quickly, seeing that the man was coming hand over hand toward his end of the oar. 'Go back, or I will leave you to take care of yourself.'

'This oar won't hold me up,' exclaimed the man, who, frightened as he was, could hear and understand every word Bob said to him.

'Yes, it will. Take hold of the blade and keep yourself off at arm's length, and I will tow you ashore.'

The man did not pay as much attention to his directions as the cub pilot had done, for he continued to work his way toward Bob's end of the oar, and finally reached out his hand to lay hold of his collar; but Bob was too quick for him. He went down like a piece of lead, and came up at the other end of the oar.

'Go back where you belong,' he shouted, as the man turned about and came toward him again. 'I don't want to desert you, but if you don't keep away from me I shall be obliged to do so.'

'This oar won't hold me up,' repeated the man in terrified tones.

'It won't if you try to climb on top of it, but it will if you just keep hold of it with your hands. As soon as I see something large enough to float you I will bring it to you.'

'Bob, is that you?' exclaimed a familiar voice.

Bob looked up in great surprise, but could see no one, for the smoke rolled over him in a thick cloud, completely shutting out the steamer from his view. But he heard a slight splashing in the water near him, and when the smoke lifted a little he discovered the cub pilot clinging to the rudder.

'Why, George,' he cried, 'how came you there?'

'I let myself down by this rope,' was the reply; and, as before, George did not seem to be in the least alarmed. 'The pilots and I went into the engine-room after some boards to serve as life-preservers, but it was so smoky in there I couldn't stay. They got some, but I didn't.'

'Where are they now?' asked Bob.

'Gone down the river on their boards. They tried to take me with them, but the current carried them off, and I couldn't swim after them. How am I ever going to get away from here?'

'I'll get you away, you may depend upon that,' was Bob's encouraging reply. 'Now, sir, I will give this oar up to you. Just keep your hands on it, as I told you, and it will float you.'

'O boy, don't leave me!' cried the man, as Bob let go the oar and struck out to his friend's assistance. 'Come back here and take care of me.'

'Uncle John!' cried George, in great amazement.

Uncle John (if it was he) was much too terrified to pay any attention to his nephew. He continued to call for Bob long after the smoke had concealed him from view, but the boy did not answer him. He knew that the man was in no danger, if he would only follow the instructions that had been given him, but it was not so with George. The latter had nothing to support him, and, when the fire came farther aft, and compelled him to let go his hold on the rudder (as it would in a very few minutes), that would be the last of him.

The young pilot felt perfectly safe when Bob came in sight, but even then he was not out of danger, for it was all Bob could do to reach him. He was obliged to swim some distance against a strong current in order to do it, and had the boat been ten feet farther away he would have failed in the attempt. As it was, he was entirely out of breath when he seized the hand George extended to him, and it was fully five minutes before he could speak to him. George saw that he was almost exhausted, and waited patiently for him to recover himself.

'Was that man your uncle?' said Bob, at length.

'What made you ask about him?' inquired George.

'Oh, I was just thinking,' said Bob, indifferently.

'Yes, and I can tell you what you were thinking about. You think it strange that he should want you to save him, and leave me to go down.'

'Oh, when men are as frightened as he was, they are not themselves,' replied Bob.

'There's something in that; but would you believe me if I were to say that, if he were the best swimmer in the world he would not try to save me if he saw me sinking?'

'No, I wouldn't,' replied Bob, promptly.

'Then I won't say so. Isn't it getting too hot and smoky here?'

Bob thought it was; and having by this time fully recovered his breath, he was ready to trust himself to the current again. George, being duly instructed, placed his hand upon his shoulder, allowed himself to swing back out of reach of Bob's arms, and in this way was towed from the burning steamer. Bob swam as straight across the river as the current would allow him to go, and at the end of twenty minutes seized some overhanging bushes on the bank. He helped George to climb out, and George in turn assisted him; for by this time Bob was nearly exhausted.

'What would have become of me if you hadn't been on the boat? This is the second time you have saved my life,' said George, gratefully.

'Shall I tell him who and what I am?' thought

Bob, as he seated himself on the ground, panting loudly. 'If he knew that I am a runaway and a thief—for I *am* a thief,' added Bob, whose recent experience seemed to have opened his eyes to some things to which he had been blind before—'if he knew that, would he ever speak to me again? Would he be so anxious to have me go home with him?'

Bob was in a very sober frame of mind just now. He had been near to death twice since he left home—how near no one knew except himself. On both occasions while he was towing George toward the shore he had overtaxed his strength, and it was all he could do to save himself and his new friend. During those moments of suspense it seemed to him that he lived over every hour of his life. He thought of his home and those he had left there as he had never thought of them before. It was right on the end of his tongue to say to the young pilot,—

'George, I have told you a pack of falsehoods. I have a home, three sisters, and as kind a father and mother as ever lived. I stole a hundred and sixty dollars and ran away so that I might spend the money for a breech-loading gun and a jointed fish-pole.'

How worthless these things seemed to Bob now! He would willingly have given up all hopes of ever owning them for just one look at his mother's face. He did not speak the words that arose to his lips, for he knew that in order to be consistent he must follow them up by going home and facing the consequences of his folly. He wasn't brave enough to do that then, but he did it afterward; and, besides, he made all the reparation in his power. He did it, too, at such cost to himself that every one who knew the circumstances was willing to forgive him.

CHAPTER XIV.—A SPECIMEN TRAPPER.

THE boys, warned by their recent narrow escape, sat on the bank in gloomy silence and watched the *Sam Kendall* as she was slowly consumed before their eyes. They noticed that her fore-castle was deserted now, and Bob shuddered when he asked himself how many of those he had seen there a short half-hour before had found a watery grave. Presently the flames blazed up brightly for a moment as the stern of the vessel floated off with the current. In a few minutes it disappeared around the bend.

'That's the last of the *Sam Kendall*,' said George, sadly; 'and, although I know that she was an unseaworthy old tub, I couldn't feel worse if I were compelled to stand by and see my own home burned up. Indeed she was my home—the only one I had.'

'Why, I thought you had a home in Texas, and that you are going back there?' said Bob.

'I am going back to Texas, but I am not going home. I wouldn't be welcome. There are two persons who would be glad if I should never show my face there again.'

'Who are they?' asked Bob.

'That man who wanted you to save him and let me go down is one of them, and his son, my cousin Ned, is the other. You see, my father died about four years ago, leaving all his property in trust to Uncle John, whom he appointed my guardian, and who was to take care of it until I became of age. Then he was to turn it over to me, less a certain sum

which was to be paid to him for his services. If anything happened to me, the property was all to go to my cousin, Ned.'

'Well?' said Bob, who now began to exhibit some interest in the narrative.

'Well, they want that property and have tried hard to get it. Uncle John tried to-night. You saw that a good many of the passengers were aroused from their sleep by the confusion that was created when I fell overboard, didn't you? Uncle John was not one of them.'

'What was the reason?'

'I will tell you what happened, and you can draw your own conclusions. While I was sitting on the boiler-deck railing watching that steamer, I heard a stealthy footstep behind me, and before I could turn around to see who was coming I felt a pair of hands on my back, and got a push that sent me overboard.'

'Do you mean to say that your uncle pushed you over?' demanded Bob, greatly amazed.

'That is just what I mean. You wondered that he would let me go so far from home! He would furnish me with money enough to take me to Europe if I asked him for it, and be glad to let me go. You see the more I travel the more danger I am in.'

'Well, you have one consolation,' said Bob, after thinking a moment. 'You've got money, and can have all the nice things you want.'

When Bob said 'nice things,' he meant breech-loading shot-guns, sail-boats, jointed fish-poles, and handsome saddle-horses.

'But I would change places to-night with any bootblack in St. Louis who has a home and a kind father and mother,' said George, earnestly. 'What surprises me is that not one boy in ten appreciates his blessings.'

'That's so,' thought Bob. 'You don't, for one. You have money and don't care for it. If I had it I shouldn't be here now. But what makes you think that your uncle wants to get rid of you?'

'I know it because he has shown it so plainly. Everybody in our neighbourhood knows what he is trying to do, and I have been warned more than once. I shouldn't be here now if I hadn't had somebody besides Uncle John to look out for me. Mr. Gilbert, our nearest neighbour, used to be one of father's herdsmen. He has exercised a fatherly care over me for years; and when I told him that I was going to leave home to become a pilot, he declared that it was the best thing I could do. I would be safer anywhere in the world, he said, than I was there in Texas.'

'Then I should think you would be afraid to go back,' said Bob, who now wished that George had not taken so great a liking to him. If he was in danger of his life, as his conversation seemed to imply, Bob did not want to go with him any nearer to Texas than he was at that moment. He did not so long for a life of adventure as he did a few days before.

'I am going back because Mr. Gilbert advises it,' replied George. 'I am going to have a new guardian appointed in Uncle John's place. He is selling off everything he can lay his hands on.'

(To be continued.)



TOWER ON THE WALLS OF CHESTER.

HERE is a picture of one of the round towers built by the Romans on the walls of the old city of Chester. The Roman architects chose this form as being best fitted to resist the force of battering-rams. In the day they were used as watch-towers, and as lodging-places at night, and in stormy weather they were a refuge for the sentinels, who kept constant watch in time of war.

The tower in the picture is called King Charles's tower, because from the top of it Charles I. saw his army defeated by the Parliamentary forces on Row-

ton Moor. It consists of two rooms. A door on the walls opens into the lower room, and the upper is approached by a flight of steps from the outside, leading into a small round chamber, with four windows, called the Council Chamber. Here Charles I. held a council before the battle, and from the leads outside he saw his army defeated. Chester, during the Civil War, remained loyal to the king, and, when besieged by the Parliamentary forces, the citizens only yielded when they had been so reduced by famine as to be obliged to feed upon horses, dogs, and cats.



The Last of the Mammoths.

The Romans had much to do with the building of this most interesting city. The walls which surround it rest on Roman foundations, and the curious 'rows' which run alongside and above the principal streets are by some believed to be of Roman origin. But many suppose that it was founded by the ancient Britons, and one old writer maintains that Leon Gawr, a giant in size and stature, built a city here, chiefly underground, and hewn out of the rock, which he called Caerlleon.

You have heard of the great and good King Alfred. His daughter Ethelfleda founded an abbey on the spot where the Cathedral of Chester now stands, and dedicated it to St. Werburgh. I must tell you who St. Werburgh was. In the days of the Saxons there were three queens, a Queen of Northumbria, a Queen of Kent, and a Queen of Mercia, who were in succession at the head of the great monastic house of Ely, and St. Werburgh was the granddaughter of one of them. Like them, she was devoted to good works, and when she died her remains were brought to Chester, and the abbey was built by Ethelfleda on the spot where she was buried.

The ancient Britons looked upon the river Dee, which flows by Chester, as a sacred stream. Up this river, in A.D. 971, the Saxon King Edgar was once rowed by eight princes to the monastery of St. John, where they landed; and there he received their oaths to be his faithful vassals, and to be ready to fight for him on land or sea.

In the seventeenth century Chester was visited by the plague, and on a curious and beautifully carved old house in Water-gate Street are inscribed the words, 'God's Providence is mine Inheritance,' which are said to have been carved there by the wish of the grateful owner in memory of his merciful deliverance.

M. H. F. DONNE.

CHESTER.

AS Liverpool is simply a commercial city, it was not particularly interesting to us, and we came on to Chester at once. This town is the oldest in England, having been settled by the Romans; and fragments of Roman buildings, monuments, and coins, are being constantly discovered.

Soon after we arrived we went to the Cathedral, built in the tenth century! 'Think of it! dream of it!' As it was Sunday, we entered to enjoy the service, and had the pleasure of hearing one of the celebrated preachers of England. The effect to me was like a dream; none of us could realise it; and the grand and imposing music, taken in connexion with the antiquity of the place, produced a most singular effect upon the mind: the modern costume, the dress-coats and bonnets by which we were surrounded, seemed entirely out of place in this time-honoured building. After the congregation left, the verger—of course for a consideration—showed us through the noble cathedral, pointing out its various objects of interest. In the crypt we gazed about among vaults and pits, looking to each other, in the 'dim religious light,' like so many ghosts. We afterwards passed through the cloisters, then out into the sunlight, where the monks lie buried. I gathered some leaves from the

rich masses of ivy which almost cover the venerable walls. In the afternoon we walked on the old wall which surrounds the city, and came to one of the towers, from the top of which Charles I. is said to have witnessed the defeat of his army by Cromwell, at the battle of Rowton Moor. I made a sketch of it, also of another, covered with ivy, and as beautiful as possible, with the River Dee in the distance, and the mountains of Wales beyond.

The whole place is exceedingly interesting to us; the old houses are so singular, with their overhanging gables and carved fronts—so old, and yet so new to us. In one street we passed through a sort of arcade formed by the second stories of the houses projecting over the side-walk; here were the principal shops. During the great plague one house only escaped its ravages; it is still standing, and bears the inscription, 'God's Providence is mine Inheritance.'

On the next day we visited Eton Hall, the seat of the Marquis of Westminster, the most magnificent place, it is said, in England. As we drove for three miles through the grounds to this splendid residence we saw the deer under the wide-spreading oaks, while the pheasants and rabbits in the grass were as tame as hens. I can give you no idea of the splendour of the place: we entered first the hall, which is about fifty feet square, and around which are placed in niches suits of armour; one of a Crusader in chain-mail, the rest in plate armour. In the dining-room and library are some pictures by Rubens, and several family portraits by Reynolds, West, Hopner, and Gainsborough—those by the last two are capital.

THE EXTINCTION OF ANIMALS.

NO new kinds of animals have come into existence, as far as we know, since the appearance of human beings in the world, though many species have become extinct, or died out; and this process of extinction, or dying out, is always going on with those creatures which are only objects of the chase, unless some means are taken to preserve them. The bison of North America will probably be an extinct animal at no very distant period, as their numbers are rapidly diminishing through the constant destruction of them, both by the Indians and the white men. But it takes a long time for any species of wild animal to become totally extinct, unless it is confined to an island, for when it has died out in one country it may exist for thousands of years in some secluded spot, quite unknown to the civilised portion of mankind.

Though we know from the discoveries made in England and France that men lived in these countries at the same period with the mammoth, rhinoceri, and other huge quadrupeds, the Greeks and Romans, the only historians of Europe in the ages preceding the Christian era, had no tradition of such creatures ever being inhabitants of this continent; and whenever they found bones of unusually large size concluded they must be those of giants, and constructed wonderful skeletons out of them, as in the instance of one that was shown at Crete, and which was said to be that of Orion, the giant. Sicily was believed to have been the abode of the Cyclopes, a race of gigantic smiths, who forged the thunderbolts of Jupiter, and

when some huge bones were discovered at Palermo it was immediately supposed that they were those of their king, Polyphemus, himself, and from their size it was calculated that he was about four hundred feet high. There can be no doubt that in every instance mentioned by ancient authors of the discovery of the colossal bones of giants or heroes, that the remains were really those of mammoths, or extinct elephants. In later times, the discovery was itself the origin of a story of a giant. In 1577 an oak was uprooted at Lucerne, and beneath it were found some bones of enormous size, and Pläten, a physician of that place, constructed the skeleton of a man, nineteen feet high, out of them. Proud of their supposed gigantic countryman, the citizens adopted the figure of a giant as one of the supporters of the arms of Lucerne, and preserved the skeleton with the greatest care. But one hundred and forty years afterwards, Blumenbach, the anatomist, proved that the bones were those of a species of elephant, and thus ruthlessly destroyed the faith of the good Swiss people in their monstrous hero: but the effigy of the giant supports the arms of the city to the present hour. In the last century, the tusks of elephants found on the Continent were always supposed to be those of animals which had been brought over from Africa by Hannibal during his Roman wars.

The first mammoth in an entire condition, with the skin and hair on, was found in Siberia, at the mouth of the Lena, in 1799, and since then others have been discovered. In 1846, Beckendorff, an engineer in the Russian service, was exploring the river Indigirka in a small iron steamer. The summer had been very hot, and had thawed the frozen marshes which covered the country at each side of the stream, floating great quantities of logwood down to the sea. As the exploring party sailed slowly up the river, they saw what appeared to be a large mass of brushwood moving up and down with the water, a short distance from their vessel. A hunter amongst the party said it must be the carcass of some animal; when, just as Beckendorff had pointed it out, it sank, but rose again close to the boat. In his own words, 'A black, horrible, giant-like mass, was thrust out of the water, and we beheld a colossal elephant's head, armed with mighty tusks, with its long trunk moving in the water in an unearthly manner, as though seeking for something lost therein. Breathless with astonishment, I beheld the monster, hardly twelve feet from me, with his half-open eyes yet showing the whites.' Having secured the body with a rope, Beckendorff proceeded to examine it. 'Picture to yourself,' he says, 'an elephant, with a body covered with thick fur, about thirteen feet in height and fifteen in length, with tusks eight feet long, and curving outwards at the ends; a stout trunk, six feet in length; colossal limbs of a foot and a half in thickness, and a tail naked up to the end, which was covered with thick, tufty hair. The animal was fat and well grown; death had overtaken him in the fulness of his powers. His large, parchment-like ears, lay turned up over the shoulders and head. About the shoulders and back he had stiff hair about a foot in length, like a mane. The long outer hair was deep brown, and coarsely rooted. Under the outer hair there appeared everywhere a wool, very soft, warm, and thick, and of a fallow-brown colour; the giant was well protected against

the cold. The whole appearance of the animal was fearfully strange and wild. It had not the shape of our present elephant. As compared with the Indian elephant, its head was rough, but the trunk and mouth were much larger. The teeth were very powerful. Our elephant is an awkward animal, but compared with this mammoth, it is an Arabian steed to a coarse, ugly dray-horse.' After examining every part, Beckendorff allowed the carcass to drift down the river, but he had secured a part of the stomach, and found that the creature had lived on young fir-cones and the young shoots of the fir and pine.

Now this monster most likely met his death by sinking into the deep snow in the marshes, and unable to extricate himself, from his enormous weight, was frozen over, and may have lain there for ages, until an exceptionally hot summer melted the ice deep enough to release the body. But when we remember that the interior of Siberia was unknown, even to the Tartars and Chinese, until the Mongols invaded it in the thirteenth century, it will be seen that mammoths may have continued to exist in that inhospitable region, though in very small numbers, many centuries after they had become extinct throughout the rest of the world. And it is remarkable that the Chinese and Siberians never supposed that the bones were those of giants, but said that they belonged to a huge animal that lived in the earth like the mole. Siberia was very thinly peopled, and there were but few hunters to molest these gigantic animals, and the pines and the fir-trees would supply them with abundance of food, so that long ages would elapse before the last of the mammoths perished.

The gigantic deer which once inhabited Britain and France continued to exist in Ireland after the species had disappeared from other countries; and the great mastodon of America appears to have survived to a still later period, for the Indians of the present day have traditions about it, and its form can be traced amongst the grotesque figures in the Aztec sculptures. The aurochs, or bison, once so numerous in our own country, must have been extinct here for two thousand years, whilst it still exists in Lithuania, and it is only two hundred years since there were beavers living in the streams of France. A. R.

THE CUNNING THRUSH.

THERE is much more intellect in birds than people suppose. An instance of this occurred the other day at a slate quarry belonging to a friend, from whom we have the narrative. A thrush, not aware of the explosive properties of gunpowder, thought proper to build her nest on a ridge of the quarry, in the centre of which they were constantly blasting the rock. At first she was very much disturbed by the fragments flying in all directions, but still she would not quit her chosen locality. She soon observed that a bell rang whenever a train of powder was about to be fired, and that at the notice the workmen retired to safe positions. In a few days, when she heard the bell, she quitted her exposed situation, and flew down to where the workmen sheltered themselves—dropping close to their feet. There she would remain until the explosion had taken place and then return to her nest.—*Bristol Observer*.



The Cunning Thrush. By HARRISON WEIR.



The Star-fish.



THE STAR-FISH.

WHEN walking on the sea-beach, you may often see a curious object lying on the sand, somewhat in the shape of a star with five rays. If you take it up it is quite limp and soft, and seems like a piece of semi-transparent jelly. Can such a creature feel? Does it move about? It cannot walk with its rays, and appears to have no means of swimming; but if you place it in a pool of salt water, you will soon see that it has both life and motion. It shoots out from the under-side a number of little suckers, like tiny legs, and with these it takes hold of the surface of the rock, and moves along rather as though it were swimming than walking. Its mouth is in the centre, and if it meets with a piece of tainted fish, it clasps it between its rays and crams it into its mouth. It feeds only on the refuse of the ocean, and so the star-fish acts a part in the water, something similar to that of the carrion crow on land. Thus everything created has its use, and serves some purpose in the economy of nature.

A. R.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 363.)

THIS was but one of the many topics of conversation which engrossed the attention of the two boys during the half hour that they stood there on the bank, beating their hands and stamping their feet to keep them warm, and even this was not carried on as connectedly as we have written it. They would talk awhile about the steamer (all they could see of her now was a bed of coals, which marked the spot where her bow was still hard aground), and speculate concerning the fate of her passengers and crew. Then they wished that Bob had a coat, and that they had some matches, so that they could start a fire; wondered how far away, and in what direction, the nearest house lay from them, and asked each other how long it would be before a boat would come along and pick them up, and, when she came, whether she would carry them up or down the river. Then there would be long intervals of silence, during which their very ideas seemed to freeze up, so that they could not talk at all. George had a good deal to say about himself, hoping that he might induce Bob to give him some scraps of his own history; but in this he was disappointed. Bob preferred to listen.

'This will never do,' exclaimed George, at length. 'I can't stand this any longer. I am getting so cold I can hardly talk plainly.'

'Where shall we go?' asked Bob. 'There may not be a house within ten miles of us.'

'I don't care where we go so long as we keep moving. Let's take a last look at the *Sam Kendall* and start out. I hope all the passengers and crew escaped with their lives.'

'So do I, but it is hardly probable. I could have saved every man, woman and child on that fore-castle, if I could only have made them listen to reason. You and I could have made half-a-dozen trips with the yawl between the vessel and the shore before she broke in two. Hark! Wasn't that the bark of a dog?'

The two boys listened a moment, and presently the sound that had attracted Bob's attention was repeated. It was so faint and far off that they could scarcely hear it, but it put new life into them.

'It is a dog, sure enough,' said George, 'and where there is a dog there must be a house somewhere about. Let's see if we can find him.'

With a farewell glance at the glowing bed of coals that pointed out the wreck of the steamer, the boys crawled to the top of the bank and turned their faces in the direction from which the barking of the dog sounded. They had undertaken a task of considerable difficulty, as they found before they had gone many yards, for the woods were so thick and dark that even Bob, who could find his way in the night almost as well as he could in the daytime, was often at fault. The distant watch-dog was accommodating enough to give a yelp or two for their guidance every few minutes, but they did not seem to be drawing any nearer to him, and finally the animal, as if dissatisfied with the slow progress they were making, became silent.

Bob led the way for a mile or more, and when at length he and his companion became so weary and disheartened that they talked strongly of giving it up as a hopeless task, and sitting down and waiting until daylight came, they worked their way out of a dense thicket through which they had been stumbling for the last ten minutes, and found themselves in a smooth, well-beaten path. They made more rapid headway after this, and when they had gone a few rods farther, Bob announced that he could see a faint light shining through the bushes. It looked to him, he said, as though it was shining through cracks between logs; and if that was the case there must be a house close at hand. Believing that they had stumbled upon the home of the watch-dog, and that he might not like it if he and George approached his master's dwelling without giving some notice of their presence, Bob halted in the path and shouted out the warning so familiar to every one who has travelled through the rural districts of the South,—

'Hallo the house! Don't let your dogs bite!'

It was well that Bob was thoughtful enough to take this precaution, for he had scarcely finished his hail when a chorus of hoarse yelps and growls arose out of the darkness. At the same instant a loud rustling among the leaves and bushes told them that they had aroused, not one dog, but a dozen, and that they were coming. They had nothing with which to defend themselves, and it would have been of no use to run, even if they could have seen which way to go. In a moment more they would have been surrounded by the fierce animals; but just then a door was jerked open, a flood of light streamed out into the darkness, and a bare-headed and bare-footed man appeared with a club in his hand.

'Begone, ye brutes!' he shouted, throwing his club

into the midst of the pack, which scattered right and left, and concealed themselves in the bushes. 'Come on, strangers, whoever ye be; they won't pester ye. Some more of the *Kendall's* passengers, I reckon?' he added, when the boys came up. 'I reckoned so, 'kase one on ye has got no coat on.'

'Yes, we were on the *Kendall* when she was burned. Have you seen any of the passengers or crew?' asked George, hoping that, if he had, Mr. Black and Mr. Scanlan might be among the number.

'Yes, I picked up one, an' I might have saved more if I had only had a boat. I used to be a right peart swimmer in my young days, but the rheumatiz an' ager pester me so bad that I can't go into the water no more. Howsomever, when I stood thar on the bank an' heard somebody a calling, I jest jumped in and jerked him out.'

'I am glad you were able to do that much,' said Bob, when the old man paused, as if to give the boys an opportunity to say something in praise of the deed he had performed.

'I shan't be able to walk agin fur a month, I know,' continued the man. 'He's in the house now, takin' a wink of sleep, an' restin' while his clothes is dryin'.'

'What sort of a looking man is he?' asked George.

'Oh, he's a chunky, good-lookin', grey-whiskered an' grey-headed—'

'That's enough,' said George, with a deep sigh of regret. 'It isn't either of my friends, for they are not grey-headed. May we go in and sit by your fire?'

'Yer as welcome as the flowers in May. Sorry I've not got a bed to offer ye, but that fellar's got the only one I own.'

'We are greatly obliged to you, but we don't want a bed. We only want to stay long enough to get dry and warm, and then we'll strike out. I am anxious to find my partners. How far is White River Landing from here by the road—if there is one?'

'A matter of ten miles, an' ye can't miss the way.'

The boys followed the old man into the cabin, and Bob, who was in advance of George, looked about to find the passenger who had been rescued by their host. He was lying on the floor, in the darkest corner of the room, wrapped up in a tattered blanket, and his clothes were drying in front of the fire. A couple of stakes had been driven into the dirt-floor, and the garments were hung upon them. As Bob looked at the man, he was sure that he saw him turn his face to the wall and draw the blanket over his head. He merely noticed the act, but thought nothing of it.

The building in which the boys now found themselves was a log cabin, built in the most primitive style. There was a roaring fire on the hearth, which threw out so bright a light that everything in the interior could be plainly seen. The cabin looked as poverty-stricken as the owner, and he looked worse than Godfrey Evans. It was destitute of every comfort; the only things in the shape of furniture that the boys could see being a rifle, resting on a couple of pegs over the door, an axe leaning in one corner,

and a battered coffee-pot, frying-pan, and a few tin dishes, which were piled promiscuously in one another. The sight of the coffee-pot suggested something to Bob. 'George,' said he, 'don't you think a cup of hot coffee would be very refreshing?'

'It's not to be had in this yere ranche, stranger,' said the old man, quickly. 'Ye see I've had no luck yet. It's just a trifle too 'arly in the season.'

'Luck!' repeated George.

'Yes. I kalkerlate to have a right smart chance o' trappin' here on the sunk lands just as soon as cold weather sets in in 'arnest.'

As the old man said this he went out to bring in another stick of wood for the fire, and George turned and looked at Bob without speaking. 'Oh, I know what you are thinking about,' said the latter. 'You want to know how I would like to live like this.'

'That's just it,' replied George. 'How would you? This man is a fair specimen of a professional trapper. You can see that he is ragged and dirty, and that he has nothing to wear on his head or his feet. He talks about cold weather setting in in earnest! What will he do then? If he doesn't starve he'll freeze. I'll warrant he's hungry now,' added George; and to prove it he said to the man when he came in, 'If you can't give us a cup of coffee, can you dish us up something to eat? Anything, no matter what it is.'

'Sorry I can't do it, stranger,' was the reply. 'I eat the last of my bacon a week ago.'

'What in the world does he live on, then?'

asked Bob, when the old man had gone out after another stick of wood.

George pointed silently toward the corner in which the pots and pans were stowed. Bob looked, and saw there about half a peck of corn in the ear. Parched corn was all the old man had to eat now that his bacon was gone. What his dogs lived on was a mystery. Bob took another look around the cheerless hovel, thought of the comfortable home he had so recklessly left, and asked himself if this was the wild, free, and glorious life that he had wasted so many hours in dreaming about.

As there were no chairs in the cabin the boys were obliged to hold their clothes in front of the fire in order to dry them. While they were thus engaged they talked over their plans, and made up their minds just what they would do—or rather George laid the plans and Bob agreed to them. They conversed in low tones, so as not to disturb the sleeping passenger, and kept their eyes directed toward his corner more than half the time, hoping that he would turn over, and give them a view of his face, for they wanted to see who he was; but he did not move more than two or three times while they were in the cabin, although Bob was sure that he once detected him in the act of turning his head slightly as if to hear what they were saying. If George had seen it his suspicions might have been aroused.

After Bob had wrung the water out of his clothes, he did not neglect to overhaul the contents of his money belt. He had examined them while he and George were changing their wet clothing in the latter's state-room on board the steamer, and then they were found to be all right, the precautions he

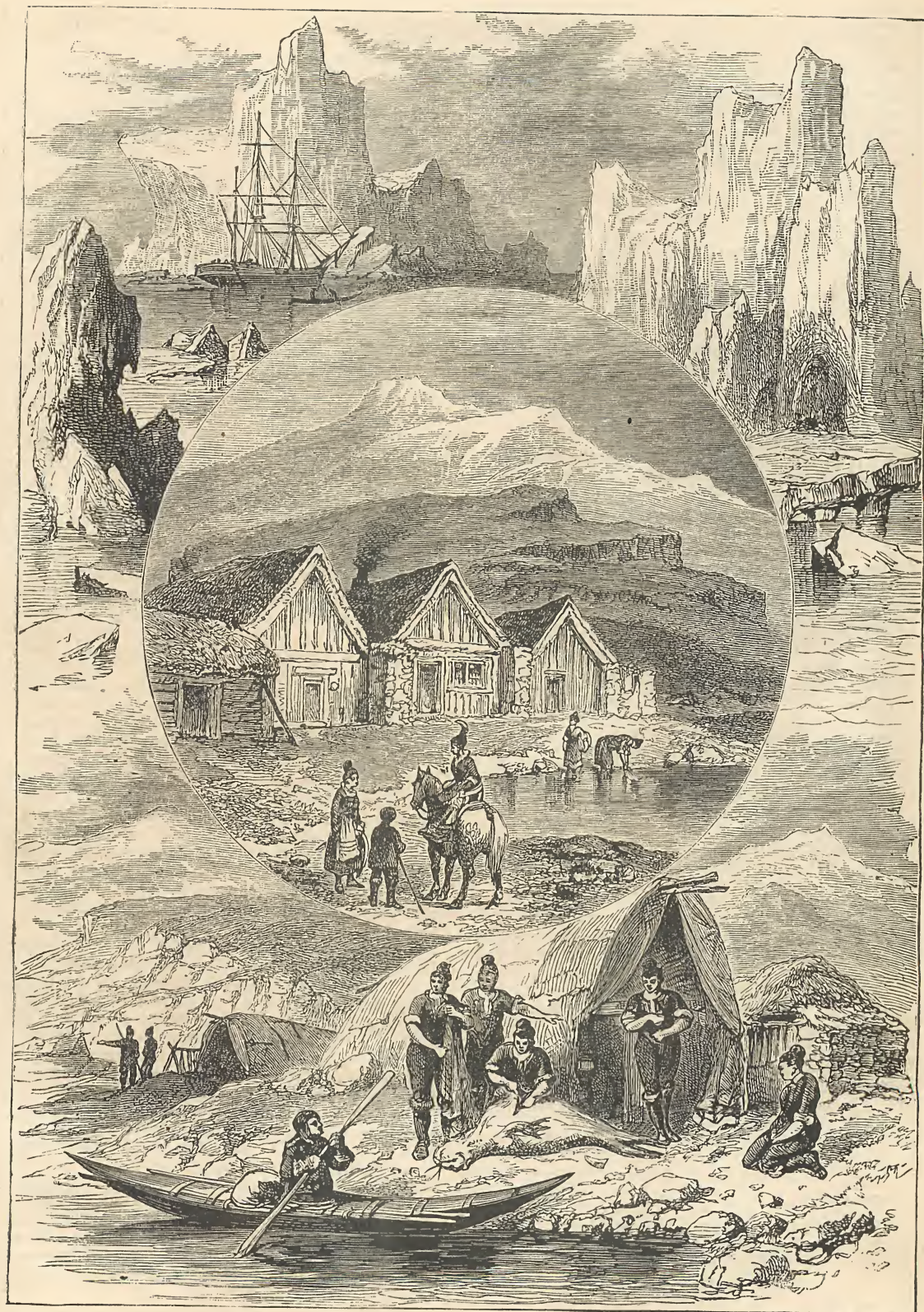


"Hallo the house! Don't let your dogs bite!"

had taken having proved amply sufficient to protect the bills from injury. Of course some of them were wet, but they were not defaced. He had then, in accordance with George's advice, put all the bills into his belt; and after wrapping the oiled silk around them, he had further protected them by inclosing them in a roll of thick brown paper. This made rather a bulky package to go into his belt, but the bills were effectually protected, as he found

when he examined them by the light of the trapper's fire.

'It is lucky that you are so wealthy, Bob,' said the young pilot, after they had satisfied themselves that the money was not injured, 'or I don't know what we should do. Mr. Black pays me twenty-five dollars a-month for steering for him, but even if we should find him, which I don't much expect to do, I couldn't get any money from him, for



AMERICA. — Greenland.

he will have to go to St. Louis before he can collect any himself. I could get all we need by writing to my friends in Texas, but it would take two weeks at least to get an answer from them, and where would we find food and shelter in the meantime?

'We might be fortunate enough to run across your uncle somewhere,' said Bob. 'He'll be picked up by the first boat that goes up or down the river, if he held fast to that oar, and did as I told him.'

'I certainly hope he has been picked up long before this time,' replied George. 'But he wouldn't give me my money.'

'Why, I thought you said he would give you enough to take you to Europe!'

'So he would; but he wouldn't give me a red cent to take me home. He doesn't want me there. I'll go, all the same, if you will stand by me.'

'I will,' replied Bob, promptly.

At the end of an hour the boys were thoroughly dried and warmed. By this time the day began to dawn, and they made ready to start for White River Landing. After they had received particular directions from the trapper in regard to the road they were to follow they presented him with a five-dollar bill, which Bob, at George's suggestion, had kept out of his money-belt for this purpose, and without waiting to hear his expressions of gratitude, bade him good-bye and left the cabin.

No sooner had the sound of their footsteps died away than the rescued passenger threw aside the blanket that enveloped him, and sat up on his hard couch. 'Say, you,' he exclaimed, roughly addressing the old man, who stood in front of the fire turning the greenback over and over in his hands as if to satisfy himself that it was genuine, 'are my clothes dry yet?'

'I reckon they be,' replied the host, feeling the garments, one after the other. 'I've 'tended to 'em purty close.'

'Then hand them to me and go out on the bank, and hail the first boat that goes down the river. So George is going to take that fellow to Texas and make a brother of him, is he?' continued the passenger, as the old man hurried from the cabin to obey his order. 'I think not. If either of them gets there after what I have heard, it will be my own fault.'

Just then the whistle of a steamer echoed through the woods, and a few minutes afterward the old man burst into the cabin, exclaiming,—

'I've stopped her. She's the *Silver Moon*, an' hove in sight just as I reached the bank. She's roundin' to, now.'

The passenger hurried on his clothes, and without stopping to thank the old man for the services he had rendered him rushed out of the cabin. Reaching the bank just as the *Silver Moon's* gang-plank was being shoved out, he boarded the vessel, which came about, and resumed her journey toward New Orleans.

(To be continued.)



A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXXV.—GREENLAND.



GREENLAND is the first part of the American continent reached by Europeans, that is, if we consider Iceland part of Europe, for an Icelander discovered the shores of Greenland in the year 981, and a colony was formed which prospered for a long time and then disappeared. Greenland seemed to be an unknown land to Europeans generally, until John Davis reopened it in June, 1585.

Though he saw it in the summer, he called it the 'Land of Desolation.' He sailed up to the Arctic circle, and meeting bad weather he returned. A second voyage was made next year in a tiny vessel of thirty-five tons. In 1587 he went a third time, with two ships of larger size, but nothing of importance was done. Then the Danish monarch tried his hand, but beyond a few sounds, bays, and rivers being discovered and named, nothing was done. Then came old Baffin, pilot to Master Bylot, in the ship *Discovery*. The instructions said, 'You, William Baffin, keep along the coast up fretum Davis until you come toward the height of 80°, if the land will give you leave.' Baffin saw some natives who pointed to the sun. They meant, 'Did you sailors not drop from that bright orb?' Baffin sailed up to Smith's Sound and Lancaster's Sound, and returned safely; 'for which and all other blessings,' said the pious seaman, 'the Lord make us thankful.' Charles I. despatched another sailor, named Fox, to Greenland. Fox carried with him an autograph letter to the Emperor of Japan. It was then, and long after, believed there was a near cut to Asia by going round the top of North America. To settle this question, many expeditions have gone forth, and many valuable lives were lost ere it became quite clear there is no practicable North-west Passage from Europe to Asia. These several voyages have thrown open much land that would otherwise have remained for ever unseen by mortal eyes.

Greenland itself is an ice-locked continent. From January to July its 'icy mountains' and deeply indented coasts cannot be approached by reason of a broad margin of heavy ice. While this cuts the Greenlander off from the society of Europeans, it confers on him no small benefits. It brings within his reach innumerable seals and many bears, together with a valuable supply of driftwood from Siberia. Every now and then, too, there is the wreck of a timber ship; and these supplies are all the Greenland housekeeper is likely to obtain, except what his own stunted birches, willows, and mountain-ashes may provide him.

The whole extent of the coast is fringed with islets, and the scenery is backed by moss-clad hills with lofty mountains behind. The villages, such as they are, generally stand on the sunny side of the bay. Here men live, and enjoy happiness too. The Danes have all the trade. There are about a thousand of them

scattered up and down the shore, and they barter European goods for oil and skins. About 150 years ago an excellent man, named Hans Egede, settled in this inhospitable land for a better purpose than trade. He went there to teach the Esquimaux how Christians ought to live. And many of those odd people have learned the story of the Cross, and know how to read and write. These good teachers are Moravians. Captain McClintock visited one of the churches. It has a barrel-organ, and the hymn-books are in the Esquimaux language. The clergyman was born there, and his wife is the only European woman in the colony.

The most northern home of civilised man is Uppernivik. It must be almost too much for him. A certain island not so far north, named Jan Mayen, was tenanted by seven hardy seamen one winter. They were supplied with all the necessities of life, yet they all perished.

An Esquimaux can live where an Englishman would die. He was born on the soil, and he has discovered how to fight, and live through, cold and darkness.

An Esquimaux is a strange-looking creature. He has a face which you would call plain, long black hair, and a ridiculous dress. 'The most wonderful things in an Esquimaux woman's dress,' says an Arctic voyager, 'are her boots, which come up higher than a fisherman's, and are nearly as large round as her body. These boots are her pockets, her tool-chests, and her larder. If anything was stolen it was generally found in a lady's boot.' As for this lady's husband, he is, unfortunately, a great hand at cribbing. When Captain Ross was laughing at the strange antics of some dancing Esquimaux, others were improving the time by stealing the Captain's best telescope, a case of razors, and a pair of scissors.

Greenland has a long dreary winter to endure, but her darkness is often irradiated by lovely arches of light, single, double, or even five-fold. These 'northern streamers' are often attended with a crackling, rustling sound, like a shower of hail, or a flag flapping in a high wind.

We can hardly leave Greenland and complete our tour of the world without paying a brief visit to King William Island, where the sad relics of Sir John Franklin's party were found.

A paper was discovered by Lieutenant Hobson, containing almost the most touching story we ever read. The paper told two tales. It was a printed form, with blanks left for dates, &c. It was signed by Graham Gore and C. F. Des Vaux, officers. And it said, 'All's well.' It was dated May 28, 1847.

But round the edge of this paper another hand wrote, on the 25th April, 1848, a very different tale. It said Sir J. Franklin was dead; also nine officers and fifteen men; the ships were deserted; and the whole party of 105 survivors, homeless and friendless, were going to start the next day for the Fish River. In this sad march every man perished. As an old Esquimaux woman said, from what she had seen or heard, 'they fell down and died as they walked along.' Where this letter was found there were tatters of clothes and articles of all sorts strewn about the dreary earth. A large boat was also found, and in it portions of two human skeletons. There were five watches, two double-barrelled guns, and nails, saws, silver

spoons, forks, &c. Also the *Vicar of Wakefield* and several religious books. In the Museum at Greenwich Hospital are many relics of this expedition.

Thus perished many a gallant Englishman in a vain attempt to discover a short cut to China and the East. In one sense Franklin and his fellows seemed to die in vain, but, in another sense, they surely were martyrs to that noble science of geography which, more than any other, helps to knit together the scattered members of the great human family, and forward the wish expressed in the angels' anthem, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.'

G. S. O.

CANTERBURY.



WHEN I wrote you last we have visited Hardwick Hall, which was built during the reign of Elizabeth by the Countess of Shrewsbury—the famous 'Bess of Hardwick.' This fine old mansion is, if possible, even more interesting than Haddon Hall—the antique furniture, arms, armour, pictures, all having been preserved, are still in their places, so that it looks as if the Countess might now inhabit it. In one of the rooms there is furniture once used by

Mary, Queen of Scots, the covers of which were embroidered by her and her maidens. It was removed from the older mansion, which was destroyed by fire, and the ruins of which are still standing in the immediate neighbourhood—the sad remains of what was once the prison of the unfortunate Mary Stuart. In the picture-gallery, a room eighty feet long and twenty-five feet high, is a large collection of family portraits, from the time of Henry VIII. to Charles II. The walls of this room, as well as most of the others, are hung with tapestry which falls over and completely conceals the doors. The place now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of half-a-dozen other noble estates.

We reached Canterbury on Saturday, and I am writing this in—not the Tabard inn of Chaucer, but the Royal Fountain inn. On Sunday we attended service at St. Martin's, the oldest church in England, in which St. Paul is said to have preached. It is quite small, and, of course, covered with ivy. The town is a very interesting one; the streets narrower than those of Chester, and filled with as quaint houses. This morning I wandered out in search of subjects for my pencil, and found so much that was picturesque it was difficult to choose, but finally seated myself before a fine old Norman staircase, built at the time of the Conquest, and made a large sketch from it. The Cathedral is very beautiful, and, I should think, the largest that we have seen. We visited it this afternoon, and soon found the tomb of the Black Prince, with his helmet, shield, and gauntlets. The figure, now blackened by age, is of brass-gilt, and the best that I have seen, thus far, on any of the tombs; it has been here nearly five



Canterbury Cathedral.

hundred years. Before we left the Cathedral we returned to take a 'last, long, lingering look,' telling the woman in charge that we had come three thousand miles to pay our respects to him, and were, we thought, entitled to a second view. We were taken down to the Lady's Chapel in the crypt, which is the oldest part of the building, and near which are two very ancient and curious tombs of two ladies of rank. It was impossible to distinguish the recumbent figures upon them, owing to the 'dim, religious light' by which we saw them. The spot where the great prelate, Thomas à Becket, was murdered, was also pointed out to us.

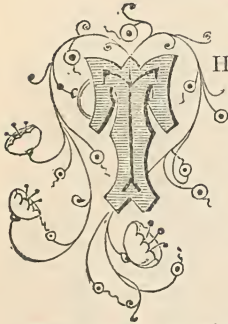
England is certainly a most interesting country, every foot of which seems to have its history; the beauty of the scenery, too, is very great. You constantly see old churches, of the tenth or twelfth centuries, lifting their venerable spires above the trees, entirely unconscious of the interest the eager traveller takes in their story. Then, too, the quaint old cottages, with their thatched roofs, grey in the service of protecting those beneath them from the storms of past centuries, with the ever-present flowers about them, and the ivy creeping over them like a green mantle. We leave, to-morrow, for the Continent.



The Storekeeper giving Bob a Coat.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 374.)

CHAPTER XV.—THE LOST
POCKET-BOOK.

HE boys had no trouble in following the road that led to the little collection of houses known as White River Landing. The ten miles did not seem very long to them, for George beguiled the way with many thrilling and amusing incidents drawn from his own experience, and the journey was completed almost before they knew it.

They found the little settlement in a state of intense excitement. The news of the burning of the *Kendall* had spread through the country for miles around, and the planters had come in by dozens to learn all the particulars. No sooner did the boys appear in sight than they were surrounded by a crowd of men, who asked questions much faster than they could answer them. George told their story, making Bob out a perfect hero (the latter was not a little abashed when he found himself stared at as if he had been some curious wild animal, and could not help asking himself what these men, who complimented him so highly, would have thought of him if they had known how he came to be on board the *Sam Kendall*); and when the narrative was finished one of the listeners, who proved to be the store-keeper, seized Bob by the arm and led him away. 'Come with me,' said he. 'A brave boy like you shall not be allowed to run around in his shirt-sleeves on a cold day like this.'

He conducted Bob to his store, one side of which was filled with clothing, and told him to help himself to the best coat he could find. Bob objected, declaring that he had money enough to buy all the clothing he needed, but the merchant would not listen to him. He had made up his mind to do something for the boy, and he had his own way. When Bob came out of the store a few minutes later he wore a much better coat than the one he had lost. He found George still in conversation with the planters. They told him that every canoe and yawl that could be found had been brought into service; that a good many of the passengers and crew had been rescued while they were floating by the landing; that the wharf-boat was loaded with furniture and portions of the cargo that had been picked up; that some of the passengers had gone to New Orleans on the *Silver Moon*, and another boat whose name they did not mention, to make a new start for St. Louis; and that those who remained at the landing were being cared for by the settlers while waiting for a boat bound up the river. Then George made inquiries concerning his partners. They were well-known pilots, and some of the planters said they were personally acquainted with them; but they had seen nothing of them.

'I am afraid I shall not find them,' said George, sadly, as he and Bob made their way toward the

wharf-boat, which they found filled with the charred remains of the *Kendall's* cargo.

'They may have been picked up before they reached the landing, or they may have floated by without being seen,' said Bob.

There is some consolation to be found in that,' replied George, brightening. 'If they are alive, I'll see them some day. I owe a great deal to them.'

During the two hours that they remained on board the wharf-boat the boys were never left alone. They had a crowd of eager listeners around them all the time. They talked until they were tired, and were glad, indeed, when some one announced that a steamer, bound down, had just come in sight. A strip of canvas was stretched around the railing of the hurricane-deck, bearing the words, 'For New Orleans,' and that told the boys that she was the boat they were waiting for. They boarded her as soon as her gang-plank was shoved out, and were at once surrounded by another crowd of people, who, having seen the smoking wreck of the *Kendall* (which was still fast on the bar), wanted to know how it came there. George told the captain all about it, and put a stop to further inquiries from the passengers by elbowing his way to the office and asking for a state-room, to which he and his companion were promptly shown. When they had closed the door behind them they both gave a sigh of relief, and Bob began to pull off his coat.

'Are you tired enough to go to bed?' asked George. 'I shall not wait until night. I am going into the pilot-house to keep watch. We may pick up somebody, you know.'

'I am not going to bed,' answered Bob. 'I want to take out money enough to pay our passage. Have you any idea how much it will be?'

'Passage!' repeated George. 'Why, man, we're shipwrecked. Who would take money from us? We are not supposed to have any.'

'But they might ask us for some.'

'No, they won't. You'll see that we will get the best of everything, and not a word will be said to us about money. Hold fast to all you've got. You'll need it, if you are going to buy repeating rifles, and revolvers, and hunting-knives, as you said you were, when we reach Galveston. You can't get a Winchester rifle for less than forty-five dollars, and you will find that the cartridges for it will cost you a snug sum too.'

Bob put on his coat again, and the two boys sat on the lower bunk and waited until the steamer was under way and the passengers had had time to disperse about the boat, and then they opened the door and hurried into the barber's shop. They washed their hands and faces, brushed their hair and clothing, blacked their boots, and, having thus greatly improved their appearance, made their way toward the pilot-house. At the head of the stairs which led to the hurricane-deck George stopped and pointed down the river.

'Do you see that long point running out from the left-hand bank?' said he. 'If we make a landing within the next fifty miles, without being hailed, we shall make it there. It is Rochdale.'

Fortunately for Bob, George just then turned his back and started toward the pilot-house, so he did

not see the sudden start the runaway gave when those words fell upon his ear. He was going toward his home again as fast as a strong current and a swift boat could take him. Suppose the steamer should make a landing there! He would conceal himself, of course; but what good would that do? Some of the many idlers who were always to be found about Silas Jones's store would come aboard, and they would be sure to hear all about the burning of the *Kendall*. They would be equally sure to hear his name mentioned, for George had given it with his own to the captain, in the hearing of all the passengers. That would excite their wonder, and would be almost certain to lead to an investigation; and how would he feel when he was hunted up and pulled out of his hiding-place, with David Evans's hard-earned money on his person, and five dollars of it gone? How heartily he wished now that he had given it into the hands of its lawful owner! If he had done that, he would have made himself famous in the settlement, and everybody would have thought he was the best fellow in the world.

'Come on, Bob,' exclaimed George. 'What are you standing there for?'

As Bob could not leave the boat unless he jumped overboard, he had nothing to do but to go on with her, and trust to luck: so he followed George into the pilot-house, and, with his companion, was warmly welcomed by the man at the wheel. He sat on the bench by George's side, while the latter related the story of their adventures in detail, and, fastening his eyes on the point before him, thought of the little settlement there, and the people who lived in it. When there was a pause in the conversation he managed to say to the pilot,—

'Do you stop at—I mean—what is your next landing?'

'I don't know,' was the reply; 'but I can soon find out. Who—whoop!' shouted the pilot, through the trumpet that led down to the office.

'Ay, ay!' shouted the clerk.

'Anything for Rochdale?'

'Nary thing,' was the encouraging response.

The pilot then went on to tell what the name of their next regular landing was, and how far down the river it was located, but Bob heard none of it. He had learned that the boat was not going to stop at Rochdale, and that was enough for him. But, would she be signalled from the shore? That was the question he kept asking himself, and it was answered about two hours afterward, when they came within sight of the landing. How his heart throbbed as he drew near to the familiar place, and how glad he would have been if he could have gone back there with everything just as it was before he stole that money! He noticed, with no little uneasiness, that there was a larger number of idlers than usual congregated on the landing, and he gazed anxiously at them, expecting every moment to see a white handkerchief waved in the air. But his fears proved groundless. The steamer held steadily on her course, and in a quarter of an hour more Rochdale was out of sight. Bob was very miserable and gloomy after that. He did not recover his usual spirits until the steamer landed at New Orleans; and then the sights and sounds of the city, which were new to him,

seemed to draw his attention to other matters, and to put a little life into him.

As soon as the boat was made fast to the quay the two boys went ashore, and George led the way to a hotel, which was much frequented by steamboat men. He seemed to be well acquainted there, for he had scarcely entered the door before he was surrounded by pilots and engineers, who were eager to hear more about the burning of the *Kendall* than the newspapers had been able to tell them. George talked until he was tired, and then he and Bob signed their names to the register, and went in to dinner. When they had disappeared through the door of the dining-room, a man who had followed them unnoticed from the steamboat-landing to the hotel, and who had taken care to keep in the background while George was talking with his friends, stepped up to the desk, looked at the register, and turned and went out.

Having disposed of a good dinner, the boys left the hotel, intent on seeing as much of the city as they could in one short afternoon. They intended to remain in New Orleans that night, and take the steamer which sailed for Galveston the next evening. They roamed through the streets until dark, George pointing out to his country friend all the objects of interest they passed; and, after purchasing a few necessary articles of clothing (which required the outlay of ten dollars more of David Evans's money), they returned to the hotel. When they wanted to go to bed Bob placed his money in the hands of the clerk, and was shown to a room adjoining the one his friend George was to occupy. He went to sleep, thinking of the folk at home, and bemoaning the folly of which he had been guilty in leaving them, and, about midnight, was awakened by a rapping at his door—a whispered rapping, so to speak, as if the person who was outside wanted to arouse him and no one else. Bob started up in some alarm, and, when the sound was repeated, called out,—

'Who's there?'

'Watchman, sar,' replied the person outside.

'What do you want?'

'I've got a letter for you, sar.'

'A what?'

'A letter what a gemman gave me to give you, sar.'

'A letter!' thought Bob. 'Who in the world can be writing to me? It isn't George, of course, for he knows that I am in the room next to his own. It can't be that!'

Bob was frightened by something that just then occurred to him. Could it be possible that his father had learned of his whereabouts, and that he had come to the city by rail to intercept him and take him home again? Bob trembled all over, as he asked himself the question, and recalled the fact that David Evans's money was fifteen dollars short. As he could see no other way out of the difficulty, he resolved that he would not receive the letter at all. He would wait until the watchman went downstairs, and then he would put on his clothes, and leave the hotel with all possible haste. He lay down again, and, as he drew the quilts over him, exclaimed,—

'You've made a mistake, boy. That letter is for somebody else.'

'De gemman done tol' me to give it to Mr. Owens, in number twenty-six,' was the reply.



Bob receiving the Note.

Bob groaned. Very reluctantly, and with much fear and trembling, he got out of bed, and having hunted up his candlestick, he struck a light, and as he opened the door a black hand holding a small piece of paper was thrust in. It was a very small piece of paper, but still it was large enough to contain words that might almost knock Bob over. He closed the door, hurried to the light, and, unfolding the note, read as follows:—

‘I have just found a steamer that will sail for

Galveston within half an hour. I am on board of her now. Get your money from the clerk and come at once. You will find a carriage at the door, and the driver knows where to take you!’

Bob drew a long breath of relief, and with an exclamation of surprise he dropped the note and began to pull on his clothes. He was relieved to know that the note was not from his father, and surprised to learn that George had so suddenly changed the plans



he had formed the day before. What had happened to induce him to leave the hotel at that time of night to hunt up a steamer?

It took Bob but a few minutes to dress, and when he had put the note into his pocket he blew out the candle and hurried from his room. He lost his way two or three times by turning into the wrong halls and going down the wrong stairs; but he managed to find his way to the office at last, and asked for his money and his bill. The clerk handed out the greenbacks, which were enclosed in an envelope, and Bob was waiting to learn how much his bill amounted to, when he was greatly astonished to hear a familiar voice behind him exclaim,—

‘What in the world are you doing here?’

Bob turned and saw the cub-pilot standing before him. He had no collar or vest on, and it was plain that he had dressed in something of a hurry before he left his room. *(To be continued.)*

THE COTTAGE CHILDREN.

HAPPY little children,
In their cottage low,
Sheltered when the rain falls,
Or the rough winds blow.

Thinking nothing better
Than their bread and milk;
In russet garb as joyous
As in dress of silk.

Little has their mother,
But though small her store,
She can clothe and feed them,
And she asks no more.

All day working for them,
With her love's great might;
Sleeping calmly by them
Through the silent night.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.



In the autumn of 1620 the *Mayflower*, a small ship of 180 tons burden, and of the short and clumsy model of that time, was buffeting the rough waves of the stormy Atlantic. She bore a precious freight—101 men, women, and children, dissenters from the Church of England, flying from religious persecution in their native land to seek a home in the wilderness of the New World, where they could worship God as conscience dictated, and plant the seeds of civil liberty. The billows ran high, and threatening clouds hung darkly over the trackless waste of waters. The imagination might easily see in those clouds the spirits of persecution, with threatening gestures, driving the fugitives on their stormy way; and faith could picture the angels of peace before them beckoning them on to the Promised Land.

Weeks and months passed—sometimes with sunshine to cheer the voyagers, but oftener with clouds and storms to try the steadfastness of their purpose,—and the lonely ship still sailed slowly on where sea met sky on every side. The days grew short and cold, and head-winds seemed striving to drive them back from the shores they sought. But, trusting in God, they faltered not, and bore the ills of their long and close confinement with steadfast fortitude. Sickness was there; and death compelled them to commit the remains of one of their number to the deep. But despair and discontent never came to disturb the peace or waste the strength of the leaders, though it is not strange that, with all the discomforts of their long and perilous voyage, a few should be ‘not well affected to unity and concord.’

At length, in November, the expanse of troubled waters was broken by a range of low sand-hills; and, barren and cheerless as it appeared, the sight of land was hailed with joy and thanksgiving by the tempest-tossed Pilgrims. They had purposed settling near the mouth of the Hudson, but the ignorant self-will of their captain brought them to the inhospitable shores of Cape Cod. After sailing along the cheerless coast for two days, they rounded the extremity of the cape, and anchored in the harbour on its inner side, where the low sand-hills protected them from the stormy winds. Cheerless as seemed the shores to which they had been brought, the leading men of the little company landed to examine the place, the gentle slope of the beach compelling them to wade from their boats through the icy waters, and thus to contract the seeds of disease as their first experience in the New World. Desolate and uninviting sands offered them no place for a settlement, and it was determined to explore the coast in the shallop for a more hospitable region. But the shallop needed repairs, and sixteen weary days were occupied with this work, while the cold increased and winter came on apace.

Meanwhile, Bradford, one of the most energetic of the leading men of the company, and Standish, the soldier, who was in himself the chief defence of the projected colony, with a few others, set out to explore the country by land. They toiled through the

sands with difficulty, and suffered from the piercing winds, but they found only the same barren country; and weary and disappointed they returned to the ship. Winter was already upon them when the shallop was prepared for an expedition. The sand-hills were white with snow, and the shallow inlets were everywhere edged with ice, while the spray dashed into the open boat and chilled the explorers through. Landing, they marched through sands and snow, with a stormy sky overhead, finding no vegetation but low bushes and stunted pines, and nowhere a spot which invited them to stop. A heap of maize and many Indian graves were all that was discovered. Again the explorers returned, disappointed, to the ship, some of them suffering from colds which resulted in consumption and death.

It was already the middle of December when Carver—who had been chosen governor before the *Mayflower* anchored,—Bradford, Winslow, Standish, and others, with a number of sailors, again set sail in the shallop, in further search for a safe haven and a suitable place for a settlement. It was of the utmost importance that such a place should be found. Winter was already upon them with a severity to which they were unused, and the women and children were exposed to great suffering on board the ship, which might become a prey to the fierce storms. The spray froze on their clothing as it dashed into the little bark, and the cold wind cut them to the marrow.

The second day, a portion of the company landed on the shore at the bottom of Cape Cod Bay to explore the interior, while the shallop sailed along the shore. The party on land discovered several deserted wigwams and some Indian graves, but saw no inhabitants, nor found a spot that invited them to stay. At night the whole party encamped on the land, and the next morning, ere they had finished their morning prayers, they were startled by the war-whoop of savages and a flight of arrows from a neighbouring thicket. Fortunately no one was hurt; and hastily embarking in their boat, they gave thanks to God for their escape, and sailed away.

The pilot, who professed to have visited these waters on some previous expedition, declared that he knew a good harbour which they might reach before night, and he directed the shallop towards the promised haven. But a fierce storm of snow and rain overtook them, and in the midst of the swollen sea the rudder broke, and they were obliged to steer with an oar.

As night approached, the storm increased; but in order to reach the harbour before dark they spread as much sail as they dared. Too much, indeed; for the mast of the little bark broke, and the sails fell overboard. Drifting with the tide, they were approaching the shore, and would have been wrecked in the breakers had not a sailor, more watchful than the frightened pilot, cried out, ‘About with her, or we are lost!’ With desperate energy they succeeded in putting the boat about, and soon entered more quiet waters, under the lee of some land. It was already night; and, shivering with cold and wet, the whole company landed, and with what little wood they could collect built a fire, around which they gathered in wretched plight, and passed a dreary night, fearful

lest savages might be guided by the light and make an attack.

When at last morning came, they found they were on a small island at the entrance of a harbour. It was a safe place: and, worn out by the fatigue and exposure to storm and cold, they determined to remain there to rest and refit their disabled boat. The following day was Sunday, and was observed with scrupulous fidelity to their religious principles. No work could be performed on the Sabbath, and no exploration made, although time was so precious to them, and to their friends and families waiting anxiously in the *Mayflower*. With devout thanksgiving for their escape from the perils of the sea, and such religious services as circumstances permitted, they passed another day of rest.

With the dawn of Monday (December 11, old style), they again embarked, and sailed into the harbour, which seemed to them at last, notwithstanding the wintry aspect of the land around it, to be the haven of rest. Reaching the shore, they stepped upon the rock, which has ever since been held in reverent memory, and the name of which has become inseparably connected with the principles and institutions which those devout pilgrims brought to New England, and thence spread throughout the Continent. With fervent thanks to God, they trod the soil which offered them at last a favourable spot for a settlement. After a brief examination of the place they hastened back to the *Mayflower*, and in a few days the little ship was moored safely in the harbour, and the whole company prepared to debark. In honour of the port from which they last sailed in England, they named the place Plymouth; and piously invoked the blessing of Heaven upon their new home.

The Pilgrims came to America under no royal charter. With much difficulty they obtained a patent from the Virginia Company;* but they sought in vain the favour of the king, and all they could obtain was an informal promise of neglect. They were few in numbers, and most of them obscure men, of little account to the commercial or political interests of the kingdom; they were therefore considered as unworthy of royal notice, except that as Nonconformists they could not be tolerated in England. But, already accustomed to persecution, they were content with a concession that implied that they should not be disturbed in their right to worship God according to their conscience, and no emigrants could be better prepared to endure the hardships and encounter the perils of a settlement in the wilderness.

'We are well weaned,' they said, 'from the delicate milk of our mother country, and inured to the difficulties of a strange land; the people are industrious and frugal. We are knit together as a body in a most sacred covenant of the Lord; of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue whereof we hold ourselves straightly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole. It is not with us as with men whom small things can discourage.'

They had come with no code prepared by others to govern their conduct and impose duties and obligations upon them, and they recognised none except such as religion imposed, or the public will, guided by the Bible, might establish. They knew, however, the necessity of government and order, and even had the strictest notions in regard to them; but they were equal in rank and in rights, and the regulation of their common interests must be by common consent, or the expressed will of the people. Before they landed, therefore, they considered the manner in which their affairs should be regulated, and by a solemn compact formed themselves into 'a civil body politic.' The people of Virginia, after a time, asserted the right to regulate their own affairs, to a certain extent; but the Pilgrims established a popular constitution, under which they were to govern themselves by just and equal laws. This germ of popular constitutional liberty, from which sprang the more complete growth of a later period, was as follows:—

'In the name of God, Amen: We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honour of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.'

This instrument was signed by all the men of the company, forty-one in number, and John Carver was unanimously chosen governor for a year; the principle of frequently recurring elections being thus recognised at the onset. When the colony landed at Plymouth it was thus under a recognised government established by itself for the regulation of its affairs—a democracy planted on soil destined to be the home of democratic institutions.

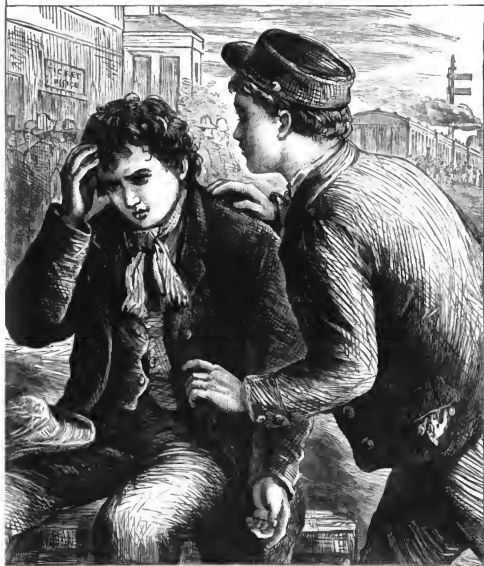
They soon commenced cutting timber, of which there was an abundance of excellent quality, the pine predominating, and with tedious labour prepared to build first a common house, and then they divided themselves into nineteen families, and assigned to each a lot of land on which to erect a separate dwelling. Many of the Company were suffering from lung-fever and consumption, and unable to work, while the cold and the frequent storms were great hindrances to those who could. Hewing plank from the logs was no easy task, and the work of building progressed but slowly. The common house being enclosed and thatched, it was agreed that each family should construct their own house; but the winter had passed before all of them were provided with shelter. Their first house did not last long, for it had been occupied but a few days when it took fire from a spark falling upon the thatch, and was entirely consumed. Governor Carver and Bradford were in the house sick in their beds at the time, but escaped without harm.

(Concluded in our next.)

* Under one royal patent two companies had been incorporated: the London Company to colonise South Virginia, and the Plymouth Company to colonise North Virginia.



The Pilgrims at Plymouth. — The "Mayflower."



"What's the matter?" said George. "Are you sick?"



THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 381.)

HERE are you going?' asked George, seeing that Bob held his money in his hand.

'Why, I was going out after you,' answered Bob, as soon as he could speak.

'And where did you expect to find me? I haven't been out of my room before to-night.'

'Didn't you write me a note stating that you had found a steamer that was going to sail for

Galveston inside of half an hour?'

'I!' exclaimed George, in great amazement. 'No, sir.'

'There!' said Bob. 'I told the watchman he had made a mistake. Here's the note.'

George read the note, and so did the clerk; and then the watchman, who happened to pass by at that moment, was called upon for an explanation.

'Where did you get this note?' asked the clerk.

'From dat gemman out dar in de carriage, sar,' was the prompt reply.

'Let's go and see if it is any one we know,' said George.

The two boys hurried to the side-walk, and, when they reached it, found there was no carriage there. The watchman, who had followed close at their heels, seemed to be very much astonished.

'The gentleman, whoever he was, found that he had made a mistake, and so he drove off,' said George, as he tore the note into the smallest possible fragments, and put them into his pocket. 'It is of no consequence. Let's go back to bed, Bob.'

They stopped for a few minutes at the desk, to compare notes with the clerk and the watchman; and when everybody was satisfied that it was the man in the carriage, and not the darkey, who had made the mistake, Bob saw his money put back into the safe, and he and George went upstairs. The latter went into Bob's room, and, when he had closed and locked the door, proceeded to explain how he had happened to follow Bob to the office.

'I heard some one pounding on your door,' said he; 'but I couldn't hear what he said to you. Knowing that you had no friends in the city, my curiosity was excited, and so I came out to see what was going on; but I found your room empty. It was lucky that I followed you to the office, for I learned something by it. You remember that rescued passenger we found in the old trapper's cabin, don't you? That was my Uncle John.'

Bob looked bewildered, but said nothing.

'He overheard every word of our conversation,' continued the young pilot. 'He wasn't a-sleep at all. He knows that we are going to Texas together, and he means to prevent it, if he can.'

'What would he have done with me, if he had got me into that carriage?' asked Bob, drawing a long breath. 'And why does he want to trouble me? I never did anything to him.'

'No, but you carry the purse,' replied George. 'If

he could manage to send you back up the river to St. Louis, or across the Gulf to South America, it would leave me in a bad fix, for I have no money. He wants to keep me away from home, and he thinks he can do it by separating us. Now, Bob,' added George, earnestly, 'we must never lose sight of each other until we reach Texas, if we can help it!'

The boys spent an hour or more in talking the matter over, and then George went into his own room. Bob locked and barricaded his door, and tumbled into bed again, but not to sleep. Thinking of the trap he had so nearly run into kept him awake. It was anything but pleasant for him to know that he had an enemy in a man with whom he was not acquainted, whom he would not have recognised if he had walked into his room at that moment, and who might at any time, when he was off his guard, get him into his power and ship him off to South America, or some other out-of-the-way place. Bob did not ask himself what his favourite border-men would have done under similar circumstances, and in fact he never thought of them now. He no longer looked upon them as objects worthy of emulation.

He and George were very careful after that. They were scarcely out of sight of each other during the following day, and it was not until they were safe on board the steamer bound for Galveston, and George had searched high and low to make sure that his uncle was not on board, that they began to breathe easily.

The journey across the Gulf was made without the occurrence of any incident that was worthy of note. Neither of them enjoyed it, for the sail grew monotonous after a while, and as they had nothing to read, and had exhausted almost every topic of conversation, they could only sit and think—one, of his happy boyhood's home, toward which he was hastening, and where he knew he would not be welcomed by those in possession, and the other of the loved ones he was leaving behind, and whom he might never see again. He hoped he might see them again, however, and laid plans accordingly. He wouldn't spend any of David's money for a hunter's outfit, as he had intended to do. If he had had it all in his possession, and could have reached home without spending any of it, he would have turned about at once; but as that was impossible he would go on, and seek employment as soon as he reached his journey's end. George had told him that herders received forty dollars per month, and that, in Bob's estimation, was a large sum of money. At that rate it would take him but a little over four months to earn as much as he had stolen from David Evans. As soon as he could save the amount he would send it to David, and, as soon after that as he could earn enough to pay his expenses, he would start for home. 'And when I get there, if ever I do,' added Bob, with tears of penitence in his eyes, 'I'll stay, if I have to live on a crust of bread a-day.'

This was the way Bob talked to himself while he was sailing from New Orleans to Galveston, and he meant every word of it. But he had not yet reaped the full reward of his folly, and something happened to prevent him from carrying out his plans.

It was night when they reached the end of their

journey, and the long wharf at which the steamer landed was so dark that the boys, after getting out of the circle of light made by the dim lanterns that hung over the gang-plank, could hardly see where they were going. There was a crowd on the wharf, too, and in passing through it the companions became separated for so long a time that Bob began to fear that they should never find each other again. He was so greatly bewildered by the noise and confusion, and was jostled about so roughly, that he nearly walked off the wharf into the bay; but at last, to his great joy, he ran into the arms of George, who was in search of him, and following in his lead, soon found himself standing on solid ground once more. Then George came to a standstill.

'I am not at all acquainted with the city, although I have been here a number of times,' said he, 'so we will wait for a guide. Here comes one now.'

As George spoke a waggon heavily loaded with trunks rattled off the wharf and turned up the street.

The boys followed it, and by keeping it always in view were finally led to the railroad dépôt, which was the place they wished to find. Their route now lay by rail to Austin, the capital of the State, and thence by stage to the little Spanish town of Palos, which was within a few miles of George's home.

When the boys entered the dépôt they found a train all ready to start. The engine was hissing, baggage-men were banging trunks about in the most approved style, and a crowd of people, all anxious to purchase tickets, were gathered about the window of the office.

'Pitch in with the rest,' said George. 'Push and crowd as hard as you can. It's our only chance of getting off to-night. But hold on! perhaps you had better give the money to me. I am more experienced in such matters.'

Bob had found it very inconvenient to go to his money-belt every time he wanted a bill, so just before the steamer landed he had transferred all the greenbacks to his pocket-book and thrown the belt overboard. Being quite willing that George should take the responsibility of procuring tickets for them, he thrust his hand into his pocket, and to his intense amazement and alarm found it empty. He felt in the other, but there was nothing there either. Then he examined his clothes everywhere, but nothing in the shape of a pocket-book could be found.

All this while George stood holding out his hand, and looking first at the crowd about the window, and then at the train, as if mentally calculating their chances for getting away on it. Wondering at last why Bob was so long in finding the pocket-book, he turned to look at him, and found that he had backed up to a truck, on which he was sitting with his chin resting on his breast and his hands hanging by his side.

'What's the matter?' cried George, springing forward. 'Are you sick?'

'No; but my money is gone!' was the faint reply.

'Gone!' gasped George.

Bob could only nod his head.

'Why, it can't be possible! Are you sure of it? Have you looked in all your pockets? Try again.'

The thought that perhaps he might have overlooked the pocket-book infused a little hope and

energy into Bob, who sprang to his feet and went through the search again, George lending assistance. But there was nothing to be found.

While they were thus engaged the crowd about the window grew smaller and smaller, and finally, just as the last man seized his ticket and started on a run for the cars the bell rang, and the train moved slowly out of the dépôt, leaving the two boys sitting on the truck and staring blankly at each other.

CHAPTER XVI.—DAN MAKES A DISCOVERY.

'How in the name of wonder did you manage to lose that money?' asked George, as soon as he could speak. 'Where and when did you see it last?'

'I had it in my hands not ten minutes before we left the boat,' replied Bob, hardly able to keep back his tears. 'It was safe, too, when I came off the gang-plank, for I took pains to satisfy myself of the fact. When we got into that crowd I was pushed about, first one way and then the other, and, now that I think of it, I am sure I felt a hand in my pocket.'

'Very likely you did,' answered George. 'Your pocket has been picked, that is the long and short of the matter, and here we are, alone in a big city, without a cent to bless ourselves with, and not a friend within hundreds of miles of us.'

Bob was greatly alarmed, and even George, with his eighteen months' experience with the ways of the world, was sick at heart. They sat in gloomy silence for several minutes, and then George brightened up a little, and spoke more cheerfully.

'It isn't as bad as it might be,' said he, 'for we know where we can get money. If I can find somebody in the morning who is good-natured enough to give me writing materials and a stamp, I'll drop a line to Mr. Gilbert, and he'll see us through. But it will be two weeks before we shall hear from him, and where are we going to sleep, and what shall we get to eat while we are waiting? That's what bothers me. We must hunt the city over for work. I am willing to do anything honest.'

'Where are we going to sleep to-night?' inquired Bob, whose courage was all gone, and who felt as if he would like to crawl into a hollow log out of sight, and give full vent to his feelings in a flood of tears.

'We can't sleep anywhere,' replied George.

'Can't we find a dark stairway somewhere?' asked Bob, who remembered that the heroes of some of his favourite books, who afterwards became rich enough to ride in their carriages, had passed more than one night in that way when they first set out to seek their fortune.

'It wouldn't be safe,' returned George, quickly. 'There are policemen at almost every corner, and they would be sure to find us, and arrest us as vagrants. They'll not trouble us as long as we keep moving, and that is the only safe thing we can do. We're bound to have a hard night of it, Bob, but the sun always brings the day.'

(To be continued.)





MARY, THE GROUNDSEL GIRL.

IN front of the cottage
A little girl stands,
And a bunch of fresh groundsel
She holds in her hands;

For in at the window
A bird-cage she spies,
And to sell off her groundsel
She tries and she cries,—

'Oh, please buy a penn'orth
To feed your canary;
With you that is little—
'Tis much to poor Mary.

'When I give some nice groundsel
To my own little linnet,
It seems to sing sweeter
The very next minute.'

Poor Mary! we'll purchase
A part of her store,
And add to the money
One little coin more:

For her father is poorly,
His earnings are small.
God bless little Mary,
Who tends him through all.

H.



THE GOAT.

THIS animal is so well known that description is unnecessary. It is kept on account of its milk and the flesh of its young, the former being in much request as a medicine for persons of weak constitutions, or threatened with pulmonary diseases. It is also frequently kept about stable-yards as a pet, where it becomes remarkably tame and attached, throwing off all the timidity and shyness which it exhibits naturally. Ships and steam-packets also keep a number of goats on board for the supply of fresh milk which they furnish.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH.

(Concluded from page 383.)

THOSE on board the ship, when they saw the flames, thought that the Indians had made an attack and set fire to the house; but they were prevented by a high wind and low tide from rendering any assistance. The common house being destroyed, the settlers made haste as best they could to build those for the several families.

In the meantime sickness was wasting their strength, and death was diminishing their numbers. The cold, exposure, and hardship they suffered, had sown the seeds of fatal disease. In the month of

December six of the little company died, in January eight, in February seventeen, in March thirteen, and in April one—45 out of the 101 who had crossed the ocean perished within five months. At times it seemed as if there were not enough well ones to take care of the sick and bury the dead. In their greatest strait there were but seven able to render assistance. Among those who died during this period was Governor Carver, who sank under a sudden attack, and did not long survive. He had lost a son since landing at Plymouth, and his wife, broken-hearted under this double affliction, soon followed him to the grave.

William Bradford was chosen governor soon after Carver's death; and the choice could not have fallen upon any one in the little company better qualified to fill the place. At this period it would seem that it mattered little who was governor, for the survivors numbered but a few more than fifty, and there were not more than a score of men to make the choice. But the election was made with all proper formality, and under a solemn sense of their duty and privilege.

The milder weather of spring brought relief to the sick, and returning verdure revived the spirits of all. 'The birds sang in the woods most pleasantly.' Children venturing to the borders of the forest discovered, peering through the dry leaves on sunny slopes, the sweet blossoms of the trailing arbutus, more commonly known as the Mayflower—a name which seems to identify it with the Pilgrims and the good ship which brought them to their new home, where this little plant loves best to bloom. The men, who had been accustomed to till the fields before they were driven from England and compelled to learn other employments in Holland, rejoiced when they could turn the light soil, and prepared with hopeful toil their limited gardens. The land on whose shores they had set foot amid the desolation of winter with devout thanksgiving, now wore a more pleasing aspect, and called forth new gratitude. Still they were mourning their dead, and enduring privations, and observing their religious duties with cold austerity, and there was nothing like joy for them. The summer gave them a few vegetables from their scanty garden, but their supplies were limited and their comforts few. Whatever they had, however, was shared in common, and none were favoured above others.

The colonists at first had a natural fear of the Indians, who were supposed to be numerous throughout the wilderness of the New World. But for some time they scarcely saw a savage. They had found many graves, some hidden stores of corn, and a few deserted wigwags, but, fortunately for their weak condition, living savages were very few. Smoke curling from their cabins in the remote distance was the only indication of the present existence of the natives. Along the coast the Indians were indeed few. Some years previous to the arrival of the Pilgrims a pestilence had swept them away at a fearful rate, and nearly the whole seaboard of New England had been left desolate. Whole tribes had disappeared; those who escaped the pestilence having retired to some more remote region, and joined their kindred tribes. Wandering parties of Indians roamed through the woods at intervals, and some had ap-

proached the settlement; but when the daring Standish and others attempted to approach them, even with signs of friendship, they fled in apparent alarm.

One day, in the spring subsequent to the arrival of the colonists, Samoset, an Indian who had learned a little English from fishermen on the coast of Maine, walked boldly into the little settlement, and with friendly gestures said to the astonished settlers, 'Welcome, Englishmen!' He belonged to the tribe of Wampanoags, which at a later period waged a desperate war against the whites. In the name of his people he bade the settlers welcome to the land whose former occupants, he said, had all died of the pestilence. This demonstration of friendship greatly relieved the fears of the timid, and cheered the spirits of all.

Samoset was treated with great kindness, and left the next day, highly pleased with his entertainment, and the knife, bracelet, and ring which had been given him. He promised to return soon, and to bring some beaver-skins to trade with; and, good as his word, he came on the following Sunday, with five other natives, bringing some tools which the settlers had left in the woods, and a few skins for barter. But, it being the Lord's day, the English refused to trade or hold intercourse with them, and dismissed them with a request that they should come again. Samoset, however, remained two or three days, when he was sent to learn why his friends had not returned. Through the good offices of Samoset, and by the aid, as interpreter, of Squanto, an Indian who had been kidnapped some years previously and carried to England, but afterwards returned, and who had thus acquired some English, the colonists made a treaty with Massasoit, the sachem of the nearest formidable tribe. This tribe inhabited the region between the Providence and Taunton Rivers, while east of the latter there were only wandering bands, or the remnants of almost extinct tribes. Samoset had probably, by his account of his visit to Plymouth, induced Massasoit to come and see the strangers for himself.

Massasoit appeared, with fifty or sixty followers, on the hill overlooking the settlement. Mutual distrust for some time prevented any advance from either side; but at length Squanto came in with a message from the sachem, and the settlers agreed to send one of their number to parley with him. Mr. Edward Winslow was selected for this service. He accompanied Squanto to the hill, carrying two knives and a copper chain, with a jewel on it, as presents to Massasoit, and a knife and jewel for his brother, together with some biscuit and butter. Mr. Winslow presented these articles with a speech, in which he said that King James saluted him with words of love and peace, and that the governor of the colony desired to see him and establish a firm peace with him as his next neighbour. The sachem accepted the gifts with evident satisfaction, and signified his approval of the friendly sentiments expressed. The provision sent was partaken of by the Indians with apparent relish, and Massasoit then desired to trade with Mr. Winslow for his sword, which was regarded with great admiration by the savage; but the owner was unwilling to part with that useful weapon.

Being assured of a friendly reception by the whites,

Massasoit, leaving Winslow as a hostage in charge of his brother, went with twenty unarmed men to the settlement to meet the governor. The attempt made by the little band of colonists to receive the native king with due pomp and ceremony is ludicrous. Captain Standish and Mr. Williamson, with six musketeers, met the visitors at a brook which they were obliged to cross, and escorted them to a partially constructed house, where a rug and three or four cushions were spread upon the floor. When they arrived at the door, the governor, attended by a drummer and trumpeter and a few musketeers, advanced to meet them. The drum was beat and the trumpet sounded, somewhat to the alarm of the natives, and the governor then saluted his guests with due ceremony, and invited the chief to be seated. Refreshments were then brought, and the settlers undoubtedly did their best to provide a proper entertainment out of their scanty stores. But the natives were not fastidious, and did full justice to the feast.

Having secured the good will and confidence of the Indians, the governor and his associates then commenced a parley with them, and a league of friendship was agreed on, and duly ratified, with proper formalities. Massasoit was impressed with the friendly reception he had received, and was ready to reciprocate the good will of the English. He promised that he and his people should be friends with the colonists; and he faithfully kept his promise during his life. For the colonists, in their weak condition, it was a treaty of great importance, and perhaps saved them from utter destruction before they were able to cope with any formidable number of hostile Indians. With Miles Standish, however, for a leader, they were by no means defenceless.

Some time after the league of friendship with Massasoit, the services of Standish were required to prevent an attack from some discontented, treacherous savages. Corbitant, a petty chief of Massasoit's tribe, was not disposed to observe the treaty, and attempted to alienate some of his tribe from the more peaceful sachem, and to induce them to join in an attack on the settlement. Squanto and Hobomack, two faithful friends of the English, going to Nemasket, where Corbitant was engaged in his treacherous plot, were threatened with death by that savage. He succeeded in seizing Squanto, but Hobomack made his escape, and going to Plymouth, informed the governor of the designs of the discontented chief. Standish was at once sent with fourteen men, and Hobomack for a guide, to Nemasket, to liberate Squanto and counteract the machinations of Corbitant. On their arrival Corbitant and his followers fled; and Standish, explaining to the natives the purpose of his coming, threatened them with dire punishment in case of any insurrection against Massasoit, the Englishman's friend, or of any treacherous movement against the colony. The disaffected natives had gone, and those who remained avowed themselves faithful to Massasoit and the treaty of amity he had made with the English.

This bold expedition inspired all the neighbouring Indians with respect for the English, and, combined with the friendship of Massasoit, who had great influence over most of the tribes, induced a number of petty chiefs to come to Plymouth and solicit the

friendship of the English. Nine of them came at one time and signified their submission to King James, and their friendship for the colonists. The friendship of Massasoit was indeed a fortunate thing for the colonists, securing them as it did against the attacks of savages, when their small numbers might soon have wasted before continued hostilities.

In November, 1621, a ship arrived from England bringing thirty-six persons to join the colony. The voyage had been long, and their supply of provisions was nearly exhausted, and the new-comers were therefore dependent upon the scanty stores of the colonists for their subsistence. Winter was approaching; the settlers had been able to raise but little in their garden, and the natives, unlike those of Virginia, had no considerable stores of corn from which to supply them. The outlook was dreary enough, and it became necessary at once to put the whole company upon half-allowance. And thus they passed through the long winter with insufficient food. Men staggered from sheer weakness, and children cried for more food, while the patient matrons often deprived themselves of a portion of their own scanty allowance to answer the cry. For six months and more they were on short allowance, and the effect upon health and strength may be imagined. But they were to suffer severer privation than this at a little later period.

In the third year of the settlement the colonists were reduced to the greatest straits. Their supplies were nearly exhausted, and 'they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning.' From the common store a pint of corn was doled out daily to each family, and often this was their daily food. Distributed impartially to the members of the household, it gave sometimes but five kernels to each. Five kernels of parched corn to satisfy the long-continued cravings of hunger! Think of it, descendants of the Pilgrims, as ye sit at your bountifully-supplied tables, and see the land teeming with plenty—the vast granaries of the West, the countless herds, the fruit-laden orchards, the productive fields, and the white sails of commerce bringing to you the luxuries of every clime! Contrast these conditions, and thank God that the Pilgrims amid their privations planted the seed and nurtured the growth of civil liberty under which you enjoy unnumbered blessings. Imagine the sadness that must have clouded the stern visage of the Puritan householder as he counted out to each member of the family the five little kernels that were to preserve them from utter starvation; see the pious resignation of the mother, and the pathetic looks of the uncomplaining children!

The poor condition of the colonists during those early years can hardly be conceived at the present day. They were poorly housed, their furniture was rude and scanty, their comforts none. They pounded their little supply of corn in mortars, having no means to erect either wind-mills or water-mills. It was not till the end of the fourth year that they had any cattle, and then only four were brought. During most of the time up to this period spring water was their only drink, and when this, with a small piece of fish without bread, was the best entertainment they could offer the friends who came to join them, we may well imagine how sad was the welcome.



Massasoit receiving presents from Mr. Winslow.



Bob reading the Notice.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Continued from page 387.)

ND they did have a hard night of it. They walked the streets for long hours, and became so weary and footsore that they would have been glad to lie down in the first clean place they could find and go to sleep. The sun brought the day, it was true, but it did not bring any improvement in their circumstances. At an

early hour they found a man opening a grocery store. George went in and told him their story, and the man, after listening to it, gave him the writing materials he needed, and also a liberal supply of crackers and cheese; but he could not give him work, and neither could he tell them of anybody who wanted to hire a boy.

The two friends sat on a box in front of the store while they ate their crackers and cheese, and then set out to find the post office. The letter, which George had written at the grocer's desk, having been mailed, their next hard work was to find something to do; but their efforts in this direction met with no success. True, they found several business men who wanted help, but they had no use for a cub-pilot, or for a boy who had never done anything in his life; and, besides, they asked for something the wanderers could not produce, namely, letters of recommendation. The boys roamed the streets all that day, without anything more to eat, or without stopping to rest; and, when night came, they were almost exhausted, and utterly discouraged. Even George, who had thus far tried to keep up a light heart, was gloomy enough now.

'We can't walk the streets to-night as we did last night,' said he; 'and there is only one place that I know of where we can go to sleep, and that is the station-house.'

George had spoken of this several times during the day, and explained to Bob that the station-house was the place where destitute persons went to obtain a night's lodging. He added one item of information that made the cold chills creep all over Bob, and that was, that if they once went in there they could not get out until morning, for they would be locked in.

'I believe I'd rather die for want of sleep, than go to such a place as that,' thought Bob, putting his hand first into one pocket and then into another, as he had been doing all day, in the vain hope of finding the missing pocket-book tucked away in some remote corner. 'It seems to me that I couldn't breathe if I were locked up—I couldn't, possibly—Hal-lo!'

While Bob was talking thus to himself he made a discovery that was almost as welcome as the discovery of a gold mine would have been at any other time. In the watch-pocket of his trousers he found a little round ball of paper, and when his fingers came in contact with it a thrill of hope shot through him. Gradually slackening his pace, and allowing George

to get a few feet in advance of him, he slyly pulled out the ball, opened it, and found that it was a fifty-cent piece. He had put it in there very carelessly, thinking nothing of it; but it was worth something to him now. His fingers closed about it as eagerly as they had closed about the tin box when he pulled it out from under the log where Dan Evans had hidden it.

'No station-house for me to-night,' thought he. 'This will bring me supper and lodging. It isn't enough for both, so George must look out for himself. I've saved his life twice, paid his expenses almost ever since I met him, and I think it high time I was taking care of number one. Now, how shall I slip away from him?'

This was the problem which Bob now devoted himself to solving. It did not prove to be a very difficult one, for it solved itself. He continued to walk very slowly, while his companion hurried along as if he wanted to leave some of his gloomy thoughts behind him, and presently he was nearly half a block ahead of Bob. He looked back now and then, to see if Bob was coming, and then hurried on as before. Bob kept his eye on him, and, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, he turned into a side-street and broke into a run. He was so weak and tired that he could scarcely stand upon his feet, but the prospect of a good supper and a bed to sleep in put life into him, and for two or three blocks he ran at the top of his speed. He turned into every street he came to, and, when he thought he had put a safe distance between himself and his companion, he stopped and sat down on a door-step to recover his breath.

'I had to do it,' thought Bob, who could not help feeling sorry when he thought of George wandering hungry, friendless and alone, through the streets of the city. 'I couldn't stand it any longer without food and sleep, and I have just enough money to see me through. Now I wonder if I can find that place again!'

Once on the previous night, and two or three times during the day, the boys had passed an eating-house, over the door of which was a huge lantern, with a notice on it containing the information that supper and lodging could be had there for fifty cents. This was the place Bob wanted to find, and, to his great joy, he went almost straight to it. He kept a sharp look-out for fear that he might run against George before he knew it, and when he reached the eating-house he stopped and looked all around to make sure that he was nowhere in sight. Then he went in, laid his fifty cents on the counter, and informed the proprietor that he wanted supper and a bed to sleep in. He was shown to a place at one of the tables in the room, and ate as only a hungry boy can eat. When he had satisfied his appetite he was conducted to his room, and sank into a heavy slumber almost as soon as he touched the bed. He was aroused in the morning by a loud and long-continued rapping at his door, accompanied by cries of 'Breakfast! breakfast!' He got up, but there was no breakfast for him. He resumed his wanderings about the city, not knowing where to go or what to do. He could not go home—Oh, how he wished now that the steamer had been hailed when she passed Rochdale, and that he had

been discovered and compelled to go ashore! He could not find work, and he could not live much longer as he was living now. He was a miserable runaway. Once during the day he came very near encountering the boy he most wished to avoid. While he was passing one of the numerous hotels in the city he saw George follow a gentleman in there. As soon as Bob caught sight of him he turned and walked in the opposite direction.

'He has either found work, or else he has been begging, and that gentleman is taking him in there to give him his breakfast,' thought Bob. 'Begging! Must I come down to that?'

Bob had shot very wide of the mark. George had not found work, and neither had he been begging. He had found Mr. Gilbert, the very man to whom he had written the day before, and the two had spent a good portion of the night and all the morning in looking for Bob. The latter had not bettered his condition by running away from George.

Bob spent the forenoon in wandering about the streets, and was growing very hungry and almost desperate when his eye caught a notice that attracted his attention. It read: 'Men wanted for the U. S. Cavalry service.' Bob looked at it for several minutes, then put his hands into his pockets and moved on with his eyes fastened on the sidewalk, as if he were thinking deeply about something. When he came to a crossing he went over to the opposite side of the street and read the sign from there. Then he came back again and read it while standing in front of it. After that he looked in through the open door and saw three or four men in fatigue uniform sitting beside a long table, which was covered with papers and writing materials.

'There's a chance to get plenty to eat and a place to sleep,' thought Bob, as he walked on again, 'and I don't know that I can do any better. I can't go home; I don't know anything about such work as they have to do in a city, and I can't live in this way. I'll ask them if they will take me, at any rate.'

As Bob said this he turned about and walked toward the recruiting-office. He walked rapidly, as if he feared that his courage might fail him, and when he reached the door he went in without stopping to think about it. When he went in he was a free boy; when he came out he was not so, having sworn away his liberty for five years. Perhaps then he regretted the step he had taken as heartily as he regretted that he had run away from home; but it was too late to mend the matter. He could no longer go and come as he pleased, and neither was there any such thing as running away. But he was sure of something to eat and a place to sleep in, and that was what he wanted. He had a long term of years before him in which to think over the mistakes and follies of his life, and let us hope that it was of benefit to him.

And what were the people in Rockdale doing all this while? Let us go back and inquire. Let us return to Dan Evans, whom we have not seen since Bob stole David's money from him.

'Thar!' said Dan to himself, as the report of his rifle rang through the woods, and the squirrel, after turning two or three somersets, struck the ground with that dull thud so gratifying to a hunter's ears, 'I reckon I've got a breakfast now. If ye'd only

showed yourself a little sooner I wouldn't have had to go up to Owens's hen-roost. The only thing that bothers me is to know what I am goin' to do next.'

Talking thus to himself Dan reloaded his rifle, picked up his squirrel, and slowly and thoughtfully retraced his steps towards his camp. He was now learning the lesson that Bob Owens was destined to learn a few days later, and that was, that the possession of money does not by any means make one happy. Dan had more in his hands now than he had ever hoped to earn by his own labour, and he had never been more miserable and discontented in his life. He was lonely out there in the woods, and he would have been almost willing to give up the money, if by so doing he could bring himself back to his old mode of life again. When he was handling the money he was in ecstasies; but the unvelcome thought that it was of no earthly use to him would always force itself upon him sooner or later, and then he would think of taking it back to his brother, with the assurance that he had stolen it from his father on purpose to return it to him. He thought strongly of it now. He was not so stupid but that he could see that he was getting rather low down in the world. He had no clothes except those on his back, and they afforded him but very little protection against the keen morning air—only three or four more matches in his pocket, and but a dozen bullets, and powder enough to shoot half of them. What should he do when his matches and ammunition were all gone?

'I dassent go to the landin' to spend this money,' thought Dan, as he seated himself on the log beside the fire and began skinning the squirrel; 'kase folk will know it's Dave's money I'm spendin', an' then I'll get into a fuss.'

Dan's thoughts ran on in this channel as he was dressing the squirrel and preparing it for the spit, and while it was roasting he sat with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, looking steadily into the fire. But after the squirrel was done to his satisfaction and he had eaten a portion of it, and his ravenous appetite had been somewhat appeased, he began to take a more cheerful view of things.

'I've got the money anyhow,' thought Dan, holding a leg of the squirrel in one hand and running the other through the leaves that were piled against the log on which he was sitting. 'Wal, now, whar's them greenbacks gone to?'

Dan laid his squirrel carefully down upon a piece of bark which he had provided to serve as a plate, and kneeling beside the log scraped away the leaves, but without discovering the object of which he was in search. The expression of astonishment which came upon his face gradually gave way to a look of alarm, and the rapid movements of his hands grew more rapid still as the fact seemed to dawn upon him that the box which contained his treasure had most unaccountably disappeared. At last the leaves were scraped away the whole length of the log, and Dan, with a wild yell, bounded to his feet. He stood motionless for a moment, and then dropping on his knees again, looked under the log, thinking that perhaps he had pushed the box under farther than he had intended, and that it had fallen into some

little hollow out of sight. But there was no little hollow under the log that Dan could discover, although he ran his fingers over every inch of the ground. Dan's eyes seemed ready to start from their sockets.

'It's gone!' he exclaimed, casting frightened glances on every side of him.

Dan reached rather hurriedly for his rifle, and was about to desert his camp with all possible haste, when he happened to discover something that made him take an altogether different view of the matter. The bushes behind the log had recently been disturbed—Dan was hunter enough to see that—and a second look showed him that some heavy body had passed through them. With his cocked rifle in his hand, Dan stepped over the log to make a still closer examination, and found that the trail that led through the bushes was so plain that he had no difficulty in following it. It conducted him directly to the place where Bob Owens had been concealed while he was watching Dan; but from that point it gradually grew fainter, and, when it reached the more open woods, it disappeared altogether. Almost the last sign of it that Dan could find was the print of a boot-heel in the soft earth. This he examined as closely as he could, through eyes blinded with tears of vexation and disappointment.

The loss of the money was a severe blow to him, and he could see nothing but a gloomy future before him. Up to this time he had felt comparatively safe, for he knew that, if he made up his mind to do so, he could win his way into his mother's good graces and David's very easily, by simply returning the latter's money; but now this chance for a reconciliation was taken from him, and the thought almost drove him wild. How he lived through the next few days he could not have told to save his life. He roamed the woods day and night—his gloomy thoughts tormented him so that he could not keep still—shivering in the cold morning air, going hungry more than half the time, and all the while tortured by fears of some impending evil. At last the day came when his matches were all expended, and he had not a single charge of powder left in his horn. He had resolved to make a raid on Mr. Owens's hen-roost that night, although he could not for the life of him tell how he was going to cook the chickens after he got them, and was on his way to the plantation, when he came to the road which led from Rochdale. As he was about to climb over the fence he heard the clatter of hoofs close at hand, and drew back into the bushes just in time to escape discovery by the approaching horseman.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

THE horseman came in sight a moment later, and Dan looked at him in the greatest amazement. It was his brother David; but what a change had come over him since Dan last saw him at the cabin! If he was always dressed as he was now, the people in the settlement could no longer speak of him as 'that ragamuffin, Dave Evans.' He wore a new suit of grey jeans, a pair of serviceable boots without a hole in them, and—which Dan did not fail to notice—were neatly blacked, a wide-brimmed felt hat, and, more wonderful than all, a collar and neck-tie. He was

mounted on a high-stepping colt which Dan had often seen running in General Gordon's stable-lot, had a saddle and bridle that looked as though they might just have come out of the store; and strapped to the saddle was a mail-bag, which Dan had seen so often that he recognised it at once. David passed swiftly along the road and was out of sight in a few seconds, but Dan had plenty of time to take in all these little details, and to note that his brother's face wore a happy, contented look, as if he felt at peace with himself and all the world. Dan contrasted his situation with his own, and grew angry at once.

'Wal,' said he, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, 'if that thar little Dave of our'n hasn't got to be a mail-carrier!'

Dan forgot that he was hungry, and did not give another thought to the hen-roost he had made up his mind to rob that night. He went back into the woods and wandered aimlessly about, paying no heed to the direction he was taking, and was presently aroused from his reverie by the sound of an axe. He looked up, and was surprised and a little alarmed to find that he was in the neighbourhood of his home. The potato-cellar, which had once served as a prison for Don Gordon, was close in front of him, and through the tall trees, which the autumnal winds had already stripped bare of leaves, he could see the cabin.

Dan was about to turn away and plunge into the woods again, when he noticed that there was some one at work in the yard behind the house. He was sure that it could not be his brother, for David had not yet had time to go to the landing and deliver his mail. It could not be his father either, for Godfrey was hiding in the woods as well as himself; and, besides, the man who was at work in the yard wore a white shirt—Dan could see it plainly through the trees—and that was something Godfrey had not owned for long years. But Dan wanted to see who it was, so he crept nearer to the fence, and when he obtained a fair view of the workman he almost let his rifle fall out of his hands in his astonishment. It was his father after all; but Dan could hardly bring himself to believe it until he had rubbed his eyes two or three times, and taken as many good looks at him. Godfrey was dressed like a gentleman. There was not a hole to be seen in any of his garments, his hair and whiskers were neatly combed, he wore a hat with a brim to it on his head, boots instead of shoes on his feet, and, what surprised Dan more than anything else, his sleeves were rolled up, and he was walking into the wood-pile as if he were in earnest. Two or three times while the boy was looking at him he stopped, took off his hat, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

Dan took another good look at his father, and asked himself what in the world could have happened to bring him home and set him to work; and while he was revolving the problem in his mind he ran his eye about the premises, and saw that sundry improvements had been made during his absence. The little log structure which was called the corn-crib, although Dan had never seen any corn in it, had been thoroughly repaired, and the golden ears protruded from every crack between the slats, showing that it was well filled.



Dan astonished at seeing his father at work.

The miserable apology for a stable which sheltered the only mule Godfrey owned had been newly covered; a little shed had been erected against the rear wall of the cabin, and was filled to the roof with dry firewood; the holes in the house had been freshly chinked; the rags had disappeared from the windows, their places being supplied with new lights of glass; and, in short, the place looked, as Godfrey would have expressed it, as though white folk lived there.

The change was so great that Dan could hardly believe that it was his old home; and when his mother came down the road, as she did a few minutes later, he became fully convinced that he was either dreaming or else that his eyes and ears had entered into a conspiracy to deceive him. As soon as Godfrey saw his wife coming he jumped over the fence, and took the heavy basket she was carrying out of her hand.

'Why, Godfrey, how smart things begin to look!' exclaimed Mrs. Evans; and Dan could not remember when he had seen her smile before.

Godfrey and his wife went into the cabin, and Dan turned about and crept back into the woods.

'Things is a lookin' up at home,' said he to himself, as he sat down on a log to think over what had just transpired. 'Dad's got a pair of store boots; Dave's mail carrier; mother looks like a lady; thar's glass windows to the house, an' here's me—jest look at me!' added Dan, glancing down at his ragged clothes.

There are boys, and men too, in the world who cannot bear to see other people happy, and we are by this time well enough acquainted with Dan to know that he was one of this class. He was not happy—he could not be with his disposition—and it would have pleased him if he could have found some way to make his relations, who now seemed to be getting on so well in the world, as miserable as he was himself. It hurt him to know that they could enjoy themselves while he was away from home. Why didn't they come out into the woods and search for him, and when they found him take him to the cabin, put good clothes on him, and act as though they were glad to see him? 'That's what they had ought to do,' exclaimed Dan.

Dan scraped a few dry leaves together under the lee of the log, and went supperless to bed that night. He lay almost within a stone's throw of the cabin, and could hear the door slam every time any one passed in or out. He fell asleep just before daylight, and when he awoke he started up in great confusion, for he saw his brother sitting on a log near him. Dan was not more surprised to find him there than he was to notice that he had on another suit of clothes and a pair of warm mittens. David must be getting rich.

'Dan, you don't know how glad I am to see you again,' said David, as soon as his brother was fairly awake. 'Where in the world have you kept yourself? Father and I have been in the woods every day looking for you, but could find no traces of you.'

This announcement arrested the angry words that arose to Dan's lips. He must have been missed at home, or else his father and brother would not have spent time in looking for him.

'You shake as though you were half frozen,' continued David, glancing at his brother's blue-cold hands and face. 'Get up, and come into the house with me. There's a good fire there.'

'Wal,' replied Dan, sitting up on his bed of leaves, and speaking as plainly as his chattering teeth would permit, 'mebbe I'm not wanted thar.'

'Why, yes, you are. What put that notion into your head?'

'Ye heared me tell dad whar yer money was, I reckon, didn't ye?'

'Of course I did; but I don't bear you any ill-will for that.'

'Nor mother?'

'No, nor mother, either. I wish I had never earned the money, for it has made us a world of trouble. But, we've begun all over again, and are going to do better, all of us. Come on, now, Dan; mother wants to see you, and so does father.'

But Dan didn't know whether to come on or not. He felt that he had forfeited all right to his home, and that he would be justly punished if he were never permitted to cross the threshold again. But he was cold, hungry, and utterly discouraged; and after David had argued with him a few minutes longer, he allowed him to lift him to his feet and lead him toward the cabin. He hesitated at the door, but David pushed him in, and Dan was not a little astonished at the reception that was extended to him. His mother kissed him and cried over him, his father shook his hand until Dan was almost ready to cry himself, and then he was placed in a chair in the warmest corner.

(Concluded in our next.)

A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD.

No. XXXVI.—CANADA.



THIS fine country, between which and Old England so strong a mutual love and respect exists, has for its southern boundary one of the noblest rivers in the world and several of the largest of earth's freshwater seas. Lake Superior is quite an inland ocean, with great high waves in stormy weather. Its north shore is extremely rocky, and navigation

would be perilous were it not for many little islands which stand guard over quiet bays. From this grand water cradle (bigger than all Ireland) flow the pure cold waves of the St. Lawrence in its childhood. They race along the rapids of St. Mary into a second huge basin called Huron, and thence into a fine rocky hollow known as Erie (and a very animated ship-covered lake it is), and then into a fourth basin which has the name of Ontario.

Here is Toronto, the show-city of Canada. It means 'The Place of Meeting.' Between Erie and Ontario are the celebrated Falls of Niagara. When the river leaves Ontario it is very wide and lake-like, and is studded with many islands. This is called 'The Lake of the Thousand Isles' (their exact number being 1692, says one teller; but is not this being too precise?). They are great haunts of picnic parties. Some have thick woods, others have but one tree. Autumn is the best time for seeing these islands. The colour of the dying leaves is so bright that when the sun shines they seem to be on fire. They were once possessed by Indians, who glided about in birch canoes and caught fish.

The broad flood of the mighty St. Lawrence flows by the 'Silver Town,' as Montreal is called. It is so called because its houses and churches are roofed with tin. It needs, however, the moonbeams to play on the roofs and spires ere its name seems suitable. The Indian wigwams of Hochelago used formerly to stand on its site. The French tongue is heard everywhere, and thrifty, happy people live on their prosperous little farms. If you wish to go up 'Ottawa tide' (the largest tributary of St. Lawrence), you embark

at a place called 'La Chine.' The simple people who gave the place that name did so because they supposed the St. Lawrence was the shortest cut to China. If you leave Montreal at seven in the evening, you arrive opposite Quebec about seven in the morning. You land, and are saluted with the cry 'Calash?' Perhaps you get into one, or perhaps you toil on your legs. Above the river, the citadel is perched on a high rock. There the flag of England waves. The colony changed hands at a bloody battle fought up yonder. You will know the place by a column with 'WOLFE ET MONTCALM' upon it.

We must dwell a little while on this battle-field. 'Ancient story may be ransacked before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's.' So said Pitt, the great statesman, when he heard of the battle.

Let us go back 300 years and more to the reign of Henry VIII. In that reign a Frenchman sailed up the St. Lawrence on August 10, St. Lawrence's Day. He called the country on either side New France. Then came other Frenchmen, who bought furs, and founded Quebec. The French and Indians were terrible enemies. Forty livres were paid by the War Department for every Indian scalp. At one time a thousand French people were slain in Montreal. Two years after, the greater part of a tribe in Shenectaday were massacred, and their dead were boiled to make soup for the Indian allies of the French. Then the French and English fell out, and the French possessions in America fell, one by one, into English hands. In some of these struggles Washington fought as an officer in the English army. He did England good service by rescuing the remnant of the unfortunate General Braddock's troops. The General was killed, and Washington got them out of a terrible hobble. But worse followed. Two thousand English prisoners were massacred by the Indian allies of the French, and that stung the nation to the quick. General Wolfe was conveyed to the Isle of Orleans (a large island near Quebec) in June, 1759. His first attack was a failure. He then called a council of war and proposed to gain 'the heights of Abraham' behind the city. His officers agreed to this bold proposal, and Wolfe, sick as he was, led the way up the steep. His soldiers had to scramble up by the aid of roots and branches. Montcalm hastened to fall on Wolfe and his band with equal bravery but unequal fortune. Thrice was the heroic Wolfe wounded as he advanced in front of his men, and the third wound was a mortal one. 'They run! they run!' cried many voices. 'Who run?' asked the dying Wolfe. 'The French,' replied the officer who supported him. 'Then I die contented!' These were his last words. The equally brave but less happy Montcalm was also killed. He was glad to die, it is said, for he was spared the pain of seeing the English flag wave over the ramparts of Quebec.

The Americans, after getting independence, attempted to attach Canada to the Union. In this they nearly succeeded. Quebec was well-nigh surprised and taken one snowy New-year's Eve. A brave American, named Montgomery, who had been one of Wolfe's officers, and afterwards joined the Americans, led his daring soldiers up to the gate of the fortress. Their footsteps and voices were heard by the sentry, who alarmed the garrison, and they

were met by so deadly a fire that many were slain, and their bodies were shrouded by the snow. The Canadian people did not generally favour the American cause. They chose rather to be, what they still remain, a Colony united to the English crown.

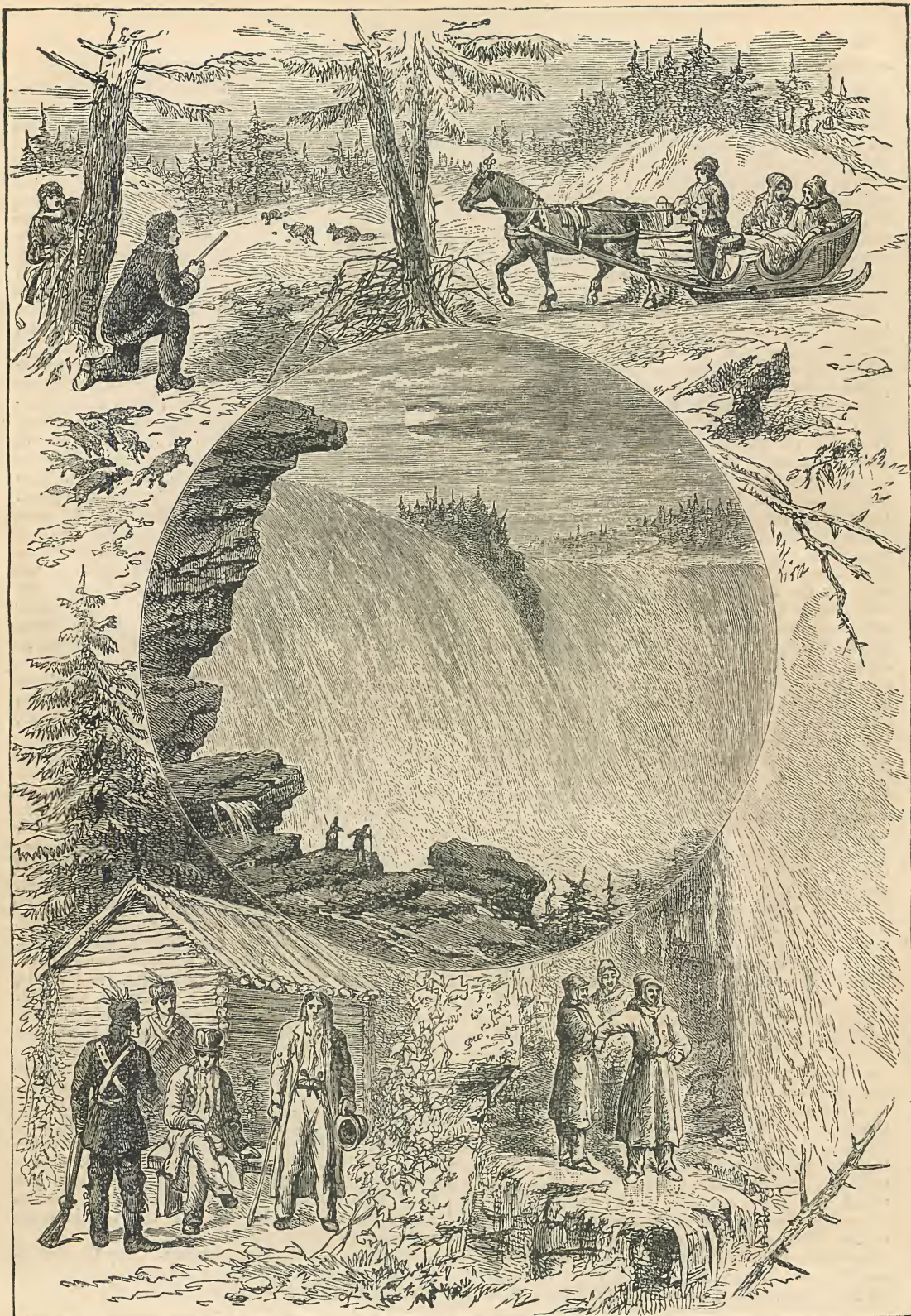
Canada is a romantic and picturesque land. It has mountains, rivers, islands, lakes, forests, prairies, and cataracts, all on the grandest scale. The St. Lawrence empties itself into a great gulf. Here is the island of Anticosti, where, in 1828, some shipwrecked sailors were forced to devour the flesh of their dead comrades. How desolate a place! But even Anticosti will doubtless, some day, be a busy hive of men, with a pleasing landscape of cultivated fields and pretty villages.

Canada was once visited by a remarkable earthquake—so remarkable that we must say a few words upon it. It was on February 5th, 1663, about half-past five, p.m. A great rushing noise was heard. The bells tolled of themselves. The palings danced in an incredible manner. People felt sea-sick. The Indians declared all the forests were drunk. The St. Lawrence was as white as milk. Doors opened and shut of their own accord. The tops of houses bent like branches of trees, and a mountain on the shore was precipitated into the river, and formed a small island. Strange as these facts are, it is yet stranger to hear that the earthquake lasted from February to August, and, strangest of all, neither man, woman, nor child, was injured. This account is found in a manuscript in the Jesuits' College at Quebec.

Canada provides plenty of good sport. Your clever Indian will show you how to fish. Admire, as you ought, his canoe. It is made of the bark of the birch, scarcely one-eighth of an inch in thickness. It is kept stretched out to its due size and shape by hoops of white cedar. The joinings of the bark are filled with a sort of gum. No ironwork or nails are needed. This boat is so light that an ordinary man can carry it several miles.

The animals which the hunters follow are many. There is the moose-deer—the largest wild quadruped thereabouts; seven feet high, and ten or twelve cwt. in the scale. It looks savage, but is not. The elk, too, is a fine deer. The bison is an immense bull. Wolves and bears are numerous, but are getting fewer. The bear sleeps all winter in a hollow tree or cave. He is fond of honey, and has a strange liking for ants, which must be like vinegar, a million to the pint. Some foxes are bright red; others are white. The hare turns white in winter. The racoon is like the fox, only it can leap, as a squirrel, from bough to bough. The beaver is half flesh, half fish. A beaver-castle is a most curious place—oval in shape, water-proof, wolf-proof. It reflects great credit on its clever, tidy builder. The walrus, or sea-horse, is to be found in Hudson's Bay. There are some rattlesnakes in Canada. These creatures have the strange power of fascinating small birds. A gentleman saw blackbirds flying round and round these snakes, nearer and nearer each time, as if they could not get away from the horrid creatures.

The trees of Canada are endless. The Weymouth pine is probably the finest. A rich and pleasant sugar is made from the sap of the maple.



AMERICA. — Canada.



"The Indian has learned to kill his adversary with an unseen bullet."



CHRISTOPHER CARSON.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON, by his countrymen familiarly called 'Kit Carson,' was born in the County of Madison, State of Kentucky, on the 24th day of December, 1809. The Carson family were among the first settlers of Kentucky, and became owners of fine farms. Besides being an industrious and skilful farmer, the father of Kit Carson was a celebrated hunter. When the Indians of Kentucky became quieted down, putting an end to the calls upon his courage and skill as a woodsman, he settled into a simple, respectable farmer. This monotonous life did not suit his disposition; and as the tide of emigration into the wilds of Missouri was then commencing, where both game and the red man still roamed, he resolved to migrate in that direction. It was only one year after the birth of his son Christopher that Mr. Carson sold his estate in Kentucky, and established himself, with his large family, in that part of the State of Missouri now known as Howard County. At this time Howard County, Missouri, was a wilderness, on the remote American frontier. At his new home the father was in his element. His reputation of carrying an unerring rifle, and always enacting the deeds of a brave man, was not long in following him into this wilderness. Mr. Carson's only assistant, on his first arrival in Howard County, was his eldest son, Moses Carson, who was afterwards settled in the State of California, where he resided twenty-five years before the great California gold discovery was made.

For two or three years after arriving at their new home the Carson family, with a few neighbours, lived in a picketed log fort; and when they were engaged in agricultural pursuits, working their farms, and so forth, it was necessary to plough, sow, and reap under guard, men being stationed at the sides and extremities of their fields to prevent the working party from being surprised and massacred by wild and hostile savages who infested the country. At this time the small-pox, that disease which has proved such a terrible scourge to the Indian, had but seldom visited him.

The incidents which enliven and add interest to the historic page have proved of spontaneous and vigorous growth in the new settlements of America. Nearly every book which deals with the early planting and progress of the American colonists and pioneers contains full, and frequently glowing, descriptions of exploits in the forest; strifes of the hunter; fights with the savages; fearful and terrible surprise of lurking warriors, as they arouse the brave settler and his family from their midnight dreams by the wild, death-announcing war-whoop; hair-breadth escapes from the larger kinds of game, boldly-bearded in their lair; the manly courage which never yields, but surmounts every obstacle presented by the unbroken and boundless forest: all these are subjects

and facts which have already so many counterparts in book-thought, accessible to the general reader, that their details may be safely omitted during the boyhood days of young Carson. It is better, therefore, to pass over the youthful period of his eventful life, until he began to ripen into manhood.

Kit Carson, at fifteen years of age, was no ordinary person. He had at this early age earned, and well earned, a reputation, on the basis of which the prediction was ventured in his behalf, that he would not fail to make and leave a mark upon the hearts of his countrymen. Those who knew him at the age of fifteen hesitated not to say, 'Kit Carson is the boy who will grow into a man of influence and renown.'

His frame was slight, below the medium stature, closely knit together, and endowed with extraordinary elasticity. He had, even then, stood the test of much hard usage. What the body lacked in strength was more than compensated for by his indomitable will; consequently, at this early age, he was considered capable of performing a frontier man's work, both in tilling the soil and handling the rifle.

It was at this period of his eventful life that his father, acting partially under the advice of friends, determined that his son Kit should learn a trade. A few miles from Kit's forest home there lived a Mr. David Workman, a saddler. To him he was apprenticed. With Mr. Workman young Carson remained two years, enjoying both the confidence and respect of his employer; but mourning over the awl, the hide of new leather, the buckle and strap, for the glorious shade of the mighty forest, the wild battle with buffalo and bear, the crack of the unerring rifle, pointed at the trembling deer. Saddlery is an honourable employment; but saddlery never made a greater mistake than when it strove to hitch to its traces the bold impulse, the wild yearning, the sinewy muscle of Kit Carson. Harness-making was so irksome to his ardent temperament and brave heart, that he resolved to take advantage of the first favourable opportunity, and quit it for ever. With him, to resolve was to act. During the latter part of his stay with Mr. Workman, many stories of adventures in the Rocky Mountains reached the ear of the youthful Kentuckian in his Missouri home. The almost miraculous *hyperbole* which flavoured the narratives were not long in awakening in his breast a strong desire to share in such stirring events. The venturesome mind at last became inspired. He determined to go; and, giving his restless spirit full sway, in 1826, joined a party bound for his boyish fancy pictures of the Elysian Fields. The leader of this expedition required no second request from young Carson before enrolling his name on the company list. The hardy woodsman saw stamped upon the frank and open countenance of the boy who stood before him those sterling qualities which have since made his name a household word. These formed a passport which, on the spot, awakened the respect and unlocked the hearts of those whose companionship he sought.

The work of preparation was now commenced by the different parties to the expedition. All of the arrangements having been finally completed, the bold and hardy band soon started upon their journey. Their route lay over the vast and then unexplored

territory, bounded by the Rocky Mountains on the one side and the Missouri River on the other. Before them lay, stretched out in almost never-ending space, those great prairies, the half of which are still almost unknown to the white man. Crossing the plains in 1826 was an entirely different feat from what it is at this day. Then, the grandest scheme of modern enterprise and skill—the Union Pacific Railroad—had not been dreamed of. The oases of the American Sahara were not yet acquainted with the white man's foot. The herds of buffaloes, the droves of wild horses, knew not the crack of the white man's rifle. They had fled only at the approach of the native Indian warrior and the yearly fires of the prairie. It was a difficult task to find a man who had gazed on the lofty peaks of the mountain ranges which formed a serpentine division of the vast American territories, or who had drank the waters at the camping-places on the prairies. The traveller at that day was, in every force of meaning which the word extends, literally an explorer, whose chosen object was the task of a hero. The Indians themselves could give no information of the route beyond the confined limits of their hunting-ranges. The path which this pioneer party entered was existent only in the imagination of the book-making geographer, about as accurate and useful from its detail as the route of Baron Munchausen to the ice lands of the North Pole on the back of his eagle. The whole expanse of the rolling prairie, to those brave hearts, was one boundless uncertainty. This language may possibly be pronounced redundant. It may be in phrase; it is not in fact. The carpet-knight, the holiday-ranger, the book-worm explorer, knows but little of the herculean work which has furnished for the world a practical knowledge of the western half of the North American continent. We shall see in the progress of this work whether the adventures of Kit Carson entitle him to a place in the heart of the American nation on the same shelf with his compeers.

In that day the fierce red-man chief scoured the broad prairies, a petty king in his tribe, a ruler of his wild domain. Bold, haughty, cautious, wily, unrelenting, revengeful, he led his impassioned warriors in the chase and to battle. Even to-day the lurking Indian foe-man is no mean adversary to be laughed and brushed out of the way, notwithstanding disease, war, assassination, and necessary chastisement, have united rapidly to decimate his race, thereby gradually lessening its power. Fifty years ago the rolling plains were alive with them, and their numbers alone made them formidable. It is not strange that the untutored savages of the prairie, like those of their race who hailed with ungovernable curiosity the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, should have been attracted by the wonderful inventions of the white-man intruder. A very short period of time served to turn this ungovernable curiosity into troublesome thieving. Knowing no law but their wild traditional rules, they wrested from the adventurous pioneer his rifle, knife, axe, waggon, harness, horse, powder, ball, flint, watch, compass, cooking utensils, and so forth. The result was, sanguinary engagements ensued, which led to bitter hostility between the two races. Doubtless the opinion may

be controverted, but it nevertheless shall be hazarded, that, until the weaker party shall be exterminated by the stronger, the wild war-whoop, with its keen-edged knife and death-dealing rifle accompaniments, will continue, from time to time, to palsy the nerve, and arouse the courage of the pioneer white man. The Indian, in his attack, no longer showers cloth-yard arrows upon his foe. He has learned to kill his adversary with the voice of thunder and the unseen bullet.

It has already appeared, that when Kit Carson entered upon his first expedition game was to be had in abundance. His route lay across the western wilds to Santa Fé. All this distance the bulk of provisions, consisting of a small quantity of flour and bacon, had to be transported by himself and his companions. These articles were kept as a reserve, and were looked upon as luxuries; for that man was estimated to be a very poor shot who could not obtain, with his rifle, all the animal food he required for his individual sustenance. These hunters, however, well understood the laws which govern, and the advantages which follow, division of labour. Everything was so arranged, both for this and subsequent expeditions, by which a regular hunter was appointed, and each man assigned some particular duty according to his capacity.

The caravan had hardly launched out on its long and tedious tramp, when an accident occurred which came very near proving serious in its results. For several days the men had been greatly annoyed by wolves, who appeared more than usually ravenous and bold. There are two species of these animals found on the western prairie. One is small, called the jackal; the other much larger. The latter, or larger species, are found of various colours, but more frequently grey. The colour, however, varies with the season, and often from other causes. Many of their habits are strikingly similar to those of the domestic dog, with the simple difference that the wolf is unreclaimed from his wild state. The connecting link between the prairie wolf and the domestic dog is the cur found among the Indians. The Indian cur, by a casual observer, could be easily mistaken for a prairie wolf. Near the Rocky Mountains, and in them, these animals are found of immense size; but, being cowardly, they are not dangerous. The first night a person sleeps on a prairie is ever afterwards vividly impressed upon his memory. The serenade of the wolves with which he is honoured is apt to be distinctly remembered. It is far from agreeable, and seldom fails to awaken unpleasant forebodings concerning the future; and the idea that these fellows may be soon cleaning his bones is not very genial to the fancy. The wolf is quite choice in his viands whenever the opportunity offers, and will, at any time, leave the carcass of an Indian for that of a white man. Old frontiersmen, speaking of the wolves, usually style them as 'their dogs'; and, after a night when these animals have kept up an incessant barking, they will express wonder by asking what has been disturbing 'their hounds.' The flesh of the mountain wolf, when cooked, has something of the smell and taste of mutton, but it is very rank.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE MAIL CARRIER.

(Concluded from page 398.)



AS soon as he could handle a knife and fork, a plate filled with the most substantial breakfast he had ever eaten under that roof was passed over to him, and Dan did ample justice to it. He was left pretty nearly to himself, for the family, knowing what his feelings must be, did not trouble him with any questions. He sat in his chair—it was a *chair*, too, he noticed, and not a nail-keg with a board placed over the top of it—with his head hanging down and his chin resting on his breast; but his eyes were roving everywhere, and they found much to excite his wonder. The cabin had been furnished with a new table and a few chairs during his absence; two comfortable beds had taken the places of the miserable 'shake-downs'; the cracked and broken dishes had given way to new ones, and everything was as neat as it could be kept. Dan felt out of place there.

When Godfrey and David had finished their breakfast they sat down in front of the fire to whet their axes, after which the former, with the remark that they had a hundred cords of wood to cut for General Gordon, bade his wife and Dan good-bye, and the two left the cabin. Dan felt much more at his ease after they were gone. The nice warm breakfast he had eaten, and the thorough thawing-out he had undergone, brought his spirits back to him again, and he began to make some inquiries in regard to several little matters that had aroused his curiosity.

'Say, mother,' said he, 'what brung dad hum?'

'The General was the cause of his coming home,' replied Mrs. Evans. 'He found your father in the woods, and talked to him in such a way that he promised to come back and turn over a new leaf; and I am glad to say that he has done it.'

There was one thing Mrs. Evans did not tell Dan (probably she was not acquainted with the fact herself), and that was, that if Godfrey had not taken his old commander's advice, and returned to his home and gone to work in earnest to support his family, he would have been in jail before another day had passed over his head. Godfrey himself did not know this, for the General had made no threats. He had gained his point by argument.

'How came Dave carryin' the mail?' asked Dan.

'The General has the contract, and he hires David to do the work,' was the answer.

'He must be makin' a pile of money, I reckon, ain't he?'

'Thirty dollars a-month.'

Dan opened his eyes in great surprise. 'How much will that be in a year?' he asked.

'Three hundred and sixty dollars.'

'Whew! We're getting rich, aren't we?'

'Oh, no! There's not a cent coming into the family except what your father and David earn by their daily labour. David is heavily in debt.'

'How came us by all these yere things then?'

'Well, David had just fifty dollars in money. Ten dollars of it he earned by breaking Don Gordon's pointer, and the rest he received from Silas Jones for two young bears that were caught in that trap on Bruin's Island. Some of the money was used to pay our grocery bill, and the rest was spent on the house. David owes the General a hundred dollars for that colt he rides, and he is worth every cent of two hundred.'

'Wal now, mother,' said Dan, with some hesitation, 'that's not all the money we have got. Whar's the greenbacks Dave got for the quails?'

'Why, didn't you cut your father's pocket open and take the box?' asked Mrs. Evans, while an expression that Dan could not understand settled on her face.

'I did, an' sarved him right, too, fur tryin' to cheat me out of my share that he promised, honour bright, to give me!' exclaimed Dan. 'Didn't he give it back to Dave?'

'He certainly did not.'

'Wal, I don't know whar it is, more'n the man in the moon.'

Mrs. Evans's face grew a shade paler, and, after looking steadily at Dan for a few seconds, she leaned back in her chair and covered her eyes with her hand. Here was another disappointment in store for the young mail carrier. He and his parents had been indulging in the hope that, when Dan returned to his home, the money for which Dave had worked so hard would be restored to him. Dan thought, by the way his mother looked at him, that she did not believe his story, so he hastened to assure her that he told nothing but the truth, following it up with a minute account of the manner in which the thief—whoever he was—had operated to secure possession of the box. His mother was satisfied that he stated the facts as they occurred, and there the matter was dropped.

David learned of the loss of his money when he came home that night, and although it was a severe blow to him he bore up under it, rode his mail route regularly twice a-week, and spent the other four days in helping his father to cut General Gordon's wood. Dan loitered about the house doing nothing, and finally began to act a little more like himself. The feeling that he had lost all his rights to a home under his father's roof gradually gave way to the opinion that he was of vastly more importance than anybody else. One day he said to his mother,—

'Now, mother, I've waited just long enough for 'em. I don't want to be treated this yere way no longer.'

'You have waited long enough for what?' asked his mother.

'Fur my good clothes an' a pair of store boots like Dave an' dad have got.'

'You can have them just as soon as you earn them.'

'Arn 'em!'

'Certainly. That is the way your father and David got theirs.'

'An' how long did it take 'em?' asked Dan, who was not a little shocked and enraged to learn that he must work for his nice things before he could own them.

'About a week. You ought to earn a dollar a-day



Silas Jones handed David a note.

by cutting wood, and the General will give you all the work you can do.'

'An' while I am workin' down thar must I wear these rags?' exclaimed Dan. 'I'd look well if Don an' Bert should come along on the circus hosses of their'n, an' wearin' their shiny boots, wouldn't I? No! I must have something better. I'll speak to Dave about it jest as soon as he comes home to-night.'

'Why, David can't help you,' replied his mother. 'He has to work hard for everything he wears.'

'Can't help me? an' him 'armin' a'most four hundred dollars a-year! His credit is good at the store fur six months, kase I heard Silas tell him so.'

But Dan didn't speak to David about it, for his father spoke to *him*. When Godfrey came home that night he carried on his shoulder two axes, one of which looked as though it had just come out of the

store. He put his own axe in the corner where it was usually kept, and with the new one in his hand he approached Dan's chair. 'Thar, sonny,' said he, cheerfully, 'see what a smart present I brung ye. It's the fust one I've give ye for a long time. Take hold on it. 'Twon't hurt ye.'

'What shall I do with it, dad?' asked the boy, as he took the axe in both hands, holding it as awkwardly as though he had never touched one before.

'Wal, Dannie, I'll tell ye,' replied Godfrey, placing his hand on his son's shoulder, and speaking in a confidential tone. 'When the Gen'ral found me loafin' about in the woods like a lazy wagabone as I was, he says to me: "Godfrey," says he, "this is the principle we go on up to our house: them as don't work can't eat!" I have thought of them words a heap of times since I come home, an' I made up my mind that if rich folk did that way, poor folk ought to do the same. Now, I notice that yer amazin' willin' to sit here in this yere cheer an' warm yourself by the fire that Dave makes up every mornin', an' yer scandalous fond of drinkin' the store-tea an' coffee made out of the water that he brings from the spring; but I never see'd ye cut no wood yerself nor get no water. Now, sich doin's as them won't work in this yere house no longer. Ye've had a powerful long rest, an' to-morrer mornin' I want to see that thar new axe sharper than a razor, so't ye can go with me an' Dave to chop wood up to the Gen'ral's.'

Dan listened to this speech in silence, and could not muster up courage enough to make an impertinent reply, as he certainly would have done if his father had talked to him in this way a month before. But his father had never before talked to him in this way. If he had yelled and flourished his fists, and jumped up and knocked his heels together, Dan would have met him half way; but he could not understand this quiet manner that Godfrey had fallen into of late. He didn't like it either, for he was sure that it meant business. At any rate, the axe was sharpened that night with David's assistance, and at daylight the next morning Dan might have been seen, in company with his father and David, wending his way toward the General's wood lot.

Order having been re-established under Godfrey's humble roof, and the Evans family being once more on the road to prosperity, the little settlement of Rochdale, which had been stirred by the exciting incidents that we have described, once more fell back into its old habits, and peace and quietness reigned. The settlers, like so many hibernating animals, seemed to have crawled into their holes for their winter's sleep, and only showed themselves to the world on mail-days, or when five long whistles announced that some steamer was about to touch at the landing.

On these occasions it was remarked that two persons, who had never been known to miss a boat or a mail-day, no matter what the weather might be, were never seen at the landing now. They were Godfrey Evans and Dan. The latter, at first, would have been glad to resume his lazy habits, but his father kept him steadily at work, and at the end of the first week presented him with the money he had earned.

This was a great encouragement to Dan, and from that time forward work was not quite so distasteful

to him. Dan doesn't hunt as much now as he did a few months ago, and neither does he own a breech-loading shot-gun; but he is a thrifty, hard-working boy, and has placed a very tidy sum of money in Don Gordon's hands for safe-keeping, besides refunding that ten dollars, the loss of which had occasioned David so much trouble and anxiety.

As for Godfrey, there was no sham about his reformation. He went to work in earnest to make amends for the long years he had spent in idleness, and, in order that he might begin right, he told the General the story of that highway robbery, and handed over to him the first twenty dollars he could save out of his earnings, with the request that it might be forwarded to Clarence Gordon's father. Then he breathed easier. He felt as if a mountain had been removed from his shoulders.

Don and Bert Gordon kept on the even tenor of their way, and, having seen David established as mail-carrier, set to work, with the assistance of Fred and Joe Packard, to build another shooting-box on the site of the one that was burned by Lester Brigham and Bob Owens. They knew now that it was not Godfrey Evans who set fire to it, for their father told them so; but he did not tell them who the guilty ones were, and they never tried to find out. The new shooting-box was finished in a week's time, and, as Don had predicted, it threw the old one far into the shade. Lester Brigham went over there one night to look at it, but he left it just as he found it. Lester was not the boy he was once. He was as much alone in the world as though there had not been another youth of his age within a hundred miles of him. How he passed his time no one knew, or cared to ask. He often thought of his old friend, Bob Owens, and wondered what had become of him. Of course everybody knew that he had run away from home, but no one dreamed that he took David's money with him when he went. The general impression seemed to be that Godfrey and Dan could produce it at any moment, if they saw fit to do so.

David faithfully fulfilled the duties of mail-carrier during the winter, and at the end of six months he was all out of debt, and had a good sum of money laid by for a rainy day. One morning he rode down to the post office for the mail, and Silas Jones handed him the following note, which he read as he galloped along:—

'FRIEND DAVID,—It may surprise you to know that father has just turned over to me the hundred dollars you paid him for that colt, and that I hold it subject to your order. Father intended to return it to you all the time, and to make you a present of the horse; but he didn't let anybody know it, for he wanted you to believe that you had got to work for your nag before you could own him. He doesn't want you to get into the way of leaning upon any one, or of thinking that you will always have a friend to lend you a hand when you get into a tight place. You have shown him that you are able and willing to take care of yourself, and so he wants to help you. Yours, DON GORDON.'

It was, indeed, a surprise to David. He was just a hundred dollars richer than he thought he was. During his ride he could think of nothing but the General's kindness, and he resolved that he would prove himself worthy of it. When he returned to

the landing that afternoon he waited until Silas had distributed the mail, in order to purchase some groceries for his mother, and found that there was another surprise in store for him. When the post-master gave him the General's mail, which David always carried home now, he gave him also a letter addressed to himself. He did not recognise the handwriting, so he did as a good many people do when they receive letters from an unknown source: he looked at the envelope, and tried to guess whom it was from. Then he put the General's mail into his pocket, took his purchases under his arm, mounted his horse, and, having started him toward home, pulled out the letter again and tore off the envelope. The first thing that caught his eye was a check for fifty dollars.

'There!' exclaimed the young mail-carrier, 'I've opened a letter intended for somebody else; but if there's another Dave Evans about here, I don't know him.'

David looked at the check again, then at the signature at the bottom of the letter. It was from Bob Owens, and read as follows:—

'No doubt you will be surprised when you receive this, for I don't suppose that you or anybody else in Rochdale ever expected to hear from me again. I owe you a hundred and sixty dollars and fifty cents, and hand you herewith a check for fifty of it. It is the first money I ever earned in my life. I should have been glad to send it before, but this is the first I have received. I am a private soldier in the regular army. My pay is small, and out of it I have to buy everything I wear, so my savings do not amount to any great sum. You probably know by this time how I came into possession of the money. I followed Dan to his camp, saw him hide the box under a log, and go out to shoot a squirrel for his breakfast. When he was out of sight I slipped up and took the box, and ran away from home to spend the money. I have never regretted the act but once, and that has been every moment I have lived since I left home. I hope you have not suffered for want of the money. Have all the patience with me you can, and I will send you the rest just as soon as I can earn it.'

Then followed a postscript requesting David to acknowledge the receipt of the money, and telling him where to send his letter. It also contained the information that Bob had just written a letter to his father (he said he knew he did wrong in keeping him in suspense so long, but he could not find it in his heart to write to him until he could tell him that he had taken the first step toward making amends for some of his misdeeds), and, for fear that the letter might miscarry, he (Bob) would be glad if David would see Mr. Owens, and give him his son's address.

'That clears Dan, and father, too,' said David, as soon as he had found his tongue. 'I didn't want to think hard of them while they are trying their best to do what is right, but somehow I couldn't help feeling that that money was hidden in the woods, and that it would some day be brought out for the benefit of somebody besides mother and myself. Am I not the luckiest fellow in the world? Whatever else Bob Owens may be now, he is an honest boy.'

This was the opinion of everybody who heard of this act of reparation on the part of the runaway. It made him more popular in the settlement than he

had ever been while he was at home. People now remembered of reading in the newspapers a long account of the coolness and courage he had exhibited on the night the *Sam Kendall* was burned; and some of those who had had the most to say about Bob, when he first ran away, now began to see that there were some good things in him, and predicted that he would come out all right in the end. Bob is in the army now. He is on the plains, among the Indians, where he wanted to be; but he would be glad, indeed, if he were a long way from there. Bob doesn't think as much of that wild country as he did once. His feelings have undergone a very great change since the day he stole the money belonging to the MAIL CARRIER.

'IT IS ME!'

AN amusing story is told of George III. which shows his kindly disposition under a strange circumstance. He was calling one day on an old lady, to whom he and the queen were much attached, and whom they had persuaded to take up her abode in their own royal castle of Windsor. The king knocked at Mrs. Delany's door and waited for an answer. The answer came,—

'Who is there?' said a voice from within.

'It is me,' replied the king.

'Then *Me* may stay where he is,' returned the voice.

Again the king knocked, and again the voice said,—

'Who is there?'

'It is me,' was once more the royal reply.

And once again the voice answered,—

'*Me* is impertinent, and may go about his business.'

But the knocking went on, and by-and-by up jumped the questioner, a merry young lady of seventeen, the niece of Mrs. Delany. Imagine her horror at seeing the king! She had thought him far away at Kew, where the royal family were staying.

All she could gasp out was,—

'What *shall* I say?'

'Nothing at all,' said the kind monarch. 'You were very right to be cautious whom you admitted.'

H. A. F.

THE WOODMAN.

HOW happy is the woodman's lot
In the wild and tangled wood,
Where the broad green boughs give a shady cot,
And a gleaming axe his food;
Then fall beneath his sturdy stroke
The pliant ash and the mighty oak.

His axe rings well in the merry wood
At the early peep of day,
In the spot where the monarch oak hath stood
For ages past away;
And when the shades of eve steal o'er,
The sound of his axe is heard no more.

When Death shall fell the parent tree,
The younger shoot shall stand;
In the forest-depths his grave shall be,
When stiff is the woodman's hand.
And the axe of the son shall be heard once more,
In the wood where his sires have worked before.



The Woodman.



Kit Carson a Cook.

CHRISTOPHER CARSON.

(Concluded from page 403.)

IN order to frighten the wolves, the teamsters would occasionally shoot them. One of the members of the expedition, named Broader, was obliged to take a fresh rifle from a waggon. In taking the gun out, the hammer of the lock caught against some projecting object, which caused it to be partially set. Having become freed, however, before it was fully set, it came down and fired the gun. The contents of the barrel went sent through the man's arm. No member of the expedition was conversant with surgical knowledge. Here was an occasion to shake the nerves of any feeling man; and, beneath the rough exterior of the western ranger, there runs as deep a stream of true humanity as can be found anywhere on the American continent. Every suggestion was offered, and every effort was put forth which heart-feeling chained to anxiety and the terrible necessity could offer. Every remedy which promised a good result was duly weighed; and, if pronounced worthy of trial, it was adopted. The sufferer had kind, though rough nurses; but the absence of scientific skill, under such emergency, proved a sad want for the unfortunate man. Notwithstanding their united efforts, Broader's arm grew alarmingly worse. It soon became manifest to all that he must part with his arm or lose his life—perhaps both.

At this critical period a consultation was held, in which the suffering patient joined. Due deliberation was extended to all the symptoms. The giving of advice in such a council by men who could only give judgment from an imaginary stand-point, must strike the heart of true sympathy as having been painful in no ordinary degree. After every possible argument had been offered in favour of saving the arm, the final decision of the council was that it must come off. The next difficulty which presented itself was quite as formidable as the expression of a correct judgment. Who should perform the office of surgeon? was the knotty question. Again the consultations became exciting and intensely painful. The members of the council, however, took it upon themselves to designate the persons, and chose Carson with two others. These immediately set at work to execute their sad but necessary task. The arrangements were all hastily, but carefully made, and the cutting begun. The instruments used were a razor, an old saw, and, to arrest the hemorrhage, the king-bolt taken from one of the waggons was heated and applied to serve as an actual cautery. The operation, rudely performed, with rude instruments, by unpractised hands, excited to action only by the spur of absolute necessity, proved, nevertheless, entirely successful. Before the caravan arrived at Santa Fé the patient had so far recovered that he was able to take care of himself.

Besides this unfortunate affair, nothing worthy of note transpired, beyond the general record of their route, during the remainder of their journey. The

latter would be too voluminous for the general reader, and has already served its purpose as an assistant to other exploring parties, both from published accounts and conversational directions. The party entered Santa Fé in the month of November. Very soon after, Kit Carson left his companions and proceeded to Fernandez de Taos, a Mexican town, which lies about eighty miles to the north-east of the capital of New Mexico.

During the winter that followed his arrival in the territory of New Mexico Kit lived with an old mountaineer, by the name of Kin Cade, who very kindly offered him a home. It was at this period of his life that he commenced studying the Spanish language. His friend Kin Cade became his assistant in this task. At the same time Kit neglected no opportunity to learn all he could about the Rocky Mountains. He little thought then that these earth-formed giants were to become his future home, and so gloriously to herald his name throughout the entire civilised globe.

The pinching effects of want now attacked poor Kit. He could obtain no employment. His expectations in this respect, as well as his earnest efforts, received so little encouragement, that he began, finally, to despond. Extreme poverty is a wet damper on the fires of the best genius; but, as was the case with Kit, it does not effectually put it out. Kit saw with sorrow that he must retrace his steps. To obtain means to carry out his ardent desires, in the spring of 1827 he started on a backward trip to Missouri. Every step he took in this direction was accompanied with such displeasure, that had it not been his best and surest policy, he would have mastered any difficulties of another and better course, had such offered.

Four hundred and fifty miles from Santa Fé, being about one-half the distance across the prairies, had been accomplished by the party Kit had joined for this homeward trip. The fording of the Arkansas River had been reached. Here Kit's party met with some traders bound for New Mexico. They offered him employment, which he gladly accepted; and, in their company, retraced his steps back to Santa Fé. But when he arrived at Santa Fé, Kit found himself again without money. He was afforded an opportunity to obtain a wardrobe, but to the mountaineer such property would be entirely a superfluity. He feels nearly independent on the score of clothing, as he considers that he needs but little raiment, and that little he is always proud to owe to his beloved rifle. This brings to his hand buckskins in plenty, and his own ingenuity is the fashion-plate by which they are manufactured into wearable and comfortable vesture. There is one article of clothing, however, for which the frontiersman feels an ardent predilection. It is a woollen shirt. This article Kit really needed; and, in equal pace with his necessity, ran his anxiety that something should offer by which to obtain one. The reader may smile at this; and so did Kit, as he afterwards recounted the fact in his own inimitable style. But Kit said that to obtain a woollen shirt then was, to him, no laughing matter.

At a moment when he almost despaired of gaining employment, he received an offer to go as a teamster with an expedition bound to El Paso. This oppor-

tunity was a chance for success not to be lost, and he closed with the proposition. After faithfully performing his engagement, he, however, returned to Santa Fé, where he made a short stay, and then proceeded to Taos. In this town Kit entered into the service of Mr. Ewing Young, who was a trader and trapper. The reader may prepare again for a smile, as he will now learn that Kit became a cook. Mr. Ewing Young had the satisfaction of boasting that the renowned Kit Carson once performed the responsible and arduous duties of a master-cook in the culinary department of his establishment; and that, for these valuable services, labour, care, and diligence, he gave to Kit, as a *quid pro quo*, his board. In this way Kit supported himself in his straitened circumstances until the following spring.

In the spring of 1828, much chagrined with his, so far, continued bad luck, and no prospect of gaining his object appearing, he again joined a homeward-bound party, and with it, sorrowfully, started for Missouri. But, as on the former trip homeward, he met on the route a party bound for Santa Fé. That indomitable ingredient in his composition, an iron will, caused him once more to turn his face westward. He joined this party and returned to Santa Fé, in order again to tempt fortune for an opportunity to reach the Rocky Mountains.

But during all these changes and counterchanges Kit had not been idle. He had picked up considerable knowledge, and, to his other stock of accomplishments, had added the ability to speak the Spanish language.

On arriving once more at Santa Fé he fell in with Colonel Trammel, who was at that time a well-known trader. Colonel Trammel needed a Spanish interpreter. Kit obtained the post, and set out with him for Chihuahua, one of the Mexican States. Here again Kit made a change in his employment. In Chihuahua he fell in with Mr. Robert McKnight. To him he hired out as a teamster, and in this capacity went to the copper-mines which are found near to the Rio Gila.

Amid the weary necessities of this humble but honourable calling, Kit's heart was constantly alive with ambition to become a hunter and trapper. He knew that he was expert with the rifle, which had been his boyish toy, and felt confident that he could rely upon it as an assistant to gain an honest living. His constant thought at this time was, let him now be engaged in whatever calling chance offered, and necessity caused him to accept, the final pursuit of his life would be as a hunter and trapper.

Here, then, is presented a fair example of the strife, both inward and outward, through which a young man of courage and ambition must expect to pass before he can win position, influence, and the comforts of life, whatever the scope of his action, or whatever the choice of employment suitable to his talent and genius. Kit Carson was determined, no matter what might be the obstacles which presented themselves, to be a hunter and trapper.

The reader will have made a sad mistake if he has concluded, that during the time which has intervened since Kit started from Missouri, he has been roaming in a country where there was less danger than when he was in the picketed fort with his father. Such a

supposition would be greatly at fault. The towns in New Mexico, at this early period, were almost entirely at the mercy of the Indians. The Mexicans were nearly destitute of means to defend themselves. Very few of the Anglo-Saxon race had entered this territory, and those who had were, in turn, exposed to the vacillating wills of the proverbially treacherous Mexicans. A man like Kit Carson, however, born and bred in danger, cared but little about this state of affairs. The dangers did not enter into his calculations of chance to overcome the difficulties which beset the pathway which the alluring hopes of his ambition had marked out.

Not long afterwards he left the copper-mines and once more bent his steps to Taos, in company with a small party. At Taos he found a band of trappers, which had been sent out by Mr. Ewing Young. While en route for the River Colorado, in pursuit of game, they had been attacked by a band of Indians. After fighting an entire day, they had been compelled to retreat, and returned to New Mexico.

ON THE VISTULA.



SOME years ago, during a flood of the river Vistula in Poland, a train of hay came floating down the current and was washed ashore close to the home of a large land-owner. Fancy the amazement of the bystanders when they discovered thereon a real 'happy family,' which had made the voyage in peace and safety! A Wolf, a Fox and a Hare made up the strange party, the two former seemingly quite at their ease, while Mrs. Pass alone wore a terrified air in the too new presence of her natural enemies.

In the same region it is very common after a flood to find the lowlands bordering the Vistula enriched with a harvest of fine fresh fish, which are left in the soft sticky mud when the waters retire. The peasants rush in crowds to collect these treasures, which are often excellent in quality, and which they either sell at once in the nearest market, or preserve for their own use.

The Vistula is in many respects a dangerous river, not alone from the sudden rush of its waters, but because of the quicksands which abound in many parts of its course. The rush of its current is also so rapid that deep holes are sometimes formed in the very bed of the stream, in places which had hitherto been safe for bathing. A few years since a party of seventeen peasant-women, merrily enjoying their bath, joined hands and began to dance in a ring. All at once there was a cry—a confusion—and the whole party were seen to sink beneath the surface never to rise again. The cause of the accident proved to be the formation of one of these pits by the ever-changing stream. The poor folk, though they knew the ground, had lost their footing and were drowned in the swirl of the waters.

H. A. F.



On the Vistula. By HARRISON WEIR.